

The Musical Quarterly

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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TABLE OF CONTENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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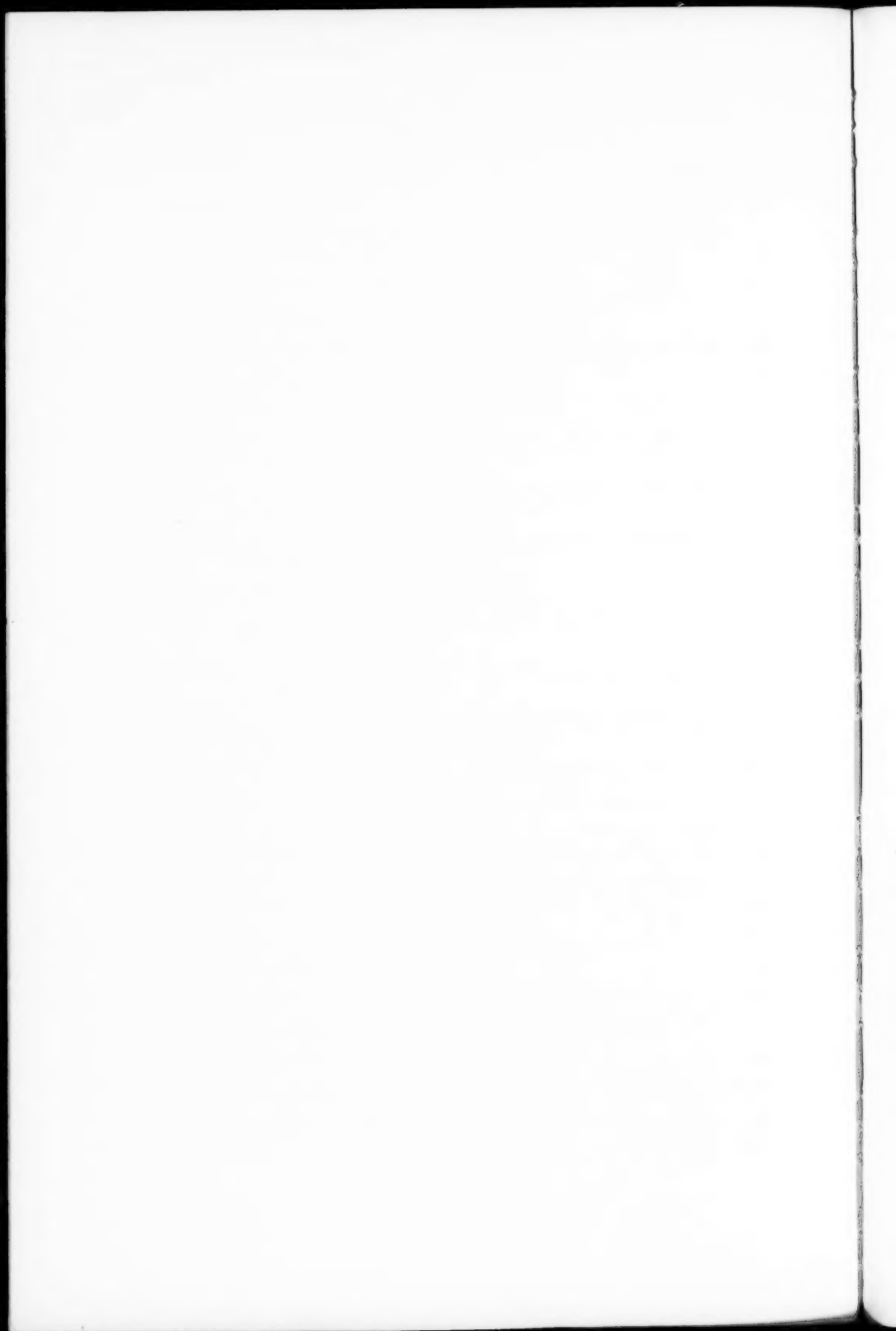
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NO. I

ARTISTIC IDEALS¹

IV. ORIGINALITY

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

"To please our friends and relatives we turn out our silver ore in cartloads, while we neglect to work our mines of gold known only to ourselves, far up in the Sierras, where we pulled up a bush in our mountain walk, and saw the glittering treasure. Let us return thither. Let it be the price of our freedom to make that known."—Thoreau: "Winter."

I

TO all young artists it is a source of perennial surprise that their friends and relatives, as Thoreau perceived, actually prefer the silver ore they so easily turn out in cartloads to the gold, hidden away in the highlands of their spirits, that they themselves know to be so much rarer and so incomparably more precious. There seems something almost perverse about it. It is as if the whole world were in league against them: as if it had agreed to bribe and bully them out of giving it that which they alone could give, that which it would find to be of unique value, and to force them into giving only their second-best. Observing this, they are apt to grow disheartened and embittered. Their letters are apt to be filled, as Bizet's so pathetically illustrate, with the alternating cries of their artistic instinct, longing to be after the gold: "*Il faut monter!*" and of their worldly prudence, obliged to dig the silver ore that can so much more easily be turned into bread: "*Il faut vivre!*" And yet the public is not perverse, only human; and to understand its attitude is not only easy, but vital

¹These papers on "Artistic Ideals" the author has based on excerpts from his reading which he has found inspiring, in the hope of thus sharing their stimulus with other artists.

to any artist who wishes in spite of its indifference to produce his gold. He must understand that this indifference is not directed against him but is universal, that it springs from a natural, normal and ineradicable human distaste for mental effort, and that in short every audience, finding originality as laborious to apprehend as the artist finds it to achieve, quite simply and spontaneously dislikes it. Be original at your peril; if you wish immediate popularity, you must imitate the current models. That is not, to be sure, the path to excellence. If you take it, Emerson will not let you forget that "The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him, and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty to come short of another man's." And you will hear Thoreau's unanswerable question: "What is the use of going right over the old track again? There is an adder in the path which your own feet have worn. You must make tracks into the Unknown." Surely, they are right; and yet, if you heed them, it is well to remember also that that path of excellence in which alone you can find your own beauty is of all paths the longest, the most arduous, and the most solitary, and that that Unknown into which you must make tracks is of all places the most uncomfortable and the least popular.

The workings of the general public distaste for originality can be clearly seen in the careers of Schumann and Mendelssohn. The latter was far the less original, and therefore far the more popular. He could be depended upon to do the accepted thing, and to do it gracefully, with elegance and skill. He could be depended upon not to shock one by beginning a piece abruptly or ending it unexpectedly or inconclusively. His melody was agreeable, his harmony smooth and conventional, his structure clear to obviousness. His pieces were full of *clichés* and rubber stamps—familiar cadences, well-loved turns of melody, musical household words. Hence he was a popular hero, musical dictator of his day, universally admired: as someone said, "He could not stick his head out of the window but someone would shout 'Hurrah!'" Schumann on the contrary was a solitary, a radical, even something of a revolutionary. He liked harsh dissonances, clanging sonorities, elusive rhythms, unforeseen transitions. He did not, like Mendelssohn, respect your little habits. He was likely to begin a piece, as he does "Aufschwung," with a sudden ferocious onslaught, or to end a song, as he does "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," with an inconclusive chord, a musical question-mark. The Arietta of his first piano sonata ends so unobtrusively, with a single thread of

unaccompanied melody, that you have to be on your guard to know it has really ended at all. Mendelssohn would have been more considerate, and added two chords of neat cadence. Schumann, in short, puzzled you; he was always provocative, and that was often provoking; he obliged you, in order to respond to his thought, to think for yourself, and that you naturally resented. For his originality he paid by long obscurity. There was no shouting when *he* looked out of the window. At one of his wife's recitals a gentleman asked him if he, too, was musical.

As time went on Schumann's music wore better than Mendelssohn's. With familiarity its thoughtfulness and imagination became ever more interesting, while Mendelssohn's formulas grew so threadbare that to-day he is even underrated. That Schumann's position is now so secure is due to the fundamental soundness and profound beauty of his music. In this way, time is always a necessary ally of originality, and one reason there is so little effective originality in modern art is that our life is now so hurried and distracted as to give no chance for this necessary alliance with time. Art of any profundity can be appreciated only slowly, gradually, in leisurely contemplation. One must leave it and return to it, meditate upon it, entrust it to the subconsciousness. One can not gulp it down like a cup of coffee at a cafeteria. Yet the cafeteria is not a bad symbol of our modern artistic world, organized for quantity production, appeal to the average taste, quick turnover, and what are called "efficient publicity methods." Think of what would have happened to Schumann, for instance, under our modern concert system. How much could people ever have made of his works if, like so many of ours, they had been hastily rehearsed and played but once. "New: first time": that sounds well on the program, and appeals to the press; but for a work of any originality what counts is not the first performance, but the tenth or the twentieth. Where, as with us, all the arts have been reduced, by wholesale methods and standards, careless production, and ephemeral appeal, more or less to the condition of journalism, quality may be a positive handicap to a work, as involving departure from standardized commercial type. In such a world poor Schumann would have been completely at a loss. He might not, in fact have got so far as actual composition at all, had he lived in our efficient days. He and his friend Mendelssohn would have been obliged in youth to submit to intelligence tests, or to psychological tests of musical talent. Mendelssohn, quick and facile, would have passed with flying colors. Schumann, however, impeded by the richness of his imagination, would probably not

have passed at all. He would have stopped to think—and of course, no one who stops to think can hope to pass an intelligence test.

II

Thus, in our day originality is rather at a discount—we have no time for it. But, by way of compensation, never has there been a time when what may be called pseudo-originality has so flourished. Now the peculiar thing about pseudo-originality is that it always aims at pleasing others rather than one's self; it is the product of what we have called ambition rather than of spontaneity; hence an unfailing mark of it is its impatience, its desire for immediate and startling rather than remote and gradual effects. It prefers novelty to beauty, for example, as more quickly and easily perceived. For the same reason it tolerates or even cultivates exaggeration, a convenient appeal to the attention of the dull, instead of striving as genuine originality does for the restraint, sobriety, and justness of emphasis that alone wear well. Again it stresses externalities (such as color in painting, vocabulary in literature, harmony in music) rather than the inner thought with which true originality is preoccupied. Finally, tainted with egotism as it is by nature, it is always degenerating into mere oddity, isolating the individual from his fellows, instead of working in a tradition, as real originality does, and valuing its connections as the sources of its deepest power. Since the two sorts of originality are thus opposed at every point, a study of their contrasts is a good way to illuminate the essential qualities of the genuine kind by setting them off against the fallacies of the counterfeit.

Take, for instance, the incessant demand for novelty so characteristic of our contemporary arts—the insistence that everything should be strikingly different from anything we have seen or heard before: that language should make strange nonsense rather than sense, that visual forms in painting and sculpture should be swollen, dislocated, distorted, that music should sound queer and ugly, that, in short, everything should be generally upside down, wrong side to, and back side before. The ideal behind all this is that of pseudo-originality, preoccupied with novelty rather than with beauty. "To seek modernity in art," Mr. J. E. Spingarn quotes some clear thinker as observing, "is to seek modernity and not art." Rodin remarks to the same purpose: "In the present epoch there is a ceaseless desire for novelty. That is a great fault. The works which I prefer are those of the Egyptians. They are 4000 years old. They are, nevertheless, newer and younger than

those we produce. Things must be true in order to succeed. Truth eternal does not imply any need of novelty." "Things must be true in order to succeed"—that is what real originality always knows, and what leads Hocking to assert that "The normal source of the new is not direct attention to the new, but attention to the real." "Only silly folk," says Dewey,² "identify creative originality with the extraordinary and fanciful; others recognize that its measure lies in putting every-day things to uses which had not occurred to others. The operation is novel, not the materials out of which it is constructed."

In an article commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Brahms,³ Dr. A Heuss maintains that Liszt is responsible for the fashion in modern music of seeking novelty at all costs. "The easiest way to achieve novelty," he says, "being to employ novel means, we have seen whole generations of composers intent upon creating such means, and overlooking the fact that the essential thing is not to invent means, but appropriately to use means—old or new, provided they are suitable. This unaccountable misconception led 'progressive' circles to assert that Brahms is 'un-modern,' has nothing new to say, simply because he does not resort to new means. That nowadays his music should be alive and in full bloom, whereas that of hundreds of composers who achieved 'novelty' are dead and forgotten, is a fact whose moral is obvious." Another writer on the same occasion pointed out that "after a period of excitement over exoticism, impressionism, expressionism, and so forth, composers are reverting to the study of polyphony and of form problems. They are sick of mere color, and long for form and design. Is not this," he added, "the very spirit of Brahms, who always considered that without loving labor and accurate comprehension of form, there could be no genuine work of art?"⁴

The spirit of Brahms, in a word, was the spirit of true originality, the spirit which seeks everywhere classic beauty, the spirit which works through justness of emphasis, moderation, restraint, balance. Eternally opposed to it is the journalistic spirit of pseudo-originality, which, with its delight in oddity, extravagance, exaggeration, the use of superlatives, and the emergence of special features, is incorrigibly romantic. "The classic art," as Emerson says, "was the art of necessity; modern romantic art bears the

¹W. E. Hocking: "Human Nature and its Remaking," p. 249, note.

²John Dewey: "Democracy and Education," p. 187.

³*Zeitschrift für Musik*, April 1, 1922.

⁴S. Hoffmann in "Die Musikwelt," June 1, 1922.

stamp of caprice and chance. . . . The classic unfolds; the romantic adds." And it is easy to see why classic beauty must always appeal more gradually, and always to a smaller public, than romantic exuberance. Working as it does through the subordination of the details to the whole, it cannot allow any single feature to stand out saliently enough to impress the inattentive or the dull. Its characteristic moderation is even supposed by such to be a negative quality. They do not discern, with Chesterton, that "moderation is not a compromise; moderation is a passion; the passion of great judges." They do not understand that romanticism is only red-hot, while classicism is white-hot. Yet the truly sensitive are always won at last, slowly but very surely, by the intenser classic beauty, not impressing them much perhaps at first, but in the long run, as Tennyson says:

"Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes."

It is the extremes only, on the other hand, that pseudo-originality cultivates, in the service of the journalized arts. Never mind about enduring beauty. Unless your poem, statue, picture, or symphony has some special feature, some striking eccentricity, some "good talking point," it may not be able to get before the public at all. Beauty may be only a burden to it; and the very qualities of balance that in a happier civilization would ensure it long life, may here prevent it from even beginning to live. In journalistic epochs potential classics are likely to be still-born. In revenge, however, works which do survive are apt to age very quickly.

III

Indeed, pseudo-originality makes directly for shortness of life by its emphasis on externals, on the clothes of the work of art, so to speak, rather than on its living individuality. Nothing passes so quickly out of fashion as clothes—witness the hats in a photograph of a generation ago. Of music the external aspect, the clothes, is the harmony; the pretty but weak chromatic harmonies that in their day made Spohr more popular than Beethoven are now as out-moded as the bustles, wasp waists, and feathery hats of the women of 1880; yet we are now more obsessed with harmony than ever, and fancy that a composer's ideas are of slight importance in comparison with his "idiom"—his dissonances, sonorities, and timbres. We even classify our composers by their vocabularies; we call Debussy and Ravel "impressionists," Schoen-

berg a dealer in "higher dissonances," Milhaud and Casella "poly-tonalists," "atonalists," and so on. It makes one sympathize with the man who said that all modern literature seemed to be either "erotic, neurotic, or Tommyrotic." This idolatry of harmony deserves the rebuke of Vincent d'Indy, himself one of the most daring of modern harmonists, but also something more, a creator of musical ideas. "The study of chords for themselves is," he says, "from a musical point of view, an absolute aesthetic error, for harmony proceeds from melody, and should never be separated from it in its application;"¹ and, more specifically: "In order that harmony should be durable, it must constitute, not mere glistening surface, mere tapestry, but rather the clothing of the living and acting being which is the *rhythmed melody*. The costume, in this case, may safely pass out of style—the human person, if it is well constituted, will endure."² The truth of d'Indy's distinction is proved by the survival in full vitality to our own day of Beethoven's themes, naked of the pretty clothes of Spohr, and unashamed.

If harmony is so superficial in comparison with melody and rhythm, however, we are driven to ask why pseudo-originality should so single it out, seize upon it, and exalt it to supreme importance. Is it not, we may answer, precisely because of this superficiality that harmony seems so useful a touchstone to the hurried and the inattentive? The chord is the purely sensuous datum of music, demanding for its apprehension no thought, no memory, no perception of relations. The simplest melody, the briefest bit of rhythm, you cannot grasp without the same kind of synthetic effort that goes to the understanding of a sentence of language; but a chord is instantaneous, unrelated, for the physical ear only, like an odd or a flavorsome word. Indeed, there is a curious similarity between the "modernist" music-lover's infatuation with harmony and the literary euphuist's infatuation with words. Those people we have all met who like to sit at the piano and hypnotise themselves with a single chord, are aesthetic brothers of the man who raved about "that blessed word Mesopotamia." In the vaunted "originality" of much ultra-modern music there is in truth, as in such a sounding phrase as Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude," more euphuism than thought. Such a phrase may impress people who measure their literature by the number of "dictionary words" it contains; those who measure by feeling and ideas will prefer Lincoln's "With malice towards none, with charity

¹Vincent d'Indy: "Cours de composition musicale."

²Vincent d'Indy: "Le bon sens." *Revue Musicale*, S. I. M., November, 1912.

towards all," in which there is not a single "queer" word. No doubt this is what Dewey means in demanding that "the operation should be novel, not the materials out of which it is constructed." Novel materials, after all, stay novel so short a time. How threadbare, as well as rococo and vulgar, sound Liszt's strutting diminished seventh chords nowadays! On the other hand, to put together common materials in a new way, to make the words or chords of everyday reflect a thought under the peculiar illumination of your own mind, there is a task for genuine originality. Brahms is said to have experimented for a year with the possibilities of triads, the commonest of all chords, the one-syllable words of our musical Bibles and Shakespeares. Out of the tonic, dominant, and subdominant are built such wholly new and noble melodies as his "Sapphic Ode" and "Cradle Song," and many themes in his symphonies, as are many of the finest themes in the symphonies of Beethoven and the music-dramas of Wagner. These fields are inexhaustible.

To cultivate them, however, requires thought. Therefore we can understand that such composers as wish to avoid the trouble of thinking, and also desire to astonish the thoughtless (obviously two highly compatible aims) find it easier to resort to surface novelty, and to dress essentially banal ideas in complicated-sounding harmonies, like those writers who always call a barber-shop a "tonsorial parlor." Such is the method of X, a living French composer, who, by writing utterly trivial music-hall tunes in two keys at once and calling the result "polytonie" (a telling trade-mark) gets a reputation for being highly "original." "X really has talent," said a leading chamber-music player. "If he had written in a good tradition he might have made some really beautiful music. But, of course, he would not have been so talked about." The desire for publicity is no doubt in many cases the chief stimulant of pseudo-originality, which is thus almost as unfailing an index of egoistic ambition as real originality is of self-forgetful devotion to art. Pseudo-originality isolates the individual, distorting him toward idiosyncrasy, eccentricity, and in extreme cases insanity (for your lunatic is your only complete pseudo-original). Originality broadens and deepens him, fertilizes his mind by teaching it to draw strength from a living tradition, socializes and universalizes it. Pseudo-original is the attitude of the American composer who is said to have feared to study the scores of others, lest he thus dilute his own "individuality." Original is the attitude of Goethe, who was puzzled to account for his own originality. "People are always talking about origi-

nality," he remarked, "but what do they mean? If I could give an account of all that I owe to my great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor." "The two greatest examples of eternal freshness and youth in musical history," observes Stanford to the same purpose, "are Haydn and Verdi. They were never too proud to learn from their contemporaries, or even from those far junior to themselves, and they are a standing and ever-living proof that the absorption of all that is best in other men's work only means to a man of genuine invention the accentuation of his own individuality."

Lowell's definition of originality seems in the light of these considerations a good one. "The notion of an absolute originality," he says, "as if one could have a patent right in it, is an absurdity. A man cannot escape in thought, any more than he can in language, from the past and the present. As no one ever invents a word, and yet language somehow grows by general contribution and necessity, so it is with thought. . . . Originality consists in power of digesting and assimilating thoughts, so that they become part of our life and substance." In other words, originality is a plant which grows only in the fertile soil of a good tradition; and its vigor is proportional to the richness of its nourishment. "We lay much stress on the value of originality," pertinently observes an English writer on music, Mr. Francis Toye. "Yet we should reflect that the most artistic nations in the world's history, the Chinese, the Greeks, even the French, have been precisely those which emphasized firstly the importance of tradition, and only secondly the importance of originality." To this may be added a keen bit of analysis by Van Wyck Brooks: "The writers who succeed ultimately in differentiating themselves most from the mass, in attaining a point of view all their own, are those who have served the longest apprenticeship; their early works are usually timid, tentative, imitative, and scarcely to be distinguished from others of the same school and tradition. This is because true originality is not so much freshness of talent as a capacity to survive and surmount experience, after having met and assimilated it, which implies a slow growth and a slowly and powerfully moulded intention."¹

IV

It thus becomes abundantly evident that there is a sort of paradox at the core of this question of originality, and that all efforts to preserve individuality, so to speak, in a glass case, only

¹The Reviewer's Note-Book, in the "FREEMAN," November 17, 1920.

starve and smother it, while the apparent sacrifice of it to a free, wide-ranging curiosity results in its fortification and nourishment. He that saveth his (original) life—so we might paraphrase—shall lose it; and he that loseth it shall save it. But while we may admit that this is so, we are still puzzled to see why it *must* be so; and here two writers can help us. The first is Royce, who analyses psychologically the relation of consciousness to originality.¹ He begins by remarking that "Conscious effort at originality is likely to involve either waywardness or self-imitation," since "the narrow span of conscious life is not large enough to permit the source of our most individual processes to become directly present to us at all. Hence our originality, whatever its grade, must in general belong to the unconscious side of our life." Later Royce particularizes the reasons for this important and unconventional conclusion that all valuable originality is necessarily unconscious. "Your originality," he says, "has to do with the gradual organization of your life as a whole, while your consciousness, limited as it is to a short span, flickers along from moment to moment, and never reveals the true meaning of your life-processes in their linkage, growth, and rationality. . . . The feelings of the moment may be consciously original, but need not on that account be important. Your current consciousness interprets your true individuality much as lightning at night shows the storm clouds. Whence the storm came, and whither it whirls, the lightning, like your passing moments of conscious life, is too brief to show."

The practical outcome of Royce's analysis is this advice: "Give up the vain desire to seem, at any instant, consciously original. You could only deceive yourself by following that vain desire. What seemed to you most inevitable, and perhaps most commonplace, your fellows would often find the most original and the best about you. What pleased you as your most original product, others would see to be a poor imitation, or else a trivially wayward mood. . . . Your self-conquest lies in saying, 'I will serve as if I were nothing but a servant, but all the while I will not fear to be unique in my form and plan of service. I will consciously serve and efface myself; but when my individuality chances, nevertheless, to express itself, I will rejoice in the happy accident of having unconsciously done what vindicates my right to be this individual.' Whatever originality is yours will then come as a matter of life. For it is Life, and not Consciousness, that in us men is the originator."

¹Josiah Royce: Essay on "Originality and Consciousness," in "Studies of Good and Evil."

A more recent writer, Mr. Laurence Buermeyer,¹ brings out similar points, from a different angle of attack. "Personality," he notes, "is sometimes conceived in a purely negative sense. I am I because I am not somebody else. . . . To be individual, I must seek as much strife and difference from the rest of the world as possible. If carried through to the logical conclusion, this view makes of eccentricity the consummation of 'personality.'" (This is the point of view, in short, of what we have been calling pseudo-originality). But Buermeyer finds the truth to lie in the exactly opposite view that "A man is what he is because of what he includes, not excludes, because he has a share in a world which . . . offers him a means for satisfying his will, for 'finding himself.' . . . We judge to be individual a man who has made, so far as possible, the thoughts and purposes of others his own, who can enter into and share their life rather than merely be different from it. Individuality then means number, variety, and depth of connections with others, not isolated and atomic self-sufficiency."

Buermeyer then examines what Royce would call the lightning flashes of consciousness. "Primitive impulse," he says, "*feels* like individuality. We seem, in letting ourselves go, to be realizing ourselves most fully. Yet in such activities there is least to distinguish us from others, and we are most entirely commonplace. Nothing is less individual than the cry of anger or fear. Each member of a mob doubtless feels that he is giving vent to something springing from the depths of his personality when he joins in a lynching party; but in his acts he is like everyone else in the mob, or at least much more like them than when he is calm. They are all alike because reflection is in abeyance, and the situation . . . is a mere blur in every mind. If it were clearly thought out, each individual would react to it by virtue of all his powers and so as a true individual. It is his *full* self that is unique, his full self moulded by all he has done and undergone, and not driven by any single impulse, with its partial and one-sided view of things; and the coördination of all his powers, the expression of his total self, is the same thing as the interpretation of an object in terms of all its relationships." "The objectivity which is the consummation of art," concludes Buermeyer, "is impossible to one whose mind does not feed upon the wider range of things which are a part also of human affairs: morality, science, religion. The burial of art in itself, and the burial of the artist in himself, are one and the same thing, and that is a burial. That way lie diletanteism, academicism, sentimentalism, and virtuosity."

¹In his book "The Aesthetic Experience."

Originality thus turns out to be, like happiness, a by-product; the surest way to miss it is to aim at it. And if we were to counsel a young artist in the light of the investigations just made we might say to him something like this:

First: Do not try to be original. Do not consciously think of originality at all. "The normal source of the new" as Hocking says, "is not direct attention to the new, but attention to the real."

Second: Since the real is limitless, broaden your experience by endless technical study (the releasing effect of which we saw in considering Workmanship). In a word, seek beauty rather than novelty, though welcoming always as much novelty as you can turn into beauty. Do not expect the public to acclaim work of this kind as they do what is startling. They never will; but if it is good enough they will imperceptibly grow to love it, and will preserve it.

Third: Do not be discouraged if your own type of originality seems, even to yourself, to be overshadowed by that of your more brilliant fellows. All genuine work has its own value. As Dewey reminds us, "The real standard of art is not comparative but qualitative. Art is not greater or less, it is good or bad, sincere or spurious. Not many intellectual workers are called to be Aristotles or Newtons or Pasteurs or Einsteins. But every honest piece of inquiry is distinctive, individualized; it has its own incommensurable quality and performs its own unique service."

Hence, fourth and last: Make no claims for your work, do not expect its ultimate value to be fairly assessed any more by your contemporaries than by yourself, since neither they nor you can tell yet what will turn out to be really valuable in it. Originality is terminal, not initial. Copy on the fly-leaf of your sketch-book Emerson's counsel, even truer and more necessary now than when he wrote it: "Forewarned that the vice of the times and the country is an excessive pretension, let us seek the shade, and find wisdom in neglect. Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore, and explore."

V

Mr. Ernest Newman has somewhere dropped the sardonic remark that the difference between the good composers and the bad ones is that it takes the former a long while to be discovered, and the latter a long while to be found out. This, we are now in a position to see, is also the difference between originality and pseudo-originality. It is all a question of time. Pseudo-originality

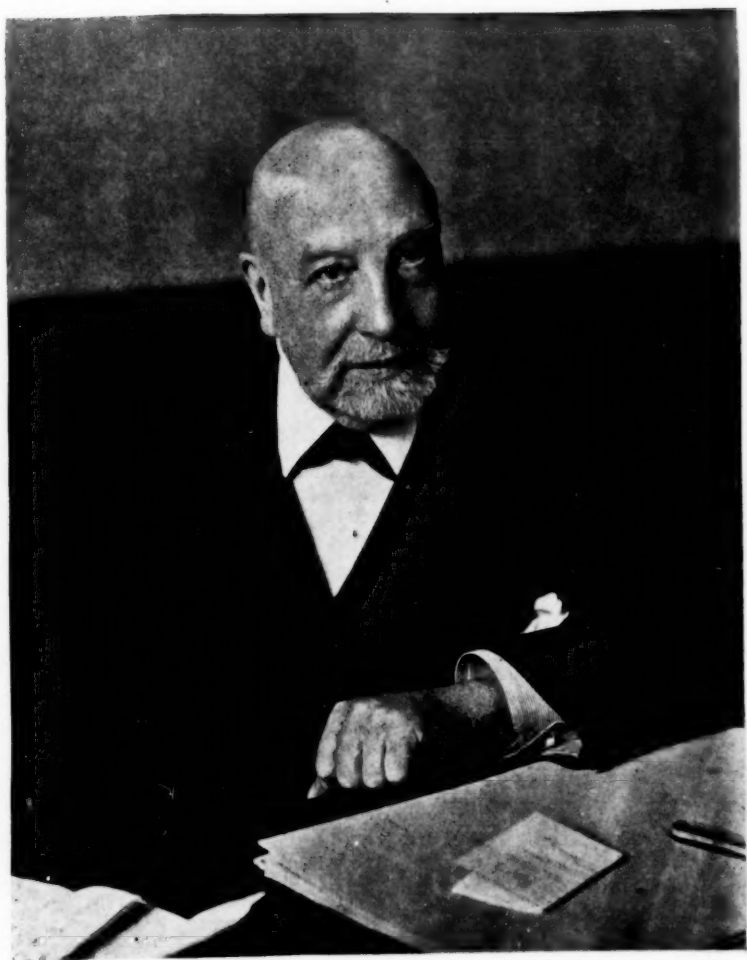
is so impatient that all its values are superficial, and bound with familiarity to pall. It is doubtless true that the way to immediate popular acclaim is through surface novelty, exaggeration, striking peculiarity of idiom, and the exploitation of personality. Yet all these things grow stale, and in the long run we are satisfied only by beauty, balance, thought, objectivity. Therefore, if you are willing to be pseudo-original, you may gain an audience quickly, but you must expect to lose it soon; and if your ideal is to be truly original you must be content to wait long for an audience worth keeping. Not by one moment can you hurry the acceptance of what is good; not by one moment can you postpone the detection of what is spurious. Your one but sufficient ally, if you are a sincere artist, is time: time the implacably slow, time the incorruptibly pure.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
AND HIS WORK AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, LONDON

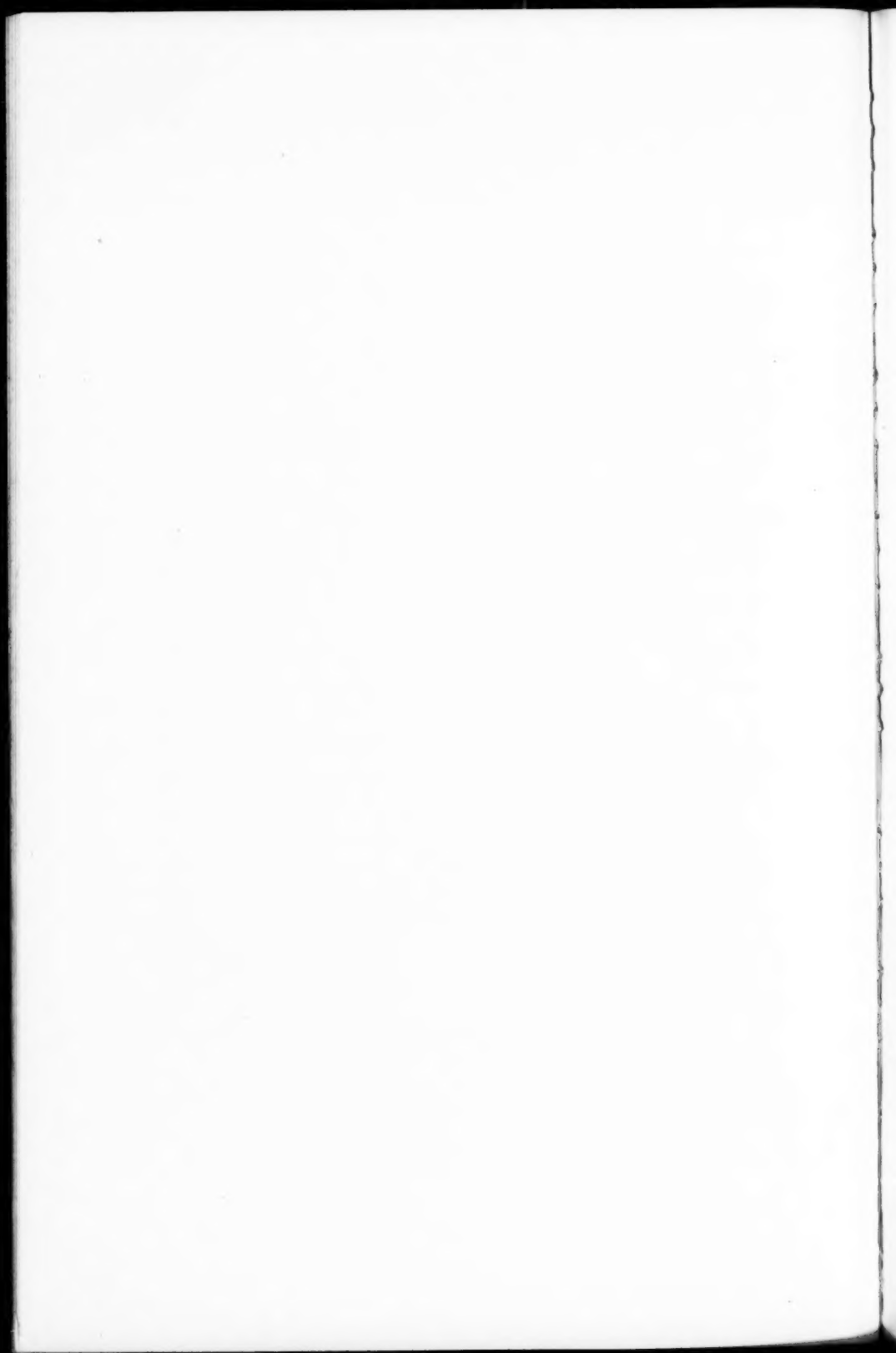
By J. PERCY BAKER

WHEN for over forty years a man has held an unchallenged position in the front rank of public life, it argues not only the possession of distinguished gifts, but also the existence of certain conditions which have made it possible for those gifts to be exhibited to the best advantage. So long ago as 1875, the eyes of sagacious observers were turned to a young Scottish composer of the name of Mackenzie, who gave promise of making a reputation for himself. In the years that followed, the expectations aroused were increasingly fulfilled, but it was not until after his appointment in 1888 as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London, that it began to be recognised that here was a man who, in addition to notable ability as a composer, possessed also an administrative capacity, a far-sightedness, and a pertinacity, which, however characteristic of the nation from which he sprang, are not always to be found in association with creative power. Mackenzie has indeed been so intimately connected with the direction of a great musical Institution that in reviewing his career it is impossible to sever the one from the other.

The Royal Academy of Music is one of the four oldest Schools of Music in Europe. Founded in 1822, it is exceeded in age only by the Paris Conservatoire (1795), the Conservatorio at Milan (1808), and the Conservatorium at Vienna (1817). Its inception was due to Lord Burghersh (afterwards Earl of Westmorland), a diplomat and an amateur of music, concerning whom it is only necessary to say that he was a man of considerable force of character, which force, however, did not display itself in his musical compositions. He joined to himself a number of other "noblemen and gentlemen"—to employ a phrase which was worked very hard a century or more ago—and the new Institution was launched under the patronage of King George IV, one of whose last acts was to grant it a Royal Charter in 1830. Dr. William Crotch, an excellent musician, notwithstanding that his maturity failed to justify the promise of his extraordinary precocity, was the first



Sir Alexander Mackenzie
Photo by Alexander Corbett, London



Principal and held office for ten years. His successor was Cipriani Potter, a pianoforte professor and a composer not without parts, who had at one time studied at Vienna where he enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Beethoven. He resigned in 1859 and Charles Lucas, a violoncellist and conductor, took his place. Lucas resigned seven years later, and William Sterndale Bennett, the foremost English musician of his time, became Principal in his stead, guiding the fortunes of the Academy through a period of great anxiety and vicissitude. Bennett died in 1875, and George Alexander Macfarren, a distinguished theorist and a copious composer, was chosen as his successor.

When Macfarren died suddenly in 1887, the Directors were confronted with a problem of vast importance to the future of the Institution of which they were the governing body under the Charter. A number of candidates were soon in the field, prominent among them being Joseph Barnby, who had attained a great reputation as a choral conductor and who, it was felt, possessed in no small measure that forcefulness which would be required for the post. At one time it seemed almost to be a foregone conclusion that Barnby would be elected, but the Directors decided that they would not be forced into making a hasty appointment, and placed the Principalship in commission, the three senior professors, Walter Macfarren, Prosper Sainton and Charles Steggall, carrying on the duties *pro tem*. The wisdom of this Fabian policy became apparent when it was suddenly announced that Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, whose name had been coming very much to the fore for some years, had consented to stand for the appointment. The situation was changed in a moment, and eventually Mackenzie was elected. Looking back upon the history of the last thirty years it must be acknowledged that the choice has been abundantly justified.

Mackenzie was appointed Principal in the early part of 1888, and retired in 1924. He has thus continued in that office for over thirty-six years, which is a length of service exceeding that of any of his predecessors, and indeed extending over more than a third-part of the Academy's whole existence. It is impossible to exaggerate the potency of the influence which he, through the medium of that great School, has been enabled to exert on the musical life both of Great Britain and of the British Empire, for pupils come to study at the Academy from all the Dominions, whither they bear back with them the solid benefits of first-class instruction, together with those not less precious traditions which inevitably cluster round any ancient seat of learning. From that

point of view therefore it is a great privilege, as well as a distinguished honour, to be the Principal of an Institution like the Royal Academy of Music, but it must also be borne in mind that such a position brings with it great responsibility, many anxieties, and no inconsiderable amount of self-sacrifice, too often repaid by misunderstanding and ill-natured captiousness on the part of the ignorant and foolish. That a man should have directed with conspicuous success, both artistic and material, the fortunes of a great National School of Music for over thirty-six years, certainly presumes his possession of quite exceptional qualifications, and therefore calls for a public appreciation of his services.

As his name implies, Mackenzie is of Scottish nationality, being a native of Edinburgh, where he was born on August 22nd, 1847, and it is of interest to note that he came of a musical stock. Both his great-grandfather and his grandfather were players on instruments, while his father was not only an excellent violinist, but also a first-rate musician, who filled a large place in the musical life of Edinburgh. This ancestry found its culmination in the subject of the present article. He received his first lessons on the pianoforte and the violin at a very early age, and, better still, was responsive to the influence of the musical atmosphere in which he lived. The father led the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and here the boy was often allowed to sit by his side, thus being afforded opportunities of hearing much excellent music and of acquiring unconsciously that "sense of the stage" which in after years was to stand him in good stead.

Young Mackenzie made such progress in his music that it was resolved to send him to Germany for further instruction, and at the age of nine-and-a-half he was taken by his father to Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, a small town about thirty-six miles from Weimar. Here he had lessons on the violin from Wilhelm Uhlrich, a pupil of Ferdinand David, and in theory from Eduard Stein, a friend of Liszt, and the conductor of the Ducal Orchestra at Sondershausen. Mackenzie became in due time a member of this orchestra, sitting amongst the second violins, and as Stein was a very "advanced" musician, the lad's experience was widened by having to take part in the performance of a great deal of modern music. Sondershausen was one of the earliest towns in Germany to give "Lohengrin," for example, and Stein also played much of Berlioz's music, the concerts on Sundays attracting people from all parts of Germany to hear these new compositions. The orchestra had a great reputation, and was so superior to that at Weimar that Liszt himself used sometimes to bring his works in

manuscript in order that the orchestra might play them for him. Mackenzie saw him frequently, and thus was laid the foundation of that keen appreciation of Liszt's nobility of character, which, many years after, he expressed so eloquently in a series of lectures given at the Royal Institution, London.

After a stay of five years in Germany, Mackenzie returned to England in 1862. An interview with Sainton decided him to enter the Royal Academy of Music, in order that he might be eligible to compete for one of the King's Scholarships there. If he gained it Sainton promised to take him as a pupil. Meanwhile the lad obtained a post as violinist in a London theatre, and continued this kind of work for some time, in order to be less of a burden on his mother, for his father had died at the early age of thirty-six, a few days after taking him to Sondershausen in 1857. In due time, the day set for the competition for the Scholarship arrived, and young Mackenzie accordingly absented himself without permission from the theatre, for which he was summarily dismissed. On hearing, however, that the delinquent had won the Scholarship, the conductor as promptly re-instated him. At the Academy, Mackenzie took as his chief study the violin, his master, true to promise, being Sainton. Piano lessons he took from F. B. Jewson, and harmony lessons from the Principal, Charles Lucas. Until then, he had had no instruction whatever in counterpoint, and consequently it is not surprising that his breaches of the rules were not always pleasing to the master. Mackenzie says, "When I showed him anything rather startling in my composition exercises, he would remark, punctuating it with a pinch of snuff: 'That is all very well for young Scotland (pinch) but it *won't* do; take it out, sir!'" It is somewhat remarkable that never in his life did Mackenzie have a lesson in orchestration. All that he knows about that subject—which is a good deal!—he managed to pick up by observation during his work in theatre orchestras, aided of course by later experience of a practical kind. Possibly such knowledge is more valuable than that gained solely from reading books about instrumentation!

His tenure of the Scholarship came to an end in 1865, and as Mackenzie was now eighteen years old, it was time to decide where to make a definite start on a career. Everything seemed to point to Edinburgh, where his father had been so highly esteemed as a performer and teacher, so, yielding to the persuasions of his friends, he made up his mind to leave London and to begin work in the Northern capital. The course of events during the next fourteen years afforded a justification of this decision, for he soon

formed an extensive and varied connection. Besides appearing as a solo violinist, he kept up orchestral work, playing at the Birmingham Festivals from 1864 to 1873 inclusive. He also taught the piano for six hours a day for five days a week at the Edinburgh Ladies' College, where the instruction, in order to accommodate the large number of pupils, was of the simultaneous kind, now out of fashion. That is, no fewer than eight young ladies played the same piece, or the same exercises, at the same time upon eight pianofortes! The strain upon the teacher was tremendous, and probably out of all proportion to the benefit to the pupils, though we have Mackenzie's word for it, that in this way their rhythmical faculties became well developed. As to whether their musical faculties were equally well developed—that is another matter! His days would seem to have been full enough to satisfy most men, but his energetic temperament led him to add yet other forms of activity, such as directing the choir at St. George's Church, Edinburgh, conducting the Scottish Vocal Music Association, and giving concerts. What time he had to spare he gave up to composition.

The pace was too hot to last, and at the age of thirty-two, Mackenzie's health broke down. Fortunately, he had been able to put by some money, and was thus in a position to come to possibly the most fateful decision of his life, which was to relinquish absolutely the whole of his work in Edinburgh, and to take up his residence in Italy; there to recuperate, and to devote himself to composition more fully than had been possible during those fourteen strenuous years. Already he had met with encouraging success. A pianoforte quartet in E flat, a pianoforte Trio in D, and a string quartet in G had been played at the Edinburgh Classical Choristers concerts, an overture to a comedy had been produced by Julius Tausch, at Düsseldorf, his overture "Cervantes" had been played at Sondershausen under Max Erdmannsdörfer as well as at Glasgow under Von Bülow, while his orchestral Scherzo had been performed at Glasgow under Tausch, and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, under August Manns, ever a good friend to British music and musicians. These works had secured such favourable attention, that Mackenzie felt a reasonable confidence that he was acting wisely in cutting adrift from his former life, and allowing himself fuller scope for his creative faculties.

Accordingly the year 1879 saw him established in Florence, his first six months in that ancient and historic city being spent in the enjoyment of an absolute rest of mind and body. Then, with health completely reestablished, he turned with zest to

composition. A cantata, "The Bride," to a translation from the German of R. Hamerling, was produced at the Worcester (Three Choirs) Festival of 1881, and this was quickly followed by "Jason," a cantata with words by W. E. Grist, for the Bristol Festival of 1882. His reputation was rising steadily now, and it was still further enhanced by his opera, "Colomba," written for and produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company in 1883. The music was greeted with instant appreciation, but the libretto met with a good deal of criticism, not so much on account of the story or the way it was treated, as because of the phraseology. The author was Francis Hueffer, then musical critic on *The Times* newspaper, and a personality in London, though for various reasons not over-popular with his *confrères* on the press. When, many years later, the Royal College of Music Operatic Class proposed to revive "Colomba," Mackenzie took advantage of the opportunity to re-arrange and compress his opera to three acts, the alterations to the "book" being admirably carried out by Claude Aveling. The production of "Colomba" was accounted a distinct success, and the opera was performed six times in London that season, and subsequently at Hamburg and Darmstadt. A few days before Carl Rosa's lamented death, he had arranged to revive "Colomba" with certain alterations agreed to by the composer.

It was in this same year that his orchestral Ballad—"La Belle Dame sans Merci," a beautiful work which still makes its appeal to music lovers, was produced at a Philharmonic Concert under the composer's baton. At the Norwich Festival of 1884 his oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," achieved a brilliant success which showed that the composer had more than justified the high hopes of those who had been watching his career, and keen was the interest when it became known that another opera from his pen was to be produced. Unfortunately, "The Troubadour" (1886) was handicapped by Hueffer's inept English and a rather gruesome story. Other important works of about this time included a brilliant violin concerto, written for and played by the composer's friend, Pablo de Sarasate, at the Birmingham Festival of 1885, and a cantata, "The Story of Sayid," words by Joseph Bennett, which was composed for the Leeds Festival of 1886. For two years, from 1885, Mackenzie conducted the oratorio concerts revived by Messrs. Novello & Co., and under his direction were produced a number of important works by modern composers.

We are thus brought to the date of his appointment as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. He took up his new duties

with determination and zeal, and henceforth Mackenzie might have said:—"*L'académie, c'est moi!*" He was at once plunged into a vortex of pressing duties which made insistent demands, not alone upon his time, but upon his reserves of tact, driving force, and administrative capacity—all of which had necessarily to be exercised with a watchful eye upon the maintenance of the Academy's artistic position and upon the best means of securing its future. His predecessor, Macfarren, was for the latter half of his life totally blind, and was therefore greatly dependent upon others in the discharge of his duties, a fact which unfortunately had induced some laxity in certain directions. Mackenzie, however, had good eyes, which he knew how to use, and it was not long before he took measures to secure increased administrative efficiency. Additions were also made to the teaching staff, which showed that the new Principal was determined that the Academy, while not forsaking those paths of judicious conservatism which must be followed by those still in a state of pupilage, was nevertheless not going to ignore the fact that there existed other paths which meant the opening up of new views and the development of new methods. It was in fact a vital necessity that the Academy should keep abreast of modern music. Up to a comparatively recent period it had evinced some tendency to resent much of the new music, besides which its position as the only chartered great School of Music in Great Britain had been challenged by the establishment of the Royal College of Music, which only five years before Mackenzie's election had been started with every mark of royal favour and with much public assistance. At the time the fear was entertained that there was scarcely room in London for the two great Schools of Music, and that the inevitable competition would hamper the activities of the Academy, which ever since its foundation had had to contend with difficulties caused by slender financial resources. All the state-help it received was a yearly grant of five hundred pounds (\$2,500) from the government. Time has proved these fears to be groundless. There has been ample room for the Academy and the College, and the contemporaneous existence of the two Institutions has made for increased efficiency rather than cut-throat competition.

It was not long before Mackenzie was the means of drawing the College into closer relations with the Academy. For some years schemes of local examinations in music had been rapidly spreading throughout the country. Designed as they were to provide an incentive to pupils to work with a definite object, to test their progress by graded examinations, and to grant

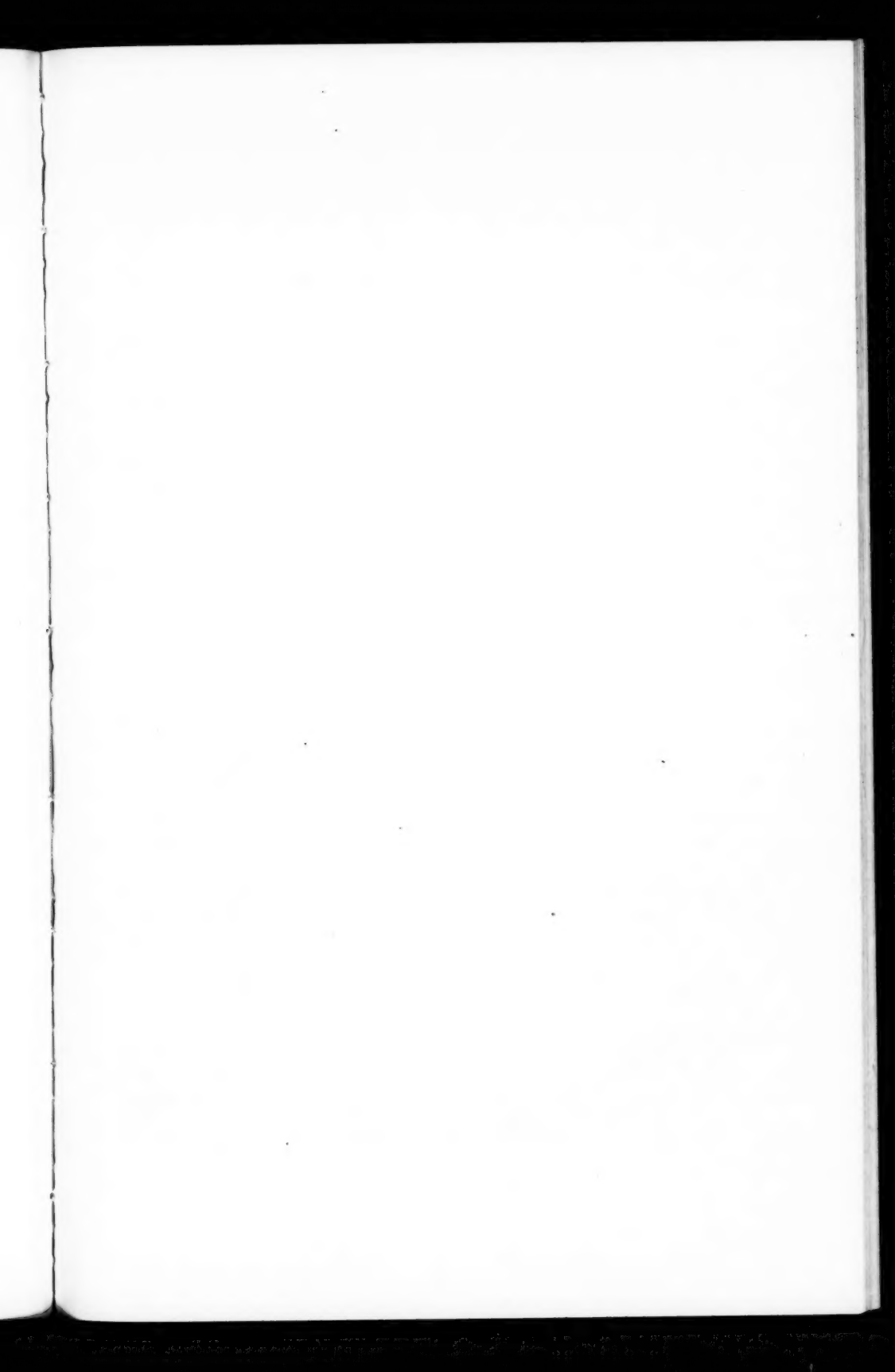
certificates to those who reached a certain standard, they proved to have met a popular demand. For some time the Academy had been working in this field with very considerable success, but Mackenzie, who saw that there were possibilities as yet unthought of, lost no time in making overtures to the sister institution with a view to a joint enterprise. The idea met with some opposition in both quarters, but Mackenzie persevered, and with the support of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward the Seventh, succeeded in carrying his proposals to a successful issue within a year of his appointment as Principal. The year 1889 saw the establishment of the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and the R. C. M. with a very complete scheme of local examinations. The success attending this step has been very marked, and annually many thousands of candidates present themselves to be examined in various branches of music at different centres at home and abroad. That the Board has been the means of promoting the cause of musical education there can be no doubt, besides which, it has had the effect of bringing the Academy and the College into the friendliest relations. Mackenzie rightly regards the founding of the Associated Board as one of the greatest triumphs of his career.

The new *régime* at the Academy was the means also of strengthening the Directors and the Committee of Management by including in both bodies many influential persons who gave unstintingly of their time and business ability—and on occasion generously supported the old school with their purses. One pressing anxiety confronted them; the problem of finding accommodation for its ever-growing work. When the Academy was founded in 1822, its authorities rented a house dating from the eighteenth century, situated in Tenterden Street, a little undistinguished street at the north-west corner of Hanover Square, which those Americans who know their London may remember is close to Oxford Circus. No. 4, Tenterden Street, had been the town-house of the Carnarvon family. It was by no means ideal for the new purpose for which it was to serve, but it was made to do. In course of the next sixty odd years, as the work expanded in consequence of the growing number of students, adjoining premises were leased, and intercommunication effected by making openings through party walls. The result of this procedure was that eventually the Academy premises became rambling and inconvenient, besides which they were an undignified home for a Royal and National Institution. Although students who passed their pupilage there—the present writer was one of them—cherish

ineffaceable memories of the Academy's first home, redolent as it was of the self-sacrifice of those who through good report and ill had fought hard in the cause of higher musical education, it cannot be gainsaid that it largely deserved the epithet of "rabbit-warren," which was sometimes flung at it. Sentiment might cling to the old associations, but could not alter the fact that the work was being carried on under conditions which were so difficult as to be insupportable.

But something stronger than practical convenience was rapidly overcoming the power of sentiment, and that was stern necessity. The leases of the Tenterden Street houses would run out in a little over twenty years, and then what would happen to the Academy? If it were not to find itself homeless, steps had to be taken without delay. It was premature to talk of building until the means to pay for it were within sight, and therefore the first thing to be done was to save money. This continued for a long series of years, until at last, in 1910, a site was secured in Marylebone Road, close to Regent's Park, the foundation stone was laid, and in a little over a year the building was ready for occupation. When he gazed at the imposing edifice with its numerous well-appointed classrooms, its fine concert-hall, and its excellent accommodation for the officials, Mackenzie might well have thought that his life's work stood before him complete. At last the Academy possessed a home worthy of it; but still there was much to be done calling for the skill and experience of the Principal, and forbidding any suggestion of his retirement, much as he may have sighed, as he did forty years before, for fuller leisure for composition.

During the twenty-three years that had elapsed since his election, incessant calls had been made upon him by the Academy, by many public duties which fell to his lot because of his distinguished position, and by multifarious other labours such as lecturing, the Presidency of the International Musical Society (which he held from 1908 to 1912) and by conducting many concerts, particularly those of the Philharmonic Society for seven years, during which period he proved himself a staunch friend to British music. Despite the fullness of his days, he found time for composition, and in addition to a number of works of small dimensions, but all of artistic character, his output includes many choral works,—*"Veni Creator,"* *"Bethlehem"* (an oratorio), *"The Witch's Daughter,"* *"The Sun God's Return,"* incidental music to various plays such as *"Ravenswood,"* *"The Little Minister,"* *"Manfred,"* and *"Coriolanus";* overture to *"Twelfth*



Night," overture "Britannia," March for the Coronation of King Edward VII, Suite for orchestra,—*"London Day by Day,"* Canadian Rhapsody for orchestra, *"An English Joy Peal,"* for the Coronation of King George V, *"Invocation"* for orchestra; *"Phoebe,"* a comic opera (never performed), *"His Majesty,"* a comic opera; *"The Cricket on the Hearth,"* a light opera founded on the celebrated Christmas story by Dickens; *"The Knights of the Road,"* an operetta; and *"The Eve of St. John,"* an opera; violin music including the *"Pibroch,"* *"Highland Ballad,"* concerto Op. 32 and Suite; a Scottish concerto for pianoforte, and three Scottish Rhapsodies for orchestra. One of his latest works is an overture—*"Youth, Sport, Loyalty,"* specially written for the Academy Centenary. In all, his opus numbers come to over ninety, while several works, published and unpublished, are without opus number. Truly no inconsiderable output for a man who for thirty-six years has occupied a great administrative post, and for fourteen years before that, was teaching incessantly.

When we consider its quality, which of course is what really matters, it is characterized not merely by accomplished musicianship, but by gifts of an extremely high order. The first fact that attracts attention is the extraordinary versatility of the composer. Mackenzie is unmistakably a Scotchman by nature no less than birth, for none other could have penned such works as the three Scottish Rhapsodies, *"The Cottar's Saturday Night,"* *"The Pibroch,"* for the violin, the nine pieces entitled *"From the North"* for the same instrument, and the Scottish concerto for the pianoforte, which all are redolent of his native land, yet anyone ignorant of his name and judging solely by works like *"Colomba,"* *"The Rose of Sharon,"* the *"Britannia"* overture, *"The Cricket on the Hearth,"* and *"London Day by Day,"* would without hesitation pronounce the composer to be an Englishman. The truth is that Mackenzie is cosmopolitan in the best sense of that much-abused word, and that by reason of a nature which is singularly alive to the fitness of things he is incapable of writing as though the real habitat of *"London Day by Day"* were Edinburgh. The Celt in him is allowed to talk Scottish only when his foot is, so to speak, on his native heath; on other occasions he falls in with the ways of the Romans. While cosmopolitan in this sense, however, Mackenzie never at any time of his life yielded to that besetting sin of imitativeness which is the bane of so many modern composers. It is impossible to refer to a line of his music of which the parentage could be attributed to a foreigner. This fidelity to his own nature does not always make

perhaps for immediate popularity, for public favour is governed largely by fashion, and people prefer to listen to endless variations upon the theme of the moment, whether original or not; but it is bound to count in the long run, when based, as with Mackenzie, upon solid and enduring qualities of natural endowments and fine musicianship.

The absurd epithet of "Academic" has been sometimes cast at Mackenzie, as at other composers who draw a just distinction between true originality and wilful vagaries, yet in his early days he was reproached with being unorthodox. True, if a composer stands still, he who begins by being an anarchist may come to be regarded as a reactionary, but then Mackenzie never has stood still; he has kept abreast of the times, even though he has never yielded to those contemporary aberrations which in his opinion are subversive of art. When he chooses he can use the most advanced phraseology, as witness his cantata, "The Sun God's Return," but this is so to speak a side-line, which he has not exploited to any great extent. His gift of bright spontaneous tunefulness is very marked and is displayed in many of his compositions, such as the ever-popular "Benedictus" for the violin, his charming light opera, "The Cricket on the Hearth," which is simply brimming over with melody delightful to hear, and his "Britannia" overture, which is a secure favourite with audiences. As a British composer, Mackenzie undoubtedly stands in the front rank.

In addition to the many activities mentioned above, Sir Alexander Mackenzie has delivered a large number of lectures at the Academy, at the Royal Institute, and at other places. The bare recital of their subjects shows the wide range of his reading and the extensiveness of his sympathies. They include four on "The Overture and the Progress of Instrumentation," a like number on "The Historical Elements of Music," three on Verdi's "Falstaff," three on "The Bohemian School of Music," three on "Franz Liszt," three on "Arthur Sullivan," three on "Chamber Music," three on "War Music, Past and Present," two each on "Mendelssohn," "The Latest Phases of Music," "Form, or the Want of it," and "A Revival of Chamber Music," besides single lectures on "Hänsel and Gretel," "A National School of Music," "Russian Music," "Tschaikovsky," "Brahms," "Beethoven," and "The Beginnings of the Orchestra." He has also contributed to Jack's "Masterpieces of Music" a couple of monographs on respectively Liszt and Verdi.

The opinions expressed in these various lectures show plainly Mackenzie's attitude to contemporary music, and to British

music in particular, an attitude at once conservative and sympathetic. This does not mean that he attempts the impossible feat of being on both sides of the fence at once, still less that he is content to sit on it. When occasion demands, his views can be and are stated with candour and force. His long experience at the Academy in shaping and guiding the policy which was to influence the musical development of the younger generation has made him impatient of what he has designated "the wild nonsense which is poisoning the ears of young musicians." He feels strongly that unless students are taught the groundwork on the basis of historical practice, they start unbalanced and follow with avidity the latest whim that may be in the air, instead of acting in accordance with their individual character and nationality. British musicians at the present-day display an immense amount of energy and ambition, leavened with no small degree of talent and originality. If these qualities, combined as they are with a mastery of technique which is truly astounding, are to make a permanent impression on musical history, they must be directed on proper lines, and it is in the light of this axiom that one can declare Mackenzie to be sympathetic to all that is good in modern music, although he is also conservative as he declines to cast aside the traditions of the past. In this connection it is not without interest to note that the views he expressed years ago in his lectures on the "Latest Phases of Music," when he exposed the extravagance which characterized so much of the ultra-modern music, are to-day being recognised as essentially just.

At one time the desirability of employing folk-music in composition was much debated, but in a certain sense it has rather fallen into the background. When there was a decided tendency to utilise it as direct material for composition, Mackenzie, although he had treated old tunes in some of his works, deprecated the use of folk-music in place of original invention. Instead he favoured its study as a means of influencing the mind and taste of the musician in the direction of the development of nationality. Utilised thus, we should see fewer weak imitations of Debussy and Ravel, considered by him as alien to British character.

Notwithstanding his decided opinions on vital matters of musical education, Mackenzie has always managed to keep a judicious course between the Scylla of reaction and the Charybdis of ultra-modernism, two extremes that are peculiarly apt to beset any man who has been engaged for a long period in the work of education. It is so easy after a time to let things take their course and to rely upon the power of tradition, caring nought for

the charge of being "old-fashioned." It is even easier, and in these days not less common, for a weak man to affect a taste for modernity, lest he should be thought effete. During Mackenzie's *régime*, modern music was regularly taught at the Academy, as its concert programmes plainly show, but of course the classics were equally well to the fore. The Principal's practice might be expressed in the Apostle's words, "Hear all things; judge all things; hold fast that which is good." Though Mackenzie is, and always has been, a doughty protagonist of native art, he is too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of artistry not to be catholic in his tastes. It is not without justification that he claims that the Royal Academy of Music is to-day one of the two most liberal minded conservatories in Europe, and that it is possible to receive the most efficient musical education without having to go abroad for it.

The far-reaching nature of what must be called Mackenzie's preëminent life-work, speaking of him as a musical educationist, cannot be adequately grasped without taking into consideration the great change that has taken place in the character and position of British music as compared with half a century ago. In the seventies of the nineteenth century, despite much excellent work, viewed at the time with an amount of self-satisfaction only partly justifiable, music in the United Kingdom had not advanced far beyond the limits of classical tradition. Moreover, the superiority of foreign education, of foreign musicians, and of foreign music, was a firm article of faith with all but a few independent spirits. These few, these faithful few, understood the possibilities latent in their own countrymen, and whether as composers or as teachers, set themselves steadily to the task of developing those possibilities. They did not always meet with encouragement. The critics of those days, like inverted Balaams, often cursed where they might well have blessed, or else they damned with that faint praise which is more fatal than open hostility, and an ill-informed public, accustomed to take its cue from the critics, withheld its practical support of those who were fighting a battle on behalf of British music. The little band of whom Mackenzie, as one of the foremost composers of the time, was a prominent member, persevered in the up-hill struggle, until it may now be said that a victory has been won. At the present time, the outlook for the native musician is vastly more favourable than ever before. If not yet all that one might wish, it is at any rate recognised as a national duty that British music should have a fair field, and on the whole it may be claimed that a British

composer of talent need not go down to his grave "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." That gratifying improvement is largely due to the influence exercised by the numerous enthusiastic and highly trained teachers turned out by the great Institutions, not less than to the many gifted composers whose works, by sheer force of merit, conquered the critics, and through them captured the public. England to-day is happy in the possession of many composers of varying degrees of talent, from those who aspire to the most ambitious heights to those who quite as usefully devote themselves to writing educational music for the younger generation, music which, charming and artistic, and of excellent workmanship, is rapidly supplanting the puerilities and inanities of former days and the machine-made stuff from abroad which had once obtained so firm a hold on British teachers.

It would be as foolish as untrue to ascribe the credit wholly to one quarter or to a single influence; it was due to an increasingly insistent demand for an improvement in British musical conditions in general; but when one remembers that for over a third of a century Mackenzie was at the head and directed the policy of a great Institution which to-day has under its care well over a thousand students, it goes without saying that to him must fall a large share of whatever credit is due. Soon after he became Principal, he placed on the staff Frederick Corder, a composer of merit and a brilliant teacher, under whom have been trained many of our living British composers.

The crowning glory of Mackenzie's career came in 1922, with the celebration of the Academy's Centenary. This is not the place to enlarge upon the proceedings that marked this happy event; it must suffice to say that they extended over a fortnight, and were planned so as to present a conspectus of the past and present work of the Academy. The Celebration was enthusiastically supported by throngs of ex-students, many of whom travelled hundreds—in some cases even thousands—of miles, in order to show their love for their Alma Mater, and King George expressed his sense of the importance of this great event by bestowing on Mackenzie the distinction of K. C. V. O. He was already a Knight Bachelor by creation of Queen Victoria in 1895. Other honours that have been conferred upon him include the degree of Mus. Doc. from the Universities of St. Andrews, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Oxford, and Toronto; LL. D. from Glasgow and Leeds; D. C. L. from McGill University, Montreal; the Order of Merit of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the Gold Medal for Art and Science of Hesse; and the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic

Society. He is also a member of the Instituto Reale of Florence, the Royal Swedish Academy, and the Royal Santa Cecilia of Rome.

Although his position has compelled him to take part in many public functions, Mackenzie is at his happiest in his home, devoting himself to composition or to reading. He has always been scrupulous in keeping abreast of the world's doings in general, and of all that was happening in the world of music in particular. Nothing has ever seemed to escape his notice, or failed to receive prompt attention if occasion warranted it. Mackenzie's reading is not confined within the limitations of his native tongue; thanks to his long residence in Germany and Italy, he speaks the languages of these two countries with facility, besides being also conversant with French.

When the Centenary Celebration was well over, and affairs at the Academy had once again become normal, Mackenzie came to the conclusion that he had earned a respite from those labours which, beginning when the Academy was just emerging from the long struggle which had attended nearly the whole of its career up to that time, had now succeeded in establishing it in a position of unassailable security, and he proceeded gradually to divest himself of the tasks which had hitherto fallen to his daily lot. His retirement from the Principalship began to be adumbrated, and finally in July, 1924, he handed over the reins of office to John B. McEwen, upon whom the choice had fallen as his successor.

At the age of seventy-nine, when most men are content to enjoy their ease, Sir Alexander still finds much to occupy him, and is vigorous and alert. Not for him *otium cum dignitate*, if by that is implied nothing to do and much willingness in doing it! He still composes, attends meetings when he thinks his presence can be of benefit to any musical cause, and at the moment is further engaged upon the writing of a "Narrative" of his own experiences.

Mackenzie in the course of his long life has achieved success in many directions, on which he can look back with legitimate satisfaction, and in which, as he would acknowledge, he has been aided by the whole-hearted service of many friends, whose loyalty he has repaid by equal loyalty. To say that any man has staunch friends is possibly the best and most comprehensive tribute that can be paid him.

THE PRESENT STATE OF RUSSIAN MUSIC

By ALFRED J. SWAN

WHEN the last war broke out Russia had finally entered the field as one of the two or three countries upon which it devolved to provide the world's music. A strong indigenous tradition, like that of Italy or Germany in the past, was held in the scales by Petrograd and Moscow, and was rapidly asserting itself in Europe. The operas of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, the symphonies of Tchaikovsky and Scriabin, the ballets produced by Diaghilev, were taking the place of Italian opera or Wagner as the much-discussed, vital events of the musical season in the great capitals. But the war, which created a halt in the artistic intercourse of the nations, was soon followed by the revolution of 1917, and by famine and civil war in Russia, all of which was bound to cause a convulsion and a readjustment of the Russian influence in music. Composers found themselves ejected from their native country with no hope of returning and drawing new strength from the native soil and people. Those who remained in the interior were thrown completely on their own resources and debarred from bringing their art before the judgement of the world. Almost ten long years have gone by since the new conditions have sprung into being, and it is time to recount what they have wrought in the fate of Russian music and its continued prestige in the West. There is, first of all, the problem of the Russian composers abroad, among whom are just now the most striking personalities that Russia possesses. Have they had the power and endurance, exiled and isolated as they are, to regale the world with a fresh harvest? On the whole it must be said that notwithstanding the terrible trials that Russia and the Russians have had to go through in life, they have emerged as conquerors in art, and we stand face to face with further interesting developments in Russian music.

It so happened that a position of authority in western musical matters was gained a few years before the war by Stravinsky, a young product of the Russian national school, a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, and like his master, a brilliant interpreter of Russian folk-lore by means of orchestral colour ("*L'oiseau de feu*," 1909). Stravinsky stayed in Paris and from a picturesque foreigner at the

"Ballets Russes au Théâtre des Champs-Élysées" soon changed into a vital pushing force of western music. His volcanic rôle was assured when into the dreamland of Debussy and the French Impressionists he hurled his vision of pre-historic Russia with its unparalleled exhibition of primitive savagery ("Sacre du Printemps," 1913). All those to whom the Impressionist methods appeared effeminate and decadent gathered around Stravinsky's banners. The world war that was declared soon after Stravinsky's war in art, only added fresh fuel to the general conflagration. When artists were heard of again in 1919, Stravinsky came out of his retreat with a few further scores ("Les Noces," "Renard," "L'histoire du Soldat"), that set out on a systematic search of a new musical language. Stravinsky's efforts can be likened only unto those of the mediaeval monks who first experimented in two-part writing at a time when the ascendancy of plain-song was at its height. Just as their momentous experiments led first of all to a complete loss of the purity of plain-song, Stravinsky's new combinations in sounds are primarily responsible for the dark chaos that is still roaring in present day music. Whether they will lead to the formation of a new language, as was the case during the Middle Ages, remains to be seen. This is not the place to discuss in detail Stravinsky's laboratory. Briefly it may be said that early 20th century harmony, which had attained such exquisite refinement and complexity in the works of Debussy, Ravel, and Scriabin, is in "Renard" or "L'histoire du Soldat" frankly suspended. Attempts to find any logic in the chords employed by Stravinsky have failed, because Stravinsky is not interested in chords as such. With him they are merely a casual result of part-leading, wherein fragments of melodies are combined. But this strange counterpoint that often bears a striking resemblance to the unpalatable mediaeval "organum," also defies analysis. The only systematic element in Stravinsky's music is his relentless rhythm—recurrent rhythmic periods—that together with a brilliant use of the instruments, are responsible for whatever impression the composer is able to make on his audience. Yet, it was just this poverty of attire, which is especially disconcerting when he makes bold to write "pure music" (Octuor, pieces for string quartette), that made its mark on the mentality of western musicians. In France, Stravinsky's adopted country, there always has been a tendency to strip music of all ulterior considerations, let the sounds ring out for themselves and make their appeal to our senses by their intrinsic pattern and natural succession (the Latin conception). Wagner's philosophical motives and Scriabin's occult incantations have never

found a sympathetic ear in the lucid, matter-of-fact Parisians. In Stravinsky they perceived a mind to their liking. Furthermore, Stravinsky took on the rôle, not of the inspired tone-poet, but of the craftsman par excellence, the moulder of a new musical language, a brother in spirit of those Flemings who with precise calculation wrote their endless canons and imitations. This likewise fell in with the aims of the post-war barbarians, who trod under foot the delicate functions of Impressionism, and sat down to write a type of music which was but a faithful reproduction of their puny business instincts. Not made to be artists in the noblest sense of this word, they eagerly grasped the opportunity, given them by Stravinsky, of becoming his apprentices. And yet, in spite of the terrific chaos that has resulted from the interference of this Russian musician in the culture of Europe, it would be hard to say that his influence has been wholly destructive. Stravinsky swept by like a cyclone, devastating much fertile territory, but also clearing the somewhat close atmosphere of the "sounds and perfumes" of Scriabin and Debussy. In migrating to the West and becoming a powerful factor in western music, Stravinsky cut himself adrift from the traditions of the Russian school. The sixteen years which he has spent on foreign soil have stifled in him even such faint reminiscences of the Russian folk-song as crop up in "Renard" and "Les Noces." His latest whim is a wholly artificial resurrection of the eighteenth century manner (*Sonate pour piano*), which thus liquidates his sketches for a new musical language. The qualities that endeared him to his western followers—his objectivity and delight in pure craftsmanship—have proved to be his peculiar weakness, leading to a serious loss of artistic unity, logic, and determination.

Let us now see what the western sojourn has done to Prokofiev, at one time the "enfant terrible" of Russian music, now a careful master, deeply rooted in the traditions of the Russian school, yet sharing to some extent the temperament of Stravinsky's followers. Prokofiev's migration to the West was the outcome not of a natural bent, as with Stravinsky, but of adverse circumstances in his native country (1918). And being such as it was, it did not entail a transformation and a severance of natural ties and bonds, but rather intensified Prokofiev's leanings towards Russia and its haunting musical idiom. When he returns, Prokofiev will have brought with him a galaxy of western currents in art, that, however, will only nourish in him the healthy national kernel. Prokofiev's case offers a good opportunity for analysing that kernel and spotting the most salient characteristics of the modern *style Russe*.

There still remains the broad melody, the contours of which bespeak its fundamental relationship with the folk-song. But the chains that had formerly tied this melody to certain pattern-harmonies and modulations (as with Rimsky-Korsakov) are completely broken. Not only the whole wealth of twentieth century harmony, as unravelled in the works of Scriabin, Debussy, and Ravel, but even certain peculiar sonorities of Stravinsky, are brought to bear on it. Yet the firm grip of tonality is hardly loosened: for a melody, in order to be at all a melody within the boundaries imposed by our musical culture, has to move on a tonal plane and have its resting points on the important notes of the scale. Failure to realize this plunges us headlong into the execrable chaos of modern German music. The Russians, with the above exception of Stravinsky, have dabbled little in atonal writing. Their further important asset is a consummate command of the element of form. From the time that the big classical forms were implanted in the Russian soil (Balakirev, Tchaikovsky), there has been a rapidly increasing determination on the part of Russian composers to make their use second nature. Alongside with such big forms as the symphony, sonata, and concerto, with all their roots in Europe, there grew up peculiarly Slavic miniature forms—the prelude, poem, fairy-tale (*skàzka*), mazurka—that were chiseled to perfection by Liadov, Scriabin, etc. All these forms are still used by almost unanimous acclamation: at no time did the Impressionist tone-pictures allure the Russians; even fanciful, descriptive titles were discouraged. As to the temperamental excursions of some of the young Westerners on to the sidewalks of the boulevards and the modern capital with its sallow pleasures,—cabarets, “promenades,” fox-trots,—the Russian naturally shrinks from degrading art to the level of common life. Is this, perhaps, one of the reasons why the music of Scriabin, Medtner, Miaskovsky, etc. finds such a cool reception in Paris and is dismissed as “unmodern?” One hardly dares to voice such a suspicion. Passing on to Prokofiev, it must be stated at once that he has now become a happy exponent of the modern *style Russe* as sketched above. Being an exuberant and precocious nature, he was at the outset of his career addicted to certain mannerisms. He indulged in the grotesque (Scherzo for 4 bassoons, “The Ugly Duckling”), he produced works the rollicking humour of which subdued all other considerations (1st Concerto for piano), he put on colour with too thick and careless a brush. The final venting of superfluous energy came in the “Scythian Suite,” a gorgeous splash of Oriental savagery, wherein a certain influence of the “Sacre du

Printemps" is not lacking. But what marvellous clarity of form and design as compared with the chaotic battering of Stravinsky, what masterly firmness of contours and keen sense of perspective! Thus a work purporting to startle and dumbfound, cast the die in favour of a sane adherence to the tested tradition of the Russian school. In the works of the subsequent period (just the time of his foreign sojourn) Prokofiev turned more and more towards his native land. His broad melody betrays an increasing kinship with the folk-song (3rd Concerto for piano, "Classical Symphony"), his harmony acquires a completely individual look in its close and somewhat harsh texture, so eminently fitted to evoke the shadow-world of Russian fairy-tales ("Tales of the old Grandmother,"—a distant echo of Liadov's "Baba-Yagas" and "Kikimoras"), his sense of form finding its happiest expression in the dimensions of the classic rather than the bulky romantic sonata. It is hard to over-estimate the beneficial rôle of Prokofiev at the present juncture in Russian music. He is the bridge between quiet, rural Russia and the bustling, feverish West. His national kernel is intact: it has not been forcibly and wantonly destroyed, like that of Stravinsky. Yet he has adopted progressive western methods. Unlike his Russian compatriots he has not let nineteenth century traditions and conventions stand in his way; he has written ballets and operas along with sonatas and symphonies: he has fallen in with the recent predilection for wind instruments: he has fully satisfied the modern requirements of speed, brilliance, and unemotionality. Has the depth and vitality of his utterance suffered thereby? This one will be able to determine only a few years hence, perhaps after Prokofiev returns to Russia, which he undoubtedly will do.

Exile has not conferred any blessings on the two other Russian masters who were forced into it by reason of adverse circumstances. In fact it has brought to a sudden close the career of Rachmaninov. Writing about Rachmaninov in the western capitals is a thankless task. One has to contend against his enormous reputation as a pianist, a reputation that in people's minds finally places him on a level with the great virtuosi, precluding any serious approach to him as a composer. History has given us another such entanglement in the case of Liszt, whose real place in music was not accorded him until many years after his death. In Rachmaninov's career everything seemed to combine to prevent him from becoming a great creator. Undoubtedly the main obstacle lay in his own nature, which was not "consumed by the holy flames of creation" (in the sense of Wagner, Moussorgsky, or Scriabin), and was consequently exposed to vacillation and doubts. But there were

other obstacles as well. Just at the time when Rachmaninov's star was beginning to shine in Moscow (in the early years of this century), a brighter star appeared in the person of Scriabin (not unlike Wagner's intrusion into the career of Liszt), who ultimately focussed on himself the eyes of the multitudes in the Russian capital. When Scriabin died in 1915, Rachmaninov rallied anew and was just on the point of coming into his own when the revolution broke out, driving him into unknown lands. However, all these side issues do not touch upon the cardinal flaw in the creator himself. Just as we acknowledge the born *improvisatore* among executive artists, a performer who is at his best when left to his immediate whim or fancy and not tied to a rigid framework, we have to admit, in Rachmaninov's case, an *improvisatore* among composers. His work seems to possess all the separate requirements of great art, yet never reaches the final stage wherein all the component elements are knit together and assume a mysterious relationship to one another. His early work was replete with melody that, however, seldom overcame the improvisational stage, remaining too fluid and facile, and at times lapsing into the trivial. Somewhat later the same thing happened to his harmony and counterpoint, which never acquired a semblance of stark individuality. His latest compositions ("Études-Tableaux") are too preoccupied with virtuoso effects: they are just splashes of pianistic sonority. Then came the abrupt end, and for the last eight years not a note has fallen from Rachmaninov's pen. And herein lies the clue to Rachmaninov's failure. He was made for a quietly constructive epoch, for which his noble lyric and emotional talent would have been a beautiful complement. As it is, he has been rent to pieces and silenced by the cruel psychology of our times.

Not so Medtner, the last of Russia's big representatives abroad. When Medtner emerged from the Moscow "wood beyond the world," not only was his artistic personality finally crystallized, but he had already become one of the most powerful factors in contemporary Russian art. He brought with him the full array of time-honoured musical mastery (in the sense of the Viennese classics), a hallowed conception of art and the rôle of the artist, and a profound bewilderment at the demoniac musical doings of the West. In return he was completely misunderstood and rejected by the fashionable arbiters of to-day, his great art was left battering against a blank wall and found no echo in his surroundings. But he has not been silenced: he is still piling stone upon stone in his severely beautiful temple. This temple will stand firm as a rock when the courtiers of fashion and advocates of vain

modernism have vanished one and all. The clash between Medtner and the West was inevitable: a similar predicament would have occurred, for example, had Beethoven arrived in the Paris of 1825 and expected to meet with a true appreciation of his art from the people who had just been acclaiming Méhul and Rossini. In order to render justice to this parallel one must be fully aware of the course that Russian music has been pursuing ever since the revolutionary nationalism of the '60ties had subsided. Once fate had decreed that the classic forms were to be embedded in Russia, Russian composers, true to their thoroughgoing and extreme Slavic nature, were determined not only to assimilate them, but to produce such masters as would be worthy of those who once carried these forms to such heights. It was this determination that unconsciously prompted Rimsky-Korsakov's strenuous years of apprenticeship, Tchaikovsky's struggle and victory as one of the epoch-making symphonists of the world, Taneiev's austere excursions into the counterpoint of the Flemings. While all this huge preliminary work was being done in Russia, the West was quickly moving in the opposite direction and had already drifted into the tenets of Impressionism. And when Russia was at last ripe for the coming of her great master—Medtner—the West was revelling in the rhythms and tonal clashes of the "Sacre du Printemps." The irony of fate was enhanced when Medtner was cut off from the soil on which his mastery was but a logical growth, and driven to what seems to him a different musical planet. Musical mastery is an undefinable quality. What are the peculiar traits that denote it in the songs of the "Winterreise" or in the "Appassionata?" Their big, simple, and glowing ideas? Yet not one of these adjectives is precise in its technical meaning. Thus it is that we may discourse at great length upon Medtner's superb craftsmanship, his perfect command of form, his noble subjects refracted in a certain harmonic system—a direct and logical development of the harmonic plan of the classics and romantics—finally his stirring and complex rhythms, and yet not get very far in a valuation of his art. For the main point is: what is this perfect technical apparatus able to express? In Medtner we find the epitome of the great art and philosophy of the past. His artistic conscience may be traced to the Wagner of the "Meistersinger," the poets Tutchéev, Pushkin, and Goethe. Just like these, he represents the endeavour of a turbulent human soul to cast off the heavy chains that are dragging it down into abysmal chaos. The black night of Tutchéev's despair is only too familiar to him; but he sees the radiant contours of the Hellenic Pushkin in the distance and soars up towards him. From the

grim, subterranean kingdom of some of his fairy-tales, *skázki*, Op. 14b, Op. 34c, his Sonatas, (Op. 26b, with a motto from Tútchev); from the violent nightmare of such songs as those of Op. 37 (words by Tútchev and Fet), he tears himself away by a superhuman effort, and finds himself writing music transfigured by a divine calm and radiance, in the company of Goethe and Pushkin (Sonate-Vocalise, with a motto from Goethe; the Pushkin songs, Op. 36). But he is not permitted to remain in the realm of Elysian tranquillity: no sooner are his gnomish, Nibelungish instincts awakened, than he plunges again into the maelstrom, wringing his hands and clenching his fists. Between those two poles his art, like all great art, is half earnest, half jest. When in earnest he can express thoughts that are the equal of those expressed in the "Appassionata" (Sonata Op. 30), of lionine, shattering force, a display of crushing energy attenuated by passages of passionate lyric beauty. When in jest there are no limits to his gaiety: then all is shaken by fits of rippling laughter, sparkling wit and a divine play of accents and rhythms. The shadow of the reckless Domenico Scarlatti lurks in many episodes of the "Sonata Reminiscenza," Op. 38, or the "Danzas," Op. 38, 40 and 43. Such is the master that Russia produced in the teeth of our restless and destructive period, and she has all reason to be content with her contribution to the imperishable gallery of the past. But an epoch as preoccupied with its own little worries as ours, is naturally unable to view her achievement in the right perspective.

It now behooves us to see what Russia proper has been doing since she parted with the bulk of her musical genius. Though Medtner was at the time of the revolution affecting many of the younger generation, the influence that practically supplanted everything else was that of Scriabin. Scriabin's last years were passed in Moscow; the amazing, rapid progress of his last works had unrolled itself just before the war; he was dead before his idiom had found time to penetrate into the thick of Russian musical consciousness. For this process nearly a whole decade was required. On the music that now comes from the Russian centres traces of the later Scriabin are scattered with a free hand, but it cannot be said that the seed has fallen on fertile soil. As in the case of Wagner, too much vitality has been consumed in the making of Scriabin himself to allow of anything but undergrowth in his immediate surroundings. A squalid atmosphere prevails in the piano sonatas of some of the present Moscow composers (Feinberg, Alexandrov). Scriabin's synthetic overtone harmonies are to be found at every turn, but where is the formal compactness and

symmetry, the lucidity and *élan* of the author of "Prometheus?" We are confronted either by a labyrinth of little zigzag figures and arpeggios reiterated with a futile ferocity and setting at nought all considerations of form (Feinberg), or, where the structure is clearer and largely indebted to Medtner, by a painful lack of engrossing ideas (Alexandrov). The unabated output of miniature compositions (preludes, nocturnes, poems) likewise fails to reveal individual traits, and repeats, in a much paler way, what has already been said for all times by Scriabin. But while in a purely musical sense Scriabin seems to have cowed the younger generation into a timid frame of mind, psychologically his influence may be fraught with consequences. It is well known that Scriabin's music emanated from his mystic philosophy, his dream of the mystery that was to end the life of our race. His later works are themselves embryonic mysteries, ritual incantations and dances, in which every musical theme has been endowed by its creator with some ulterior meaning. Our enjoyment of this music is not diminished if we listen to it as music pure and simple, because of its great aesthetic significance: but in order to get at the roots of Scriabin's inspiration we have to become familiar with his philosophy. This attempt to combine art and philosophy fell on a fruitful soil in the days of warfare, famine, and privation. The younger composers of Russia were beginning to make their creative work dependent on their philosophy of life, with its many conflicting principles: more and more it appeared to them as a struggle of dark and light forces that had temporarily assumed the guise of musical subjects (as in Scriabin's 9th sonata). From among these Moscow philosophers in sound there emerges more and more clearly the figure of Miaskovsky. Too little of his work has as yet penetrated west to be written about with a definite conviction; enough, however, to make one on the alert for an important, though comfortless, phenomenon. Is Miaskovsky going to be more successful than, let us say Mahler, who tried to incarnate in music Dostoyevsky and his heroes? Had he not better preserve art from serving the purposes of psychology? Miaskovsky operates with symphonies and sonatas, that according to his Russian critics¹ are a mixture of the latest Beethoven with Tchaikovsky. The one before the present writer (3rd Sonata, Op. 19), is "an enchained, passionate impetus, now compressed to the utmost, now fiery and precipitate, now dark and unmovable, now tender and suppliant." But in order to be all that, it has forfeited most of the variety of form, harmony, and rhythm upon which the interest of a sonata

¹Igor Glibov.

movement chiefly depends (another proof of the influence of the later sonatas of Scriabin, which are likewise cast in one fundamental mood). The time has not yet come when one is able to view the whole of Miaskovsky with western eyes: it is clear, however, that from the Latin conception of art, which has now engulfed most of the fickle western world, he is still further removed than Medtner, who in one point, at least,—that of having never made his music serve any but strictly musical ends—is bound to be acquitted by the arbiters of the West. Is Miaskovsky a typical figure of contemporary Moscow? From his commentators' words it would seem that he is not only a type, but a most finished type, in which all the hidden and unconscious aspirations of his surroundings have found a superb outlet. If so, a most unique and perplexing arrangement of Russian musical genius presents itself to our view, an arrangement that bids fair to yield fresh developments in the progress of music, and in which the Russian share will be as powerful as it was in the days before the war. To sum up briefly, this arrangement shows us Stravinsky in his rôle of a western fashion-maker, a turbulent instigator to renewed experiments; Prokofiev, a genial exponent of the Russian school inclined towards western methods, who, upon his return to Russia, is bound to inaugurate a revival of the national spirit; Rachmaninov, the restless wanderer, an ever-present shadow of a lost romanticism; Medtner, the weapon of the gods and their eternal torch-bearer in a petty and conceited world; and Miaskovsky, the mouthpiece of a suffering humanity, who will bear witness to its struggle for light and freedom.

THE TEACHING OF APPRECIATION IN MUSIC

By MAX SCHOEN

I FIND my text in Pope's "An Essay on Criticism," which is to serve me, not as a point of departure, but as a goal to strive for. The goal, in the first place, is to ascertain what is meant or involved in the term appreciation, especially music appreciation; and, in the second place, to ascertain the degree and extent to which appreciation is subject to the common procedure designated as teaching.

My text is as follows:

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

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Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind;
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

It must be obvious even to the most casual observer that individuals vary enormously in what music means to them and in what they get out of it. Even among the best and most cultivated minds in matters of art and literature, marked individual differences are found, from Dr. Johnson, who found music to be "the costliest of rackets," to Carlyle, to whom music was "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

Let me quote a few choice passages from various sources, that illustrate more definitely the extremes of the ridiculous and the sublime in attitude towards music.

In "A Chapter on Ears" in his "Essays of Elia," the genial Charles Lamb speaks of music as follows:

I even think that, sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. I have been practicing "God Save

the King" all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am constitutionally susceptible to noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than mid-summer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude, to thrird the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblance of honest common-life sounds; and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience), immovable, or affecting some faint emotion, until (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades where some of the forms of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the enjoyment; or like that

Party in a parlor
All silent, and all DAMNED.

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make pictures for yourself; to read a book, all stops, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest executed pieces of this empty instrumental music.

Another illustration of a similar attitude is the following letter that appeared some time ago in a Philadelphia paper addressed to the music critic:

Sir:—I want to make to you a confession of great aspiration and profound sorrow. Perhaps your musical critic can help me or perhaps some of your readers among the cultured "upper ten" will be so kind as to give me a word of advice or throw upon me a ray of hope. I want to be cultured and can't. This is the story in a nutshell.

Last night I took my wife to the Mahler Symphony, or, perhaps, in the interest of exact accuracy, I should say that she took me. I approached it with reverence and with a heroic determination to enjoy it

because it comes *recommended* as one of the world's most notable musical masterpieces. I did not once fall asleep. I occupied five dollars' worth of seats among our best people, where I could see everything and hear everything. I did not yawn or gawk about or in any way divert my attention from the business in hand. I did not sneer or assume a superior manner, I did not feel superior to Mr. Mahler. Indeed, I feel quite crushed, and that is why I am writing to you.

I had always believed that nature intended me to be musical. When the First Regiment Band goes by I run to the window of my office and feel a real thrill. I know when the soprano in our church choir flats. I can tell a mutt from a genuine vocalist or a bar-room fiddler from a Thaddeus Rich. I like to sing myself and I play four pieces on the piano.

Of course, the wonderful volume of sound produced at the symphony impressed me, and I could readily perceive that the performance was a triumph of training and control for Mr. Stokowski. But beyond that the masterpiece meant absolutely nothing to me. Though I listened attentively and have a good ear for ordinary music, I could not *carry away with me a refrain or a bar*.

It seemed to me that all the soloists sang the same thing. Every special part, and in fact, the entire performance, was like the Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railway—began nowhere and ended nowhere. A basso with a magnificent voice rose to his feet, sang a few disconnected notes and sat down when I supposed that he was about ready to start something. Contraltos and sopranos and baritones followed him in rapid succession. The proceeding seemed to be a sort of musical parallel to a spelling bee. They all appeared to be sung down, one after another.

In the first half there were several unexpected and entertaining "yipes" I thoroughly enjoyed, but with that exception the Mahler Symphony was as meaningless and void to me as a futurist painting.

Through all the noise I could not help thinking:

"If only they could find their way out of the mess into a tune, wouldn't it be inspiring?"

But there were no tunes. Evidently classical music, to be classical, must be unmusical.

What I should like to know is this: Does a man have to degenerate to good music in the same way that he is obliged to overcome natural antipathies before he can learn to like olives or beer? Is only that in art which is unintelligible to the average mortal to be recognized as art? I dislike to think that it is necessary for a man to be unnatural in his tastes in order to be cultivated. It worried me when I contemplated the ecstatic faces about me. It humiliated me when Lieutenant-Governor Frank McClain turned to me and exclaimed enthusiastically after the final explosion:

"That was a great second half!"

Did he mean it? Has he a larger soul than I? Has he finer sensibilities, or was he merely putting up a better bluff?

What shall I do about it, Mr. Editor? Shall I continue to lie and pretend that I am crazy about classical music, as the rest of my friends appear to be? Shall I keep on in the hope that some day I will be as thoroughly "doped" as the rest of the music lovers, able to shudder at a hurdy-gurdy as the "coke" fiend shrinks from returning reason? Shall I

continue my pilgrimages to the Academy shrine in anticipation of a time when I can truly like that which now displeases me and dislike that which has always pleased me? Will I be happier when that time comes—if it comes?

In contrast to the above attitudes we have the vision of Robert Browning, who speaks these words through the mouth of Abt Vogler.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse-still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws that made them and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone in our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And, there! Ye have heard and seem: consider and bow the head!

And in that masterful picture of the development of the soul of an artist, "Jean-Christophe," by Romain Rolland, there occur passages about music such as the following:

Life passes. Body and soul flow onward like a stream. The years are written in the flesh of the aging tree. The whole visible world of form is forever wearing out and springing to new life. Thou only dost not pass, immortal music. Thou art the inward sea. Thou art the profound depths of the soul. In thy clear eyes the scowling face of life is not mirrored. Far, far from thee, like the herded cloud, flies the procession of days burning, icy, feverish, driven by uneasiness, huddling, moving on, on, never for one moment to endure. Thou art a whole world to thyself. Thou hast thy sun, thy laws, thy ebb and flow. Thou hast the peace of the stars in the great spaces of the field of night, marking their luminous track-plows of silver guided by the sure hand of the invisible ox-herd.

Music, serene music, how sweet is thy moony light to eyes wearied of the harsh brilliance of this world's sun! The soul that has lived and turned away from the common horse-pond, where, as they drink, men stir up the mud with their feet, nestles to thy bosom, and from thy breasts suckled with the clear running waters of dreams. Music, thou virgin mother, who in thy immaculate womb bearest the fruit of all passions, who in the lake of thy eyes, whereof the color is as the color of the rushes, or as the pale green glacier water, enfoldest good and evil, thou art beyond evil, thou art beyond good; he that taketh refuge with thee

is raised above the passing time; the succession of days will be but one day; and death, that devours everything, on such an one will never close its jaws.

Music, thou who hast rocked my sorrow-laden soul; music, thou who hast made me firm in strength, calm and joyous,—my love and my treasure,—I kiss thy pure lips, I hide my face in thy honey-sweet hair, I lay my burning eyelids upon the cool palms of thy hands. No word we speak, our eyes are closed, and I see the ineffable light of thine eyes, and I drink the smile of thy silent lips: and, pressed close to thy heart, I listen to the throb of eternal life.

Where shall one find a standard by means of which to evaluate these extreme types of attitude towards music and the numerous shades of variation between the extremes? The poet Fitzgerald, in his "Attar," describes how the moths sent messengers to find their idol the flame. The first and second came back with slight and uncertain intelligence. A third goes in their place,

Who, spurred with true desire,
Plunging at once into the sacred fire,
Folded his wings within, till he became
One color and one substance with the flame.
He only knew the flame who in it burned,
And only he could tell who ne'er returned.

Likewise, I have appointed myself a messenger to seek the idol, appreciation, and unlike the third moth, have returned to tell you what I have found; although, like the first two moths who did come back, I probably have but slight and uncertain intelligence to report.

I shall begin my report by postulating several principles that served me as guides in the search:

First, beauty is a mental experience derived from an object standing in a certain unique relationship to the subject, this certain relationship giving rise to the quality we call beauty. Therefore, beauty is not a fact but a quality derived from a fact, or in other words, a value. A fact is a universal truth objectively established and verified, while a value is a personal experience subjectively determined and variable. Therefore, beauty is not constant, but varies widely in quality and quantity from individual to individual.

Second, the experience of beauty is not limited to the realm of objects within the strict field of art, but any object which gives rise to the quality of beauty thereby becomes an art object. Therefore, beauty is not limited, but is coextensive with the whole field of human experience for him who is capable of grasping it.

Third, every experience derived from an art object is not by that fact necessarily an experience of beauty. Therefore, beauty is not simply an experience derived from an art object, but is a unique kind of mental attitude towards any object or phenomenon capable of arousing it, its most effective and universal stimulus being the objects we call art works.

Fourth, in a discussion of the nature of beauty the question does not concern the validity of the different kinds of experience derivable from an art object, but that of the relative value of these experiences as beauty. Therefore, while all experiences coming from an art work are equally valid as experiences for the particular person experiencing them, they are not of equal value as beauty simply by virtue of the fact that they are derived from an art object. Thus, while it is true that of tastes there is no disputing, each taste being as valid within its own sphere to a particular individual as is another taste to another individual, it is just as true that of tastes there is evaluating, and that all values are not on an equal level of validity as beauty.

As a result of these guiding principles, the problem of art appreciation formulates itself as follows: Art appreciation is an unique value aroused most frequently by objects called art objects, but derivable also from sources outside the sphere of art objects, the uniqueness of the value lying in the qualities called the beautiful and the aesthetic. What are these qualities?

William James, in his book, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," writes:

It is a good rule in physiology, when we are studying the meaning of an organ, to ask after its most peculiar and characteristic sort of performance, and to seek its office in that one of its functions which no other organ can possibly exert. Surely the same maxim holds good in our present quest. The essence of religious experiences, the thing by which we finally must judge them, must be that element or quality in them which we can meet nowhere else, and such a quality will, of course, be most prominent and easy to notice in those religious experiences which are most one-sided, exaggerated and intense.

To paraphrase James in its bearing upon our problem, I would say that the beautiful and the æsthetic, the thing by which we finally must judge them, must be that element or quality in them which we can meet nowhere else, that differentiates them from other experiences of a more ordinary nature. And such criteria will be, of course, most prominent and easy to notice in those art experiences which are most one-sided, exaggerated and intense.

I shall then quote some experiences in which a unique quality is present and then see if this unique quality can be connected with either the beautiful or the æsthetic.

I draw my first illustration from the field of general experience, which I borrow from a book entitled, "Towards a Theory of Art," by Lascelles Abercrombie:

I was staying a while ago with my family on the shores of Morecombe Bay. The news came one morning that a horse was in the quicksands: so we all set off to assist in digging it out. I may say—not to make the story too thrilling—that there was no danger to us. It was a temporary quicksand, due to rain. Only the head, back and tail of the horse were above ground, but it would not sink further: the sand had set firm all round—till we began to dig, and then it at once became a sort of porridge. It was a long business and horribly exciting. We could feel at our backs the menace of the tide; it was only a gleam as yet on the skyline—but everyone knows how the Morecombe tide comes in. Exciting, certainly; but the excitement was one of intense and practical anxiety. We were all the time calculating the possibility that the poor beast might still be imbedded when the water was up to its nostrils; and we were trying not to notice the anguish of terror in its eyes and the quivering palsy to which exhaustion had reduced its pitiable struggles. But there was one member of the party who hopt about in pure, candid, untroubled enjoyment of the whole affair: this inexhaustibly interesting world had provided one more first-rate spectacle for his special benefit. "Will the horse be drowned?" he kept eagerly asking. There was nothing callous in that: what the horse felt about it had simply never occurred to him: the only judgment to which the spectacle had been referred was the simple and immediate judgment. Was it a thrilling affair or not? Why, of course it was: the whole thing was most admirably arranged. And then came the final touch. The men were busily digging round; we were all hauling on a rope doubled endways round the horse's body; the owner was hauling on the horse's tail. But the tail and his hands were slippery with salt water, and just as we made a grand concerted effort—the tail slipped through his hands and over he went, heels over head. Instantly there shrilled out a piercing keen peal of rapture; and I have never, I think, been more shocked by intrusion of the *pure æsthetic* view of things into the world of moral or practical values. Severe remonstrance followed: the unseasonable nature of laughter was made clear. But the excuse was irresistible: "I thought he'd pulled the tail right out!" That would, indeed, have raised the affair to an exquisite perfection. It was not true; but the instantaneous impression of it was accepted without question and enjoyed to the utmost—simply as a thing given.

My second illustration bears directly on music, a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay, entitled, "The Concert."

No, I will go alone.
I will come back when it's over.
Yes, of course, I love you.

The Musical Quarterly

No, it will not be long.
 Why may you not come with me?—
 You are too much my lover.
 You would put yourself
 Between me and song.

If I go alone,
 Quiet and suavely clothed,
 My body will die in its chair,
 And over my head a flame,
 A mind that is twice my own,
 Will mark with icy mirth
 The wise advance and retreat
 Of armies without a country,
 Storming a nameless gate,
 Hurling terrible javelins down
 From the shouting wall of a singing town
 Where no women wait!
 Armies clean of love and hate,
 Marching lines of pitiless sound
 Climbing hills to the sun and hurling
 Golden spears to the ground!
 Up the lines a silver runner
 Bearing a banner whereon is scored
 The milk and steel of a bloodless wound
 Healed at length by the sword!

You and I have nothing to do with music.
 We may not make of music a filigree frame,
 Within which you and I,
 Tenderly glad we came,
 Sit smiling, hand in hand.

Come now, be content.
 I will come back to you, I swear I will;
 And you will know me still.
 I shall be only a little taller
 Than when I went.

Now what is the unusual element in these experiences? In the poem the poet protests against the use of music as a means towards an end, as a stimulus to intellectual or emotional activity, and gives its true unique function in the second stanza. Here the experience derived from the concert is described as radically and completely differing from ordinary experiences, in which advances and retreats are not always wise, where armies always have a country, and always storm a named gate, and where no singing is heard, but rather the weeping and wailing of waiting women. Attention here, instead of being occupied with associations or emotions generated by the music, is engrossed in the ebb and

flow of the tonal structure *per se*. Likewise, in the incident with the horse, the boy's attention is absorbed completely by the event itself, without any digression into the attributes of the event as to its practical implications. Mr. Abercrombie comments thus on this experience:

Now this was pure æsthetic experience: that is to say, it was experience that did not look outside itself for its value. That small boy had still the faculty (alas, he will lose it too soon) of taking everything as it comes along and finding it immediately good or bad: of instantly deciding its value simply as experience, without requiring any other interest. I suppose that is why children are sometimes said to be natural artists: they at any rate live naturally in the condition which alone makes art possible. And I dare say, too, it is their purely æsthetic life which makes children seem to come among us "trailing clouds of glory." If heaven means anything, it must mean a state in which everything is immediately good in itself: intellectual or moral judgments would never be tolerated there.

The characteristics of the experience of beauty may then be summarized as follows, as deduced from these two illustrations.

First; the beautiful is an impression giving the feeling of completeness in its kind. It is "apprehended as self-bounded and self-contained upon the immeasurable background of space and time, which it is not. You apprehend it as *one* thing; you see it as a whole."

Second; the beautiful is an impression which gives the feeling of significance in, by, and for itself. "Having first felt that it is *one* thing, you now feel that it is the *thing*." In other words, in the art experience we are in the presence of the essence of things versus the attributes of things. In ordinary experiences we interpret things in terms of ourselves, in relation to ourselves, pragmatically; they are colored by their meaning to ourselves. In ordinary experiences the object does not appear as it in itself really is, but in a dress imposed upon it by the practical requirements of the moment. We see things in their meaning to us, a meaning that is in us and not in the objects. In the contemplation of beauty, on the other hand, the object is presented to the mind as it in itself really is, in all its nakedness and purity, free from all adornments and trappings with which other experiences are burdened and disguised. It is free of all subjective impositions and interpretations, free of all meaning beyond itself. The experience of beauty is then a pure experience free of all entangling alliances, free of all meaning, excepting as experience as such. The mind is completely merged in the object presented, and does not reflect, judge, evaluate, synthesize, or analyse, but is engaged completely in an elemental, single, isolated activity.

It is because of this nature of the experience of beauty that we find the claim made for art that it reveals the essence of things. When the mind begins to interpret, judge, and relate, attributes are created that arise out of the object but which are not inherent in the object. It is, therefore, the consciousness of the thing presented in shape and form, in space and time, that is beautiful, and not the values that grow out of the relationships that the object bears to other things or to the perceiver. To experience things as beautiful is to experience them as they are by themselves. Beauty is the purely objective apprehension of things, the pure subject of knowledge, the contemplation of things as they are in themselves, the experience of things as such.

Third; the beautiful is an impression which gives the feeling of self-sufficiency. "Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Fourth; the beautiful, given all other conditions, is that which is experienced in a state of contemplation in contrast to the mental state of speculation. From it mental strain or effort are absent. It is a mental state free of desire and will, "in which the mental state itself is valued without respect to the related ideas permitting action or logical thought. It is a condition in which the mind is arrested and raised above desire and striving, from which intellectual effort is ruled out." "The good and the beautiful," says Aristotle, "are different; for the former is always in action, while the beautiful is found also in motionless objects." The attitude in the good is active, a tendency to do something and to think something, "to perform certain acts for the purpose of relieving the situation, or to start certain reasoning processes with a similar aim." In the beautiful the condition is passive, reposeful, self-forgetful, in which the perceiver is lost by becoming identified with that which is perceived.

What evidence is there for identifying the beautiful with the above traits?

The first source of evidence is common daily experience. We speak of mother-love as being beautiful because the mother loves the child for its own sake, as an end in itself, irrespective of anything *about* the child, whether it is good-looking or not, whether it is good or bad, whether it gives her pain or joy. The child is a child, apart from its qualities and attributes that lie beyond its immediate intrinsic being. Likewise, we speak of a beautiful walk when the activity is for itself and not an errand of duty. We speak of having a beautiful time when the time is passed for itself, when we are engrossed in the activity for itself and not because the activity is forced upon us or because we wish to

produce a good effect. A child's spontaneous play is beautiful, but as soon as the play is forced upon the child because we think it needs the exercise, or to teach it coöperation and sociability, the beauty is lost and the effect becomes immediately noticeable in the attitude of the child. In other words, the term "beautiful" is applied commonly to those activities or results of activities that give the impression of being engaged in as ends in themselves, in contrast to activities or their products that have an aim beyond themselves which may be called useful, or ethical, but not beautiful.

A second source of evidence I have gathered from outstanding musicians who very generously supplied me with accounts of their musical experiences. Here are some typical responses.

"Music that does not affect me strongly often sets me off into a reverie, if it does not rile me. But in the supreme moments, the enjoyment seems to me to come directly as the result of the music, without any suggestion whatever, except that of motion and movement. What I seem to feel is perfection, the realization of an ideal, a perfect harmony between matter and spirit."

"Nothing comes between me and the music. I see nothing, imagine nothing, picture nothing. It is just an immersion in the music itself."

"It is seldom that music means anything but music. It is intangible, related to nothing concrete."

"I find it repellant and distasteful when a player tries to describe the 'meaning' of a selection in terms of imagery."

In an investigation made by Vernon Lee on the varieties of musical experience, a like conclusion is reached. This investigator had a number of persons answer the following questions: "When music interests you at all, has it for you a meaning which seems beyond itself, a message; or does it remain just music?" The questionnaire contained also sets of queries to determine the degree of musical endowment of the subjects. Half of the subjects answered that to them music imparted a message, a number of these reporting that they were attracted to music primarily because of the images, emotions, and trains of thought which it suggested. The other half contended that whereas they found a meaning in music, that meaning was inseparable from the music itself, and that visual images or emotional suggestions were either excluded or insignificant. The subjects who repudiated the message of music, to whom music had a meaning in itself, were found to be those who were most musical.

So much for the unique quality that distinguishes the value we call the *beautiful*. Now what of the æsthetic? For the nature

of the æsthetic I find a clue in the following passage from W. H. Hudson:

But apart from all this, apart from the æsthetic feelings which the object or scene or atmospheric conditions may arouse, and from the sense of novelty, the lively interest we experience at times in what we see and smell and hear from other causes operating in us, there is a sense of the *thing itself*—of the tree or wood, the rock, river, sea, mountain, the soil, clay or gravel, or chalk, the cloud, the rain, and what not—something, let us say, penetrative, special, individual, as if the quality of the thing itself had entered into us, changing us, affecting body and mind.

Hudson here draws a distinction between the thing itself, the quality of an experience which I have called the beautiful, and a something that results from or is concomitant with this quality, a something "changing us, affecting body and mind." The first is evidently an intellectual state. The second, the *something*, is a state of feeling, a mood, an affective condition. Now what is the nature of this feeling which must be as unique an experience in the affective life, that is the life of feeling, as we have found the "thing itself" to be unique in the cognitive or intellectual life? Wordsworth, in "Tintern Abbey," describes a feeling state which, I believe, is the answer to our question, namely:

That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

A similar, if not the same condition is described in the second stanza of the following poem by J. C. Squire, entitled, "An Impression Received from a Symphony."

There was a time when I, if that was I,
Surrendered lay beneath a burning sky,
Where overhead the azure ached with heat,
And many red fierce poppies splashed the wheat;
Motion was dead, and silence was complete,
And stains of red fierce poppies splashed the wheat.

And as I lay upon a scent-warm bank,
I fell away, slipped back from earth, and sank,
I lost the place of sky and field and tree.
One covering face obscured the world for me,
And for an hour I knew eternity,
For one fixed face suspended Time for me.

O had those eyes in that extreme of bliss
Shed one more wise and culminating kiss,
My end had come, nor had I lived to quail
Frightened and dumb as things must do that fail,
And in this last black devil-mocking gale,
Battered and dumb to fight the dark and fail.

To these two poetic accounts I must add one in prose, but which is no less beautiful, and even æsthetic, from J. M. Barrie's delightful little essay, "Courage."

How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us. What is beauty? It is these hard-bitten men singing courage to you from their tent; it is the waves of their island home crooning of their deeds to you who are to follow them. Sometimes beauty boils over and then spirits are abroad. Ages may pass as we look or listen, for time is annihilated. There is a very old legend told to me by Nansen, the explorer—I like well to be in the company of explorers—the legend of a monk who had wandered into the fields and a lark began to sing. He had never heard a lark before, and he stood there entranced until the bird and its song had become part of the heavens. Then he went back to the monastery and found there a doorkeeper whom he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks came, and they were all strangers to him. He told them he was Anselm, but that was no help. Finally they looked through the books of the monastery, and these revealed that there had been a Father Anselm there a hundred or more years before. Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark.

That, I suppose, was a case of beauty boiling over, or a soul boiling over; perhaps the same thing. Then spirits walk.

Here, then, is a condition which is as distinct a quality in the realm of feeling, as is the beautiful in the sphere of mental experiences, and it is this unique feeling-state that constitutes the "æsthetic."

Let me now restate the problem with which we started out, in terms of our findings:

Art appreciation is a unique value aroused most frequently by objects called art objects, but obtainable also from sources outside the strict sphere of art objects, the uniqueness of the value lying in the qualities called the beautiful and the æsthetic. The quality called *the beautiful* is a name we give to a unique mental relationship between a perceiving subject and a perceived object,

the uniqueness consisting in an interest in the thing for itself, a state of intellectual detachment from ordinary conditions. The quality called the *æsthetic* is a name we give to a unique affective relationship between a perceiving subject and a perceived object, the uniqueness consisting in a feeling for the thing itself, a state of affective detachment from ordinary conditions.

For a summary, as well as a capital illustration of the nature and interaction of the beautiful and the *æsthetic*, I want to quote a passage from Schopenhauer, than whom no writer on *æsthetics* has displayed a keener insight into the mysteries of the art experience:

If, raised by the power of the mind, a man relinquished the common way of looking at things, gives up tracing, under the guidance of the forms of the principle of sufficient reason, their relations to each other, the final goal of which is always a relation to his own will; if he thus ceases to consider the where, the when, the why, and the whither of things, and looks simply and solely at the *what*; if, further, he does not allow abstract thought, the concepts of the reason, to take possession of his consciousness, but, instead of all this, gives the whole power of his mind to perception, sinks himself entirely in this, and lets his whole consciousness be filled with the quiet contemplation of the natural object actually present, whether a landscape, a tree, a mountain, a building, or whatever it may be; inasmuch as he *loses* himself in this object, i.e., forgets even his individuality, his will, and only continues to exist as the pure subject, the clear mirror of the object, so that it is as if the object alone were there, without any one to perceive it, and he can no longer separate the perceiver from the perception, but both have become one, because the whole consciousness is filled and occupied with one single sensuous picture; if thus the object has to such an extent passed out of all relation to something outside it, and the subject out of all relation to the will, then that which is so known is no longer the particular thing as such; but it is the Idea, the eternal form, the immediate objectivity of the will at this grade; and, therefore, he who is sunk in this perception is no longer individual, for in such perception the individual has lost himself; but he is *pure*, will-less, painless, timeless *subject of knowledge*. . . . In such contemplation the particular thing becomes at once the *Idea* of its species, and the perceiving individual becomes *pure subject of knowledge*. The individual, as such, knows only particular things; the pure subject of knowledge knows only Ideas.

Now what of the teaching of appreciation? How can we teach "the thing itself" or the beautiful, and the "feeling itself" or the *æsthetic*? My answer is that whereas we can try to *educate* music appreciation, we not only can not *teach* music appreciation, but that much mischief may result from the attempt to do so. Let me explain:

Current practices in conducting appreciation classes in music are in general, of two types: (1) In which pupils are taught *about*

the music, and (2) where they are taught *the music*. In the first case the music is described to the pupils, the description assuming the form of either a story about the particular selection, of stories and anecdotes about its composer, or in encouraging the pupils to build pictures and stories around the music. A splendid example of description as a path to appreciation is the book called "The Lure of Music" by Olin Downes. In the second case, the music is explained, this usually in the form of structural or formal analysis. The first is the method of description, the second that of explanation.

Our problem is to evaluate these two methods on the basis of the criteria for the beautiful and the æsthetic. It must be quite evident that the method of description is ruled out of court at once, since it violates all criteria. The attention given the music is not due to the music itself, but rather to its incidentals, while the feeling aroused is likewise due, not to the music itself, but to its by-products. The method is therefore to be deplored as vicious, particularly with young children, since it creates habits of listening destructive of the true end of appreciation. In this procedure the work of art is considered either as the cause of an effect or as an effect of a cause. In each case, the music is a means towards an end instead of being an end in itself. In each case, the interest is aroused, not by the music, but by something about the music.

The neighbors see my little daughter and immediately proceed to think not "Lillian" but "about Lillian," that is, that she has such and such a father, and such and such a mother, that she lives in such and such a house, etc., etc. An employer sees John Smith and immediately thinks not "John Smith" but "about John Smith"; he is such and such a workman, has such and such habits at his work in the shop, etc., etc.

But, then, Lillian, although she has a father and a mother and a home of certain description and kind, is a personality in herself, is an independent, separate entity. She is somebody, in, by, and for herself, and entitled to consideration independent of everything and everybody "about" her. Likewise, John Smith is a unit, a personality apart from John Smith as a worker, and certainly the music and the painting are "the music" and "the painting" aside from who created them. "About" Lillian, "about" John Smith, and "about" the music and the painting, might lead to prejudice for or against, aside from their value in themselves, for one may or may not like the parents, or the work of John Smith, or the personality of the artist, and the whole may lead to an attitude that is unfair to the thing itself because it is aside and

apart from the thing. A small furry object in the street is to a small child of five "a pussy," but to the secretary of the Zoölogical Society it is an adult male specimen of "Viverro Zabetha," and therefore "Billy," the only specimen in the possession of the Society, and must have escaped from the fourth cage in the small cat-house. The child is fairer to the cat as a cat, than is the secretary, for "pussy" is just "pussy," irrespective of species, of "Billy," of the Society, and of all other trappings. The child sees *the cat* and is interested in "cat"; the secretary sees about the cat and is interested in "about the cat."

The objection to the method of explanation or structural analysis is, that, far from being a safe guide to the beautiful, it may even be destructive of it, or, in other words, form analysis, instead of leading to appreciation, may result only in its baser counterpart, intellectual curiosity or interest. This method may lead to a state where attention, instead of being on the thing itself, thus resulting in an experience of beauty, may be fixed only on the constituent elements of the thing, on its parts. But beauty is not the sum total of a number of specific elements; it is a new something that emerges from the combination, and therefore, when the finished product is broken up by analysis, the beauty is destroyed, and one is no longer dealing with the beautiful, but with its skeleton.

The point I am trying to make is well brought out in a passage from L. P. Jacks' "Mad Shepherds," in which Snarley Bob criticises Shoemaker Hankin's attitude towards life:

"Now there's Shoemaker Hankin—a man as could talk the hind-leg off a 'oss. He goes at it like a hammer, and thinks as he's openin' things out; but all the time he's shuttin' on 'em in and nailin' on 'em up in their coffins. One day he begins talkin' about "Life" and sez as how he can explain it in half a shake. "You'll have to kill it first, Tom," I sez, "Or it'll kick the bottom out o' your little box." "I'm going to hannilize it," he sez. "That means you're goin' to chop it up," I sez, "So that it's bound to be dead before we gets hold of it. All right, Tom, fire away; tell us all about dead life."

And here is J. Arthur Thomson, a scientist, who writes:

"We get closer to some things through feeling than we do through science—we cannot, for our life's sake, and for the sake of our philosophical reconstruction, afford to lose in scientific analysis what the poets and lovers of Nature all see. It is intuitively felt, rather than intellectually perceived, the vision of things as totalities, root and all, all in all; neither fancifully, nor mystically, but sympathetically in their wholeness."

A human personality is not simply the sum total of anatomical, physiological, mental and emotional factors. A child is not solely the combination of the traits of its progenitors, a home is not but father, mother, children, and house, nor is a chord nothing more than a simultaneous combination of tones, and a melody nothing more than a sequential combination of tones. All these, the human personality, the child, the home, the chord, the melody, are, rather new entities that arise out of the combination of parts. And just so soon as an attempt is made to break up an entity into its constituent elements, it is no longer the entity that is under observation, but simply *this* plus *this*, plus *that*. A musical composition is no more merely a summary of motives and themes of various sorts developed in various ways than water is but the combination of atoms of hydrogen and oxygen, or salt that of atoms of sodium and chlorine. And you might as well offer a child two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen to quench its thirst as offer it themes and motives to satisfy its hunger for music. Analysis may arouse interest, curiosity, or even admiration, but seldom appreciation. The performance may be admirable, but the accomplishment may be mean. Let me remind you here of what happened to the six blind men who mistook a *part* of the elephant for *the* elephant, and let me recall to your memory the sublime line of Browning:

And I know not if, save in this, such a gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds we frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

And when the Prior, in Fra Lippo Lippi, objects that art does not "instigate to prayer," the artist answers:

Why, for this
What need of art at all? A skull and bones,
Two bits of stick nailed cross-wise, or, what's best,
A bell to chime the hour with, does as well.

Let me now summarize, briefly, the discussion on current methods of teaching appreciation. Any object or phenomenon presents three phases or aspects for observation and treatment, namely, analytical, speculative, and contemplative. The analytical attitude is science, the speculative is philosophy, the contemplative is art. In analysis it is not the object or phenomenon that is under consideration but its parts, which means that the thing itself has been destroyed, and whatever feeling is generated in the process of analysing is not for the thing, since it is no longer present, but for something that is taken, or rather mistaken, for the thing itself. In the words of Bergson:

Before we can analyze and classify and explain, we must have something to analyze, some material to work upon: these operations are based upon something which we know directly, what we see, for instance, or sound or feel. This something is the foundation of knowledge, the intellectual operation of analysis, classification and the framing of general laws are simply an attempt to describe and explain it. It is the business of science to explain, and intellectual methods are the appropriate ones for science to employ. But the business of philosophy is not to explain reality but to know it. In this a different kind of mental effort is required. Analysis and classification, instead of increasing our direct knowledge, tend rather to diminish it. They must always start from some direct knowledge, but they proceed, not by widening the field of this knowledge, but by leaving out more and more of it. Moreover, unless we are instantly on the alert, the intellectual habit of using all our direct knowledge as material for analysis and classification, ends by completely misleading us as to what it is that we do actually know. So that the better we explain the less, in the end, we know."

And again, in the words of Hugo Münsterberg:

That ocean yonder was my experience which I wanted to know in all its truth and reality. The scientist came and showed me the salt which was crystallized out of it, and the gases into which the galvanic current dissolved it, and the mathematical curves in which the drops were moving—most useful knowledge, indeed, for all my practical purposes—but in every one of his statements, that ocean itself with its waves and its surf and its radiant blueness had disappeared. But let us not ask what can be done with the water, how it can be used, what is its economic value, how it will carry my boat, what has caused its movements; but let us ask only once, what is it really that I see; the water itself must give us the answer. Let it express itself, give to it, too, a chance to communicate to us all that it can bring to our mind, to show us to its best advantage every one of its features, to tell us its own story, to bring to the highest expression every hidden meaning of reality; let us only once give our whole attention to that one courageous breezy wave, which thunders there against the rock; let us forget what there was and what there will be; let us live through one pulse-beat of experience in listening merely to that wave alone, seeing its foam alone, tasting its breeze alone—and in that one thrill we have grasped the thing itself as it really is in its fullest truth.

Similarly, the attitude of speculation considers not the thing itself, but *about* the thing, its meaning, value, and implication. In the words of George Santayana:

If we appreciate a work of art or of nature scientifically for the sake of historical connections or proper classification, we do not appreciate it aesthetically. The discovery of its date or of its author may be otherwise interesting; it only remotely affects our aesthetic appreciation by adding, to the direct effect, certain associations. If the direct effect were absent, and the object in itself uninteresting, circumstances would be immaterial. Molière's *Misanthrope* says to the court poet who com-

mands his sonnet as written in one-quarter of an hour, "Voyons, Monsieur, le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire," and so we might say to the critic that sinks into the archeologist, "Show us the work and let the date alone."

It is only in the act of contemplation that the object itself, the object per se, as it is by, for, and of itself, the thing in itself, functions, independent of parts, meanings, and ordinary values. Consequently, when we approach a musical composition scientifically, that is, analytically, it is not the whole that is present, but motives, phrases, figures, expositions, developments and re-statements, that is, the fragments of the whole. When the music is treated philosophically, or speculatively, we dwell around it, about it, a game of stalking and hunting the composition and getting farther and farther away from it. But the musical art work "is an individual, indivisible whole which the composer has created and the performers apprehend, and not the aggregate of discrete sounds into which it can at any time be decomposed. It is known directly in one intuition. Intuition is the entering into it as distinct from the standing over against it and watching its successive parts or selecting points of view of it."

But, now, and finally, what of the teaching of appreciation? My answer is that for the sake of the children and of music do not try to teach it; although, you might try to educate it. That is, don't try to describe it or to explain it *into* the children, but try to bring it *out* of the children. Angela of Foligno, while dictating her revelations to her amanuensis, would frequently exclaim, "I blaspheme, brother, I blaspheme! All that I have said is nothing, and there is nothing that I can say." This would be an ideal motto for teachers of art appreciation whenever they feel tempted to describe and explain. To this I would add the lines of Browning:

Consider it well each tone in our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said.
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought
And there! ye have heard and seen;
Consider and bow the head!

But try to *educate* it. How? Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in a remarkable and fascinating essay on "Reading for Children" in his book "On the Art of Reading," tells teachers of literature to:

Just go on reading, as well as you can, and be sure that when the children get the thrill of it, for which you wait, they will be asking more questions, and pertinent ones, than you are able to answer.

I say likewise, "just go on playing the best music in the best possible way, a very easy thing to do to-day, with the perfection of the phonograph and the player-piano, and be sure that when the children get the thrill of it, for which you wait, and provided you have it yourself, which is sometimes open to doubt, they will be asking you more questions, and pertinent ones, than you are able to answer."

"Appreciation," says Plato, "is not capable of expression like other branches of study; but after long intercourse with the thing itself, and after it has been lived with, suddenly, as when the fire leaps up and the light kindles, it is found in the soul and feeds itself there."

MODERN MUSIC

By S. H. BRAITHWAITE

I.—ITS CHARACTERISTICS AND ITS MEANING

THE development of musical composition in Western Europe during the last thirty or forty years seems to have been so rapid, and the main product of it so little related to any type of music hitherto known, that it might be of interest if the characteristics and meaning of this new expression could be clearly stated, together with the qualities which separate it from the Primitive and Classical Schools and, in lesser degree, from the Romantic work of the nineteenth century. This paper has been designed to deal with these and other points, but the writer does not claim for any of the conclusions arrived at that they are more than the expression of personal opinions.

The more obvious characteristics, those which most probably recur to the mind which has received no professional training, and which are associated with the more physical aspect of composition, are a seeming poverty of melody, a looseness of rhythm, and an extravagance of harmony, this latter, in orchestral music, causing a corresponding extravagance of instrumentation.

Less obvious, but no less important, are those more spiritual qualities due to the angle from which the composer now regards his work. For the modern musical craftsman does not sink his personality in order to produce another example of some established art-form; he sets out deliberately to express this personality, modifying the structure, as the need arises, to suit his purpose. The numerous forms which this freedom of expression may take have added some further characteristics to modern music: thus we find the expression of personal moods rather than universal emotions, degenerating at times into weak or morbid introspection, at other times giving the sense of great vitality; the play of fancy rather than imagination, with the resultant expression of the grotesque; and the desire for originality rather than beauty.

Some further characteristics may be mentioned here, the most important of which is the development of that quality known as impressionism, which results from the attempts to force music to express in greater degree ideas other than beauty of sound-patterns. This may take the more extreme form of "programme" or literary

music, music, that is to say, which expresses some literary idea or illustrates in detail the incidents of a story; or it may take a more subtle form in registering, in terms of sound, impressions of some visible thing—some aspect of nature, such as the sea or a mountain landscape—and will then be termed pictorial music; or the two ideas—of literary and pictorial representation—may be blended in one work. However that may be, the tendency here is towards music of representation and away from what is considered to be that of pure abstraction.

A further quality which it must be admitted is characteristic of much modern work is that of insincerity, taking the more primitive form of vulgar sentimentality—as in the ballads popular in the suburban drawing-room; or exemplified in more sophisticated form in the various types of imitative music, pseudo-French, -Russian, -Oriental, and so forth; or in the mock-religious oratorio. Or it may express itself in some work designed to attract attention by shocking respectably-minded people. Lastly, there is evident in modern music the decay of nationalism, tending towards a type of cosmopolitan uniformity. And the forms within which these various expressions are enclosed will show a certain looseness of structure.

So far as the craftsmanship of the process is concerned in relation to the treatment of instruments in use at the present time, a certain fitness will generally be evident; a fitness which may—as in the field of orchestration—produce examples of great excellence; or—as in the case of solo pieces or in the solo part of a concerto—may degenerate into a meretricious display of passage-work. In either case the lay-out of the passages will show a wide knowledge of the instruments which are used to reproduce them.

II.—CAUSES

It must not be thought that all or indeed many of these changes have come about within the period mentioned above; the origin of most lies far beyond that time. It is only that certain features have been lately developed or especially emphasized; and it is this development or this emphasis which gives to modern music much of its peculiar flavour.

These changes are due to causes which have similarly influenced all work of the creative imagination and coloured all modern thought. They are expressed in the general restlessness of this century, with its love of novelty, change, excitement and speed; its desire for self-assertion and self-expression. This restlessness,

whether we care to admit it or not, is a conscious or unconscious reaction against the social, political and economic conditions of the time; and the fever of it remains unchecked, there being no longer any dominant influence for good to coordinate human effort or direct human thought.

So far as music is concerned, and acting in some measure independently of this new social outlook, great changes have been brought about by the inevitable reaction against the academic formalism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with its foot-rule rhythmic periods, mechanically recurring cadences, and its technical outfit designed to deal with the development of musical material in sequence, imitation, canon, fugue, and so forth. For this method of expression was liable at all times to produce what was little better than mathematical or geometrical composition; it could be of service only when refined into a pattern, or chequered background, against which good thematic material could glow the more brightly. This may seem obvious enough, since such technical devices are clearly the work of the head and not of the heart. But it must be remembered that much music of the classical School, from Bach onwards, and including that of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms, is disfigured by patches of this mechanical work; and that text-books on form, analysis and composition, with few exceptions, take notice of little that is not of this nature. Hence Dvorák, César Franck and others resort at times to the use of these classical devices; and, their music being more akin to that of our own time, the absurdity of misusing these conventions is all the more apparent. Thus the modern composer, realising how damaging these conventions may become, even when used by the greater men, decides to reject them altogether, and with them other legacies from the classical Schools which it might have been worth his while to keep.

To these last-mentioned causes must be attributed the rhythmic changes; and here again the process has been hastened by the restless spirit of the age.

The reasons for the seeming poverty of melody are not so easy to state; nor is it clear whether this poverty is real or imaginary, whether future generations will take pleasure in following our melodic outlines, or will feel with us that they are little more than an arbitrary succession of sounds. It is only clear that the subject-matter, like the rest of composition, has undergone great change. It may be that the old masters, concentrating on the succession rather than the combination of sounds, have left comparatively little to be said in this direction; or it may be that melody, being

the strength of the older schools, has not been thought a possible means of bringing novelty to the new. However that may be, it is certain that the present concentration on chromatic harmony has influenced enormously the melodic outlines, and brought about greater changes in composition than have come from any other source. It will be helpful, therefore, to look at this matter a little more closely.

Harmony, which has no part in Oriental Music, appears to have been the last feature of composition to receive separate attention and to be considered as an essential side of music. It seems, therefore, that the essence of music was not derived from this source. Indeed, the early European composers, from the time of Ambrose to that of Bach, confined their attention to the movement of individual parts, and seemingly disregarded the accidental harmony which arose when three or four of these parts happened, here and there, to meet in consonant combination. By the time of Beethoven, however, this new side of music was attracting attention as a thing in itself, and, the development of it knowing no check, the work of Wagner appears half a century later depending for a great part of its emotional and dramatic value upon the use of this device. The French Impressionists, who concentrated on this side of music to the exclusion of almost every other, carried the process a stage further until, with the aid of a few progressive minds in Russia, England and Germany, harmony was developed to the stage in which it is found to-day. It becomes clear, then, that the choice of harmony as a feature suitable for special development in modern music was by no means an arbitrary one. Bach left little to be discovered in the field of contrapuntal writing, and after the time of Brahms the possibilities of further melodic invention had become limited. But the ways of harmony were still unexplored. It was along these paths, then, in unfamiliar rhythmic movement, that the modern composer has been driven. The similar changes which occurred in the development of window tracery during the fourteenth century here make an interesting parallel: how the lights or perforations in the stone, in geometrical design, were enlarged and multiplied until the intervening bars came to be worn down to the fineness of lace; at which point the architect's attention became for the first time concentrated on the tracery bars, and the lights, which were the essence of tracery, were forgotten.

Insincerity in music shows that face of distorted expression so familiar in other arts, nor are the reasons for its presence here in any way exceptional, though its prevalence is alarming. The

trouble lies with that strange phenomenon, the modern mind,—with its insistence upon unessential detail and its lack of constructive thought, its professed love of nature and its frenzied destruction of the same in the interests of commerce; a mind reared on the popular press and the popular novel, still confessing a religion it no longer believes or desires to believe in, and a host of moral principles which go to the wall whenever they conflict with supposed material advantage. And this modern mind has committed the double sin of being what it is, and of attempting to take part in work of the creative imagination, where no one lacking sterling sincerity may make any lasting contribution.

It may be true that artists in general are not to-day typical of their age; indeed, they are living mostly in a state of violent opposition to it; but a condition of continued opposition—violent or otherwise—is not necessarily conducive to good creative work, and it is extremely doubtful if any individual can altogether escape the influences of the civilization which he is obliged to share.

There remains a further and milder type of insincerity, more or less unwilling, and altogether ineffective in any direction for good or evil, and this is the product of academic training on a mind devoid of real feeling for music or of deep need for self-expression. For the modern systems of specialised education have made it possible for the technical devices of classical composition to be mastered to some extent by any person possessing average intelligence combined with the most elementary musical ability. Thus a futile composition may be spun out by this means to the extent of a symphony without a single technical error being committed, yet without its containing a solitary thought or an incipient emotion worth the record, or even a bar of cold beauty. Happily, the public, as well as conductors and critics, are becoming alive to the presence of this tedious monstrosity, and it seems its days are numbered.

The looseness of form, characteristic of much modern composition, and tending to destroy that necessary sense of organic growth, may be due to four causes: to the prevalent lack of constructive thought, to a desire to escape from the outlines of classical form, to lack of right training, or to the absurd speed at which much modern work is carried out. The reasons for the superiority of instrumentation mentioned above are not so easy to account for as they might seem. It is true that the number of permanent and complete orchestras has greatly increased in recent years, that faulty instruments have been improved and new ones added, and that the technical equipment of the players—including their powers

of sight-reading—has advanced to a condition bordering on perfection. It is equally true, nevertheless, that the present-day composer possesses some inherent understanding of the nature and capacities of orchestral instruments, both in solo work and in combination; for a number of comparatively faultless examples of orchestration have lately been produced by young composers with little or no previous experience.

The gradual decay of nationalism, whether temporary or not, has already left its mark on music, and the process has been assisted by the amount of published compositions, produced by cheaper printing methods and spread broadcast by modern systems of transport. Moreover, the centres of civilization (where music is mostly made) tend more and more towards a cosmopolitan uniformity, so that what national characteristics remain are expressions rather of past achievements than of present activities—as the architecture of any European capital will show. And music must inevitably reflect this tendency.

III.—THE STRENGTH OF MODERN MUSIC

In breaking away from the academic technique of classical composition, and thus leaving the mind free to adopt some more natural means of expression, the composers of to-day are more nearly akin to those of the English Schools of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who, ignorant of, or despising, these intellectual gymnastics, gave to the world examples of a seemingly spontaneous music which, whatever their limitations, still make a strong appeal and still retain their springlike freshness.

Much has been gained, too, from the somewhat violent reaction against the system of "respectable" harmony, a system which, based on the work of the classical composers from the time of Bach to that of Wagner, has been taught in European academies and used as a foundation for much work of the late nineteenth century. Whatever benefits it was intended to bestow, its application has resulted only in retarding the natural development of music. For this system was not intended to challenge the value which men might set on harmony; it taught that harmony might be as self-sufficient as it chose, so long as it preserved the deportment of immaculate respectability. There could clearly be no harm in systematising the results of harmonic development at any given moment; the harm lay in the implied and often expressed conclusion that this side of music could develop no further, and that all experiments in this direction were expressions of youthful imbecility. Thus, forbidding the use of free speech, ignoring the

origin of harmony in the early polyphonic schools of Europe—where its existence was far from respectable—this curious expression of Victorian morality slammed the door in the face of the pioneers of modern harmony who, in odd corners of Europe, each more or less in isolation, were preparing the pigments for the new colour-schemes. The evil uses to which harmony has been put will be dealt with in their proper place. Here we are concerned with the good of it, and it should be readily admitted that the harmonic side of the better modern music shows new beauties of which the old masters may sometimes have dreamed, and which they would have employed gladly enough, had that been possible.

There is little doubt, too, that much recent composition, conforming to no established convention so far as the plan of it is concerned, built upon an unfamiliar unharmonic system, and lacking definite melodic outline, must rely for its appeal upon the emotional and dramatic powers arising largely from its freedom of rhythm and richness of harmony. Thus there has come into music a certain feeling of youthfulness, of life and freshness, and gone from it that element of mustiness, as of the music of men grown old before their time. The work of Scriabin in its mature development is carried along and rendered intelligible mainly by its emotional and dramatic powers, the intellectual side of it being altogether subservient; and although it may be urged that there is here less of freshness than of introspection and morbidity, it will be admitted that these vices, where shown, are presented with conviction and without shame or sense of fatigue.

This concentration on vitality, and the accompanying reaction from the polish and formalism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, have together let in a flood of fresh air and daylight and made an opening for that naturalistic quality—perhaps the most salient characteristic of saner modern thought. It cannot be said of these qualities that any is entirely new; the newness lies in the conscious and prevalent effort towards their attainment. Beethoven, in his better work, compelled attention no less by the dramatic force of his material than by the rock-like structure of its composition. More than a century ago the genius of Weber led us for once from the salon into the forest. Wagner poured into his music a flood of life and emotion unsurpassed in the work of any other composer. Schumann, Brahms, Dvořák and César Franck—in their saner moments, their minds freed from the classical conventions—have all contributed to this movement of emancipation; and Debussy at last, in his *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, has given us, as a central type of modern thought, a picture of the warmth and

sensuousness of a southern landscape shimmering under the heat of summer sunshine.

Turning for a moment to the rhythmic changes brought about during the last quarter of a century or so, it seems to the writer that much of the feeling of diffuseness and complexity, which some modern composition conveys, is due more to the influence which the classical schools have so long exercised, and to the habit of mind so engendered in the listener, than to any unnatural quality which the new music possesses. For the rhythmic tightness which settled like a blight on the music of the eighteenth century was a purely sophisticated thing, which helped to drive music from the countryside, and confined it at last in the privileged Court and city circles. Thus the return to the rhythmic freedom of the earlier composers has given back to music some of the quality which it enjoyed before its liberty was lost.

Whether the decay of nationalism is an advantage or not, the process seems for the present inevitable, whatever temporary successes attend the frenzied efforts of the concession hunter and his friend the war-monger to whip it into life again. It seems, then, that the composer, in refusing to shield himself behind any false beliefs in this matter, is acting on the side of common sense and so in the interest of his art. For the attempts to rear a school of composition on the dead bones of National Folk-tunes have resulted in little but failure, and incidentally have successfully buried these bones for another half-century.

The greater question of how far music has been helped by endeavours to force it to express in fuller measure ideas considered to be outside its true province, is not again easy to answer. Clearly, no harm is done where this additional interest makes clearer the meaning of music possessing already its full share of abstract beauty. If this were otherwise we should feel bound to despise all opera, oratorio or any type of music in which words play an important part (which we might very well do, but for quite other reasons). And are not these types of work examples of programme-music? If the meaning of the words is illustrated in the music, the programme idea is there; and if it is not, what justifies the use of words at all? And the modern, much criticised programme-piece is only that in which the words, instead of being uttered during performance, are read before it. The idea, then, is not new, and it is only the further development of it which need call for any comment here.

Since the programme idea, then, seems as old as music itself, it is by no means clear that there is, or ever was, any such thing as

the much vaunted music of pure abstraction. Abstract composition—pure work of the head—there may be; but where is there any abstract music with life and blood in it, and untainted with the programme idea? Pictorial art has not so far been able to dispense with ideas of representation and thus to rely for its value on qualities of pure abstraction. The ultimate value of such art may depend largely upon the abstract beauty which arises from the arrangement of lines and masses; but the forms which go to make such an arrangement are representational. And it is the emotion associated with the forms thus represented which stimulates an artist to creative work, rather than any emotion associated with the abstract design which the forms are ultimately to make, since the latter cannot in the first place be known. Thus, if music is the expression of emotion, and if emotion cannot arise without cause, must it not follow that music so bred of emotion will retain some of the quality of that cause which brought the emotion into being? Emotion born of sorrow will not produce music radiant with joy. Why then should the law become inoperative when the process is exemplified in more subtle form? The charge of revolution brought against this confession of representation in music will not, therefore, bear critical examination; and all that the modern composer appears to have done is to divulge some of those musicians' secrets which so exercised the mind of Robert Browning. Must we blame him for this? Surely there is here some further gain.

IV.—ITS WEAKNESS

Much of the weakness of modern music has already shown itself through the pages of this paper; here it may be traced to the abuse of certain features which the composer has so far failed to see in their true proportions and necessary relationships. Chief among these is the complex harmonic structure, which, being both novel and arresting, draws the composer's attention from the other and more important sides of his work. Thus whatever chances to form the top or outline of a succession of harmonies may be taken as a melody or subject, though the single sounds of which the succession is formed may be neither melodically nor rhythmically of any significance. It is not that harmonic elaboration need destroy the value of strong subject material; such material should always stand its ground. It is rather that the sense of bewilderment produced by this new power hides from the composer the necessity for making such strong materials. He is thus in the

position of an artist reared on the traditions of line and monochrome wash, who finds himself possessed one day of a colour outfit of full chromatic scale, and surrounded by examples of colour-schemes in ever-increasing combination.

If it be remembered that Bach, Purcell, Handel and others were content merely to indicate by a figured bass the general scheme of harmony, leaving the filling in of details to the discretion of the performer, it will be more clearly seen how the relative importance of harmony has changed. It is, then, this attempt to create music out of harmony which has led to so much confusion and caused that apparent poverty of melody which seems the most serious defect of present-day music.

It is true that there are odd instances where really good material has been hidden by harmonic elaboration; but, as the flavour of harmony has little lasting quality, our ears must in time become accustomed to its more troublesome progressions, which will then take their place like the metal on a well-trodden road, and the subject-matter will be made clear.

In this connection the music of Arnold Bax might serve as an example. Here is music containing, as it seems, melodic and rhythmic material of distinction, bearing the stamp of strong individuality, poetical, dramatic, and stated with an amazing amount of thought and ingenuity; yet it often fails to get home with any directness, because of the harmonic peculiarities which, seemingly made in a spirit of perverseness, irritate the ear and divert the attention from what really matters. It would be interesting to know what effect this harmony will produce, say fifty years hence, and how far the thematic material will still seem distinguished.

The over-elaboration of rhythm without reference to any dominant pattern, and the absence of any real rhythmic interest through excessive concentration on harmony, are other features of modern music which must count as defects. The pastoral symphony of Vaughan Williams and much of the work of Frederick Delius suffer from disorders of this nature. For the purely rhythmless music no convincing excuse can be made; of the other condition—where the parts move in progressions of rhythmic variety, but without reference to any dominant pattern, and thus lose themselves in a maze of complexity which seems but a flood of rhythmless sound—for this, at least, it may be said that the trouble arises from an over-indulgence in the rhythmic freedom which has followed the rejection of classical formalities. It is thus the abuse of a good principle rather than the choice of a bad one.

So far as the structure or form of modern composition is concerned, it cannot be admitted that things are much more satisfactory. Nor is there here any excuse. Music students in England, for the last twenty years at least, have been worried into filling some miles of examination papers on the subject of Form. Yet there has been and is but one form—in shape and permanence resembling a pyramid, which may contain within itself echoes of its own shape; that is to say, a foundation or original subject, a digression to some point of contrast, and a return to the first matter. And the business of the composer is so to knit together these several portions that the result shall be a unified whole. The failure to achieve this end has rendered obscure the meaning of much otherwise good workmanship; for, the less familiar the method of expression is, the clearer must be its general outline.

V.—ITS FUTURE

Of the future development of music it would be foolish to predict anything. Nor is it easy to point to any lines along which it may travel. In all probability the present harmonic extravagance will continue, for it is evident that the last word in this direction has not yet been spoken, nor the ultimate weakness of the process generally realized.

On the other hand, a reactionary turn—similar to the Pre-Raffaelite Movement—may set in, and thus lead music back to some of the simplicities of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Schools, with further developments of modal harmony or experiments in plain-song. Along this path it is doubtful if the composer will find it worth his while to travel, the few attempts to do so having so far resulted mostly in a type of futility whose sincerity even is open to question. For the technique of writing neo-folk-tunes is merely a trick, plain-song is no longer plain, and the title "Gregorian" is to-day an excuse for indulging in a flood of unrelated common chords whose outlines once more masquerade as subjects.

The threatened use of the quarter-tone scale need not here be considered; for its adoption would set music on a fresh physical foundation and thus create a new art rather than assist the development of the one under discussion. Happily there are no signs of its early arrival.

How much further the experiments in rhythmic complexity can be usefully carried is hardly a hopeful question: for the mixture of many colors results in loss of colour, and a succession of metres, varying from bar to bar, can produce little variety.

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V.—ITS FUTURE

Of the future development of music it would be foolish to predict anything. Nor is it easy to point to any lines along which it may travel. In all probability the present harmonic extravagance will continue, for it is evident that the last word in this direction has not yet been spoken, nor the ultimate weakness of the process generally realized.

On the other hand, a reactionary turn—similar to the Pre-Raffaelite Movement—may set in, and thus lead music back to some of the simplicities of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Schools, with further developments of modal harmony or experiments in plain-song. Along this path it is doubtful if the composer will find it worth his while to travel, the few attempts to do so having so far resulted mostly in a type of futility whose sincerity even is open to question. For the technique of writing neo-folk-tunes is merely a trick, plain-song is no longer plain, and the title "Gregorian" is to-day an excuse for indulging in a flood of unrelated common chords whose outlines once more masquerade as subjects.

The threatened use of the quarter-tone scale need not here be considered; for its adoption would set music on a fresh physical foundation and thus create a new art rather than assist the development of the one under discussion. Happily there are no signs of its early arrival.

How much further the experiments in rhythmic complexity can be usefully carried is hardly a hopeful question: for the mixture of many colors results in loss of colour, and a succession of metres, varying from bar to bar, can produce little variety.

since there is then no constant unit with which to measure the changes.

If musical composition is still in its infancy, and the experiments in programme-music are more than attempts to place new labels on old ideas, it is conceivable that a language of musical symbolism may in time be evolved capable of expressing, in sound, forms and ideas which can now be expressed in line and colour. There has been, during the last forty years or so, a tendency in this direction, balanced, curiously enough, in the practice of pictorial art, by a movement in exact opposition. But the symbolism of one composer being at the moment only vaguely intelligible to another, the process needs to be further developed before the main claims of its apostles can be confirmed. The obvious danger here is that, the symbolism being at last accepted, composition may be found to represent anything in the world but music;—which is precisely what happened to pictorial art and brought about the experiments in abstract design and all that controversy about the meaning and purpose of art.

But, by leaving aside for the time all idea of future experiment, and concentrating on those features which have been found essential to music—that is to say, on melodic, rhythmic and contrapuntal interest, expressed within a form which shall clarify rather than conceal their values, and coloured by the richer harmonies and freer metres of modern work—it seems that much of lasting beauty might still be done. It may be that no one can now fashion a net strong and fine enough to hold all these precious fish; yet there seems no convincing reason why music strong in harmonic interest need be lacking in melodic and rhythmic qualities. It is true that composers more modern in their outlook have to a large extent dispensed with the use of counterpoint, while those who have developed this feature as a central part of their work have been content with a comparatively simple harmonic basis. (For it must not be thought that all contemporary composers have cast their ideas in the modernist mould: Elgar, Max Reger, Taneieff, Nikolai Medtner and others have kept to the older traditions and given examples of music in no way inferior to the products of the opposition.) It may be, then, that the two schools cannot blend; it is difficult to say. For Wagner cannot be accused of having failed to make use of all the harmonic resources available at his time, nor of failing to combine with this harmony a wealth of melody, counterpoint and rhythm which seems likely to outlive much of the modern thought, with its expression in “mood pictures” and other sickly fancies.

It seems possible, then, that some serious attempts along these lines might give to modern music something of what it lacks, and preserve in purer form all that it need justly be proud of.

However that may be, composition will change little for the better until a musical public can be formed, intelligent and determined enough to make known what it will and will not tolerate. And this condition cannot come about until the social, political and economic life of what we are pleased to call civilised nations has once again been set on a sound foundation. For the mass of mankind has now neither time nor mind for music, or indeed for any art. Thus the folk-song and folk-dance are dead, and a dying religion can write only its own elegy. Nor does it seem that any music of popular expression can now fill the vacancy. Of the last remnant of the kind—the syncopated dance-music of America—much is excellent both in material, structure and scoring; yet the most popular number holds the attention of the masses but for a month or so, when it is swept into oblivion to make room for the next favourite. Thus the musician finds himself divorced from life—a sort of specialist who may cater only for those he does not desire to serve, and who must live in a state of constant revolt against those very sides of life which, if rationally constituted, would be the mainstay of his existence and the main inspiration of his work. And so, sickened at the sight of his own kind, he turns to nature—as the painters turned at the close of the eighteenth century—there to find what consolation remains. But the consolation is not human, nor is it enough; and his music, thus cut off from the life-source, becomes morbid like cancer cells, and turns to devour itself.

NATIONAL OPERA, COMPARATIVELY CONSIDERED

By WILLIAM SAUNDERS

A COMPARATIVE study of indigenous forms of dramatic music and of opera, and of the manner in which they have been, and still are, characteristic of their respective lands of origin, necessitates, in the first place, a careful consideration of that vague and elusive entity, "Nationalism in Music," and until a clear and logical definition of the term is obtained, it were futile to attempt any precise classification or comparison of the various kinds of works which respectively come within the scope of this essay. What, within certain limits, or in a general sense, constitutes nationalism in politics, in literature, and in art, is known to all who have given the barest minimum of thought and study to the matter, but how many are there who would be able to say off-hand just what precisely enters into the actual composition of the thing, and where exactly nationalism ends, and internationalism, or cosmopolitanism, begins? Even laying aside the all but unanswerable question of what a nation itself actually consists, the task of formulating a reasonably comprehensive definition is one of almost insuperable difficulty. Yet, for the purposes of this essay, nationalism in music may be described as that which gives a general expression of some tendency of thought which is inherent in the collective or mass mind of the people concerned, of their aspirations, attitudes and aims, or of their essential genius or *Geist*. It will usually be found that such indigenous forms of opera as have, throughout the history of music, attained to the dignity of universal recognition as national schools, conform to one or more of these requirements. But it will also be found that, in the body of opera that is essentially national, there is always a certain invariable type permanence, if such an expression may be permitted. There is no room for the supreme genius within the confines of national art. Whenever he touches the universal in diction, thought or aspiration, he remains national only by courtesy, and becomes in reality a possession of the entire world of culture. A notable case in point is that of Verdi, who remained for many years a brilliant ornament of the national school of Italian opera until his soaring

genius carried him far beyond the circumscribed idioms of that remarkable body of melodic achievement. The first slight break away from the tenets of Italian nationalism was in *Rigoletto* in 1851, and thereafter there was a steady rise in quality and nationalistic unconventionality until the full effulgence of his genius broke forth in *Aida* (1871), one of the greatest operas the world has ever known. Then Verdi ceased to be Italian, and became more even than European—universal. It is the general failure of recognising this important factor in the history of music that has led to so much confusion of thought upon the question as to what actually constitutes national schools of opera. We shall revert to the subject later.

During the past two hundred and odd years Europe has witnessed the divergence of opera from the main stream whose source lay in the inventive and melodic genius of Peri, Caccini, and Monteverde, into four principal channels, each of which has flowed along with the mother stream in parallel, but distinctive and strongly pronounced national idioms. The main stream also has continued to flow with unbroken persistence and unsullied clarity, from the original source, and has remained essentially Italian in atmosphere and idiom. Supremely blest with a sub-tropical climate and interminable sunshine, the Italian race knows little of the rigorous struggle for existence, and frequent hardships, that beset the dwellers in the ungenial weather zones and less fertile lands that lie further to the north. It is scarcely a matter for surprise, therefore, that the prevailing characteristic of the people there should be one of light-heartedness, and effervescing joyousness. But in common with all southern races, the Italian people are hot-blooded and passionate, quickly moved to anger, and ever ready to wreak a terrible vengeance upon an enemy, fancied or real, for a wrong committed upon them, and the more especially when there has been interference with their womenkind. It is thus, that under the influence of their bright scintillating Italian sunshine, their hearts are lightened, and the music of their songs is equally light, melodious, and tuneful, and although their hates are fiery and fierce while they last, their vengeance is swift and sure, and is never allowed to prey upon their minds, or to engender that sombre morbidity which too frequently characterises the less impulsive races of northern Europe, when labouring under similar states of feeling. As a general rule, therefore, the minor modes for the delineation of passion, terror or grief, are not much in use. Rather are they replaced by music of a rough and vigorous energy, countless examples of which, from the early works of Verdi, or

from those of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and other modern composers, will readily occur to one. The music of her national opera therefore reflects the brilliance of Italy's clear blue skies, and the gaiety and light-heartedness of her people, but so far as the subject-matter of these operas is concerned, she evinces a strange predelection for melodrama of the most blood-thirsty character. The national character of Italy is a paradoxical compound of ethereal sanctity and sordid passion. This is ever the prominent and unmistakable feature of her civil and religious history, and the outstanding manifestation of her political, economic, and domestic life to-day. And what her people are, so is her opera; the opera, at all events, that is truly indigenous to the soil.

Let us now consider the case of France, which was the first foreign nation to borrow from Italy the conception of an indigenous form of opera. Whatever the position of Rome may have been in the religious life of the eighteenth century—and we have no reason to believe that even in that aspect was its influence at all considerable—there can be no question whatever about Paris having been the artistic centre of Europe at that period. It was very early in the history of opera that the new art form first found its way to France. We know that Peri's *Euridice*, which first saw the light about 1600 A. D., probably in Florence, as it is on record that the work was composed for the marriage of Henry IV and Marie de' Medici, in that city, and from the date of the production of which we calculate the period when the history of opera begins, was given in Paris only forty-seven years later. There had indeed been other feeble attempts made to import musical plays such as Sacrati's *La Finta Pazza*, and Rossi's *Orfeo*, a little earlier than this, but none of these earlier efforts to transplant the new art form had attained any degree of success. The growth of the art in Italy had been rapid and fairly complete, however, and it was only natural that the influence of so delightful a form of entertainment should gradually make itself felt upon the enlightened composers and *entrepreneurs* of other countries as well. The Italian school was now well established: Peri, Caccini, Monteverde, Cesti, and Cavalli, had all prepared the ground for the practical systematisation that was presently to be so capably effected by Lulli and Scarlatti, when their first French initiator, Robert Cambert, began to produce and write operas in Paris. But he kept religiously to the Italian model, and it is one of the most curious paradoxes of musical history that it was to an Italian that France was ultimately to be indebted for her strictly national form of opera. While the effect of Italy's blue skies and brilliant sunshine had been that of

stimulating a rich vein of melody and lyrical effervescence in the hearts of her people, there was something in the peculiar atmosphere of France that inspired an equal gaiety of song; but, combined with this, there was an additional and collateral impulse which moved the people to dance. And so, long before the appearance in the country of opera proper, the staging of masques and ballets was the common and popular channel into which theatrical enterprise had turned. So early as 1285, there existed a Trouvère play entitled *Robin et Marion*, and it is an amazing fact that, at this early priest-ridden period, this play is of a character wholly secular. It consists of an amusing story, light music and tuneful dances. From the style and high state of development of this extraordinary work, the inference that it is only the sole accidental surviving representative of a class of play that was common at the time, is by no means far-fetched. And this love of the ballet which one discerns in the thirteenth century, and which, by the seventeenth, had become so deeply imbued in the heart of the average Frenchman, was the essential factor that was noted and turned to such profitable account by the clever, though unscrupulous, Florentine, Jean Baptiste Lulli, who, at an early age, had settled in Paris and almost immediately ousted the older and already established composers of opera there. Lulli effected an undoubted improvement in stage effect by incorporating his chorus into the cast and using it as an integral factor in the development of the story. He also invented the so-called "French" overture, which is important only as the basis from which the true operatic overture was later to be evolved. But so far as it affects the particular aspect of the subject now under consideration, the prime and essential significance of Lulli lies in the fact of his having so grasped the fundamental psychology of the French people as to inspire the incorporation of the ballet as a factor of equal importance with the chorus itself. This has ever since continued to rank as the particular glory and national aspect of the indigenous French opera. Till the advent of Debussy, however, there has been no particular musical idiom that one might say was characteristically French. Lulli, Gluck, Meyerbeer and others who have been French only by adoption, each wrote in a style different from the others, the only thing they possessed in common being the ability to write good ballet music. Even the native composers of France such as Rameau, Monsigny, Grétry and Méhul in the eighteenth century, or Boieldieu, Auber, Hérold, Halévy and Adam in the nineteenth, although they added enormously to the bulk of the operatic *répertoire*, did not advance much beyond the principles of French

Opera as it was tacitly established by its founder, the Italian Lulli.

In Germany, on the other hand, a strong individual attitude was adopted from the very beginning, and without making any conscious effort towards essentially nationalistic conditions, the German opera moved, steadily and unswervingly, towards what may be termed a strict and logical development of pure Teutonism. The German mentality is a strange mixture of materialistic realism and artistic romanticism, and the so-called *Singspiel* is a perfect example of this paradoxical characteristic of the people as a whole. We find in the too frequently prosaic spoken dialogue of the *Singspiel* something of the workaday—even at times commonplace, and not always renowned for its delicacy—aspects of human existence, while in the musical portions there is generally to be found a robust and wholesome strain of sentiment, as opposed to the maudlin sentimentality which in so many of our own songs of the royalty-ballad type, vitiates, even in operatic productions, not a few works of otherwise excellent character. The Germans also have always had a strong preference for the romantic in operatic libretti; stories which, though in many cases German in origin and character, yet, by their direct heart-appeal, very frequently approximate to the universal in their influence and urge. Germany, therefore, like France, was well prepared for the reception of the light which early in the seventeenth century Italy was about to send out across the artistic realm of Europe. As France had her masques and ballets to point the direction in which her national opera was eventually to progress, so Germany had her *Singspiele*, a kind of romantic ballad-opera form, all prepared and indeed already in a state of fairly advanced development, only waiting the suggestion that Italy was to give in order to attain, by scarcely more than a single step, to the condition of the true operatic entity as it is known to us in all its perfection to-day. The fact that Hamburg should enjoy the honour of evolving the true German opera by a process of fusion between the early *Singspiel* and the original Italian music-drama, points to the steady intercourse between the greatest of the Hanseatic seaports and Venice, which, at that period, was also one of the chief shipping centres of Europe. But it only required such a lead to set the whole of the Germanic states, from Vienna to Königsberg, working upon the fulfilment of the German operatic destiny. Much of the early work was of course mere imitation, but what was *only* imitation was as steadily obliterated as the genuine creative forces made themselves felt and obtained recognition. Even when, as in many of the operas

of Handel, Gluck, and Mozart, the form and diction was Italian, the musical idiom and the general atmosphere was frequently more in keeping with the German mentality. That Germany had, almost alone among the nations, got on to the right lines must surely be admitted when one considers the fact that every real permanent and epoch-making advance in operatic *technique* has been accomplished by composers of German birth or nationality. Let it be granted that the honour of inventing the true operatic form is due to Italy, it may nevertheless be contended that Italy was only lucky in that respect through the accident of having given birth to the inevitable genius a little earlier than Germany did, for it is absurd to suppose that Germany, with so perfect a form as the *Singspiel* already in existence, and so universal a genius for operatic production, would not herself very soon have raised the *Singspiel* to the status of true opera without any outside stimulation whatsoever. With Germany's superposition of the new Italian method upon her established *Singspiel* the future logical development of Grand Opera was assured. As one looks back, the progress gradually effected by Gluck, Meyerbeer, Weber and Wagner seems to have taken place only through the most natural and obvious channels imaginable, and so indeed it has, and that in spite of the wild controversy and strenuous opposition that every fresh move in the progress towards the ultimate perfection had to meet and overcome. And the fact that the greatest of operatic geniuses seldom make any conscious effort to depart from purely nationalistic lines must here again be emphasised. Mozart, Weber and Wagner, up to a certain point, were little better than the average of their time, and their later eminence was attained merely by the natural development of their individual genius, not by any deliberate attempts on their part to break away from the established media which lay at hand for the adequate manifestation of their labours and talents.

The fourth great field of operatic development in the seventeenth century was sown in England, but it proved less fruitful in actual productiveness than in promise and suggestion. Like France, England already possessed a dramatic basis, in the character of the masque, upon which to found an operatic superstructure when the propitious moment for its establishment should arrive. Although originally derived from Italy, and in many ways analogous to the ancient French ballet, the English masque of the seventeenth century had yet developed greater literary finish and more artistic *finesse* than was apparent in the similar works peculiar to either of the two romance countries in question. The best poets

and greatest musicians of the age in England turned their energies seriously towards the creation of this form of art, and from the masque of Campion, Lawes, Locke, Pelham Humphrey and Henry Purcell, to the opera as exemplified by the maturer works of the two last-named composers, was but a step. The works of these talented masters show such a degree of pronounced individuality and high dramatic quality as to give them an undoubted right to rank as the earliest anticipation of an essentially English national school of opera. But alas, the advent of George Frederick Handel, the great Teutonic exponent of Italian opera in England within twenty years of the death of Purcell, was destined to nip in the bud all further immediate progress on these lines, and to delay its natural development for at least a century. After the rage for Italian opera had at last exhausted itself, the English genius again began gradually to raise its head, but the Purcell tradition had by that time been overlooked or forgotten, and English composers once more took up the theme only at the point at which the German Grand Opera writers had left off, more than a century earlier. The English ballad-opera was closely akin to the German *Singspiel*, and it certainly left its mark both upon our song literature and upon the indigenous opera of the country. The form was in close harmony with the national psychology, which is of a more robust, and at times robustious, description than is that of any of the other European countries whatsoever. In the average English character there is a fine open breeziness that is redolent of the sea, and there lies a rich field in her national art forms for the exploitation of an element of sane heroism, and a little perhaps even of swaggering self-assertion. The reason why so little of this has emerged in English opera of recent times is that the average native of Great Britain is possessed of a keen sense of humour and a deep fund of self-consciousness which act as restraining influences; but these qualities, which certainly rank as virtues when kept within reasonable bounds, may, on the part of both individuals and of nations, easily become vices if they are allowed to react too readily or too extensively upon the creative faculties of the people concerned. What there is of national English opera to-day tends rather to the lighter forms as exemplified by the so-called Gilbert and Sullivan, and Edward German, types, than to the Grand Opera of the standard required by the best opera houses and companies in Europe and America. It is not suggested, of course, that there are not modern British operas of this quality, but the point to be remarked is that such as do exist are in no sense national, but are

works of a purely exotic character, or are flagrant imitations of some other order or style.

The fifth and last great branch of nationalistic development in opera is of comparatively recent growth, although it derives, like all of the others, either directly or through German channels, from early Italian opera. It is indeed only within the last hundred years or so that this curious development has been effected, and it is scarcely a matter for surprise that the country in which its birth and nurture took place should have been Russia. The native opera of Russia is utterly unlike that of any other of the five nations concerned, and it is distinguished chiefly for its *bizareries*, and unconventionalities of form and texture. This again is scarcely to be wondered at when one considers the kind of foundation upon which the structure is built. This is indeed nothing more than the folk-tunes of the nation, and the pentatonic and other primitive scales upon which the folk-music of *all* nations are built. Essays have certainly been made in the creation of operas upon similar foundations in other countries as well as in Russia, but so far as one may judge from works which, through the ordinary and natural channels have come under one's observation there has been produced outside of Russia nothing that can, in point of distinctive colour and effect, be paralleled with a score of works which give its peculiar shape and trend to the indigenous opera of that great and remarkable nation. We must look, therefore, for still another ingredient in the composition of the thing in question, present in the Russian works but discernible in those of no other nation which has made tentative efforts in operatic creation on similar lines. And this will be found in the most unexpected quarter. One of the main factors in the creation of the essential Russian opera, as it first took shape in the form that was to give it its specially distinctive cast, was the absolute and profound ignorance of musical and operatic grammar and *technique* on the part of its creators. They had little knowledge even of the melodic and harmonic conventions, and they only knew what operas were from having heard the usual stock performances of the works of French, Italian and German composers which formed the *répertoires* of the average opera companies of the day. But the majority of these composers were genuine artists, and they were thoroughly in earnest, and if at times they were blazingly indiscreet in their treatment of the conventions, it was seldom indeed that their artistic taste or instincts were at fault. They were perhaps also fortunate in their public who were, and to a very considerable degree still are, little further advanced in the scale of artistic

perception than were the masses for whom the folk-songs of the pentatonic period were written. When Mr. Cecil Sharp and Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser respectively make a collection of Somerset and Hebridean Folk-Songs to-day, they are compelled to supply piano-forte accompaniments to the songs and to round them off in the conventional manner of the modern art-song in order to bring them sufficiently into line with the assumed culture of the age, and even then they are accepted only as curiosities, or as works of an entirely exotic character. They generally become the objects around which a cult may flourish for a time, but with only a few exceptions, the songs contain very little of the indefinable quality which alone entitles them to a place among the world's great masterpieces, and the universality and permanency to the enjoyment of which only such are entitled. And an opera, such as the recent Hebridean work, *The Seal Woman*, of Professor Granville-Bantock, built entirely upon such material, has even less chance of acquiring any lasting degree of appreciation in so operatically cultured a nation as Britain. However successful this form of opera may be in such a country as Russia, and with so artistically undeveloped a people as the Russians, it is not upon such a basis that the future structure of national opera in Britain can be raised. And that brings us at last to the crucial point towards which all the preceding consideration of the various indigenous forms of national music in Europe has been leading.

The main question we have to consider is whether from the history of national opera we can establish any fundamental principles upon which to base a fresh school of British opera for the present and future. We have seen that of all the national types of Europe, that of England has been the least important either from the point of view of clear definition or of bulk. It would scarcely either be fair or accurate to assert that it has been deficient in quality, but quality of course in this case must be estimated upon a strictly *pro rata* basis. The operas of Purcell will, as supreme works of art, bear comparison with any works of a similar kind being produced throughout the length and breadth of Europe at the period during which they were written. The arrival of Handel in England just at the beginning of his own operatic period, and so soon after the death of Purcell, was England's tragedy. But for that, England might have worked out an operatic destiny as notable as that of any of the nations whose achievements we have just been considering. Again, in the ballad-opera period of England, she produced a number of works which, in their kind, have never been excelled. And in her last period of all—her "Gilbert and

Sullivan" one—she gave the world an operatic *genre* that was both original and unique, and in that *genre* a body of work which, in quality, has never been equalled. The national opera of England then consists of a nebulous and unconnected congeries of at least three distinctive forms and styles. Yet there is one factor that is common to them all, as it is still the chief characteristic of the Scandinavian peoples from whom the true and typical Englishmen and Scotsman is mainly derived—the free and open spirit that tells of Britain's sea-born origin; the straightforwardness of address and expression; and the inherent love that lies in the hearts of all true Britons for bravery and heroism, and for the great deeds and achievements that stand to the credit of so many of their countrymen in all ages, and in every part of the world. These, then, are the essential aspects which the future national opera of Britain may be expected to contain. And we have seen that it is not by any conscious striving on the part of composers to supersede the national spirit or *Zeitgeist*, that greatness for themselves, or renown for their nation, can be achieved. With the probable exception of Debussy—and his super-eminence as an operatic composer is not yet indisputable—not one of the great composers for the stage has ever made any conscious effort to break away from their national types or traditions. Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Wagner and Verdi remained true to type even after they had long surpassed the average standard of their national schools. The essential conditions for the attainment of operatic greatness, therefore, seem to be that a composer should, above all, continue to work along the lines tacitly laid down by the general agreement and acceptance of the majority of the people who constitute his immediate public. If he possesses the seeds of greatness, he may be sure that they will fructify more rapidly and effectively if they have been planted upon their native soil, and are sufficiently nourished with the milk of national sentiment, than they shall by being cast abroad upon the hard and barren ground of obsolete puerilities, alien imitation, or freakish surprises. No one, for example, can honestly dispute the brilliance of Holst's operatic parody, *The Perfect Fool*, or the cleverness of his lyrical arabesque, *At the Boar's Head*, but he would be bold indeed who should assert that either of these contain any indication that would lead one to a belief in an imminent renaissance of English Opera. Such works, indeed, lead nowhere, and while one may wish them all the success that is due to the sparkling *jeu d'esprit*, the most one may hope for them is that "they have their day and cease to be." Nor can one foresee any greater promise in such flagrant imitations of Wagner and Strauss as are

exemplified in the three operas of Josef Holbrooke's *Trilogy*, or in the elusive and insubstantial Celtic mysticism of these and of Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*. It would appear indeed as if this stupid Celtic Revival were fated to set back the hands of England's operatic clock of progress for another century or so. The national genius of England and Scotland, whatever it may be of Ireland and Wales, is certainly not Celtic, and until our modern composers recognize the fact, they may as well make up their minds that there is little hope for the immediate re-creation of a British school of opera. The most promising British work of recent times is Dr. Vaughan-Williams' *Hugh the Drover*, but there again one finds a strange un-English spirit, insofar as the music of the first act, with its powerful folk-song influence, is entirely reactionary, while that of the second act is no longer the work of Vaughan-Williams the Englishman, but of Vaughan-Williams the pupil of Ravel. Notwithstanding these defects, the "book" is well and thoroughly within the genuine English character, and wherever the composer remains himself, the music is absolutely in keeping with the theme. The experience of America at present is full of interest, and is well worthy of study. There is a decided urge in the United States towards the creation of a distinctively national type of opera, and although nothing of a highly outstanding character has yet emerged, one may trace there the same tendencies and draw the same inferences as can be elucidated from the experience of the European nations during the past three centuries, as described in the foregoing essay. All the efforts to found a national system of opera upon Indian, Negro or Jazz themes or idioms have been markedly unsuccessful, and American opera that is only Italian, French or German in disguise, has attained no greater a measure of success. Perhaps it is too early yet for a genuine national genius to have become consolidated out of the very heterogeneous elements which have combined to make up the American nation, but now that indiscriminate immigration has there been stopped, perhaps its consolidation may prove to be more rapid and effective than, from present indications, one may feel justified in anticipating, and the result, so far as operatic development is concerned, will be no less instructive than interesting to watch.

The enormous extension of the study of music that has taken place throughout the world during very recent years, has added many new factors to the conditions governing musical procedure and achievement, and not the least important of these has been the continually progressive sharpening of what may be called the

world's operatic consciousness. One result of this has already become apparent in an ever-increasing demand for new and unfamiliar forms and media of expression. To meet this demand, such groups as the young Viennese ultra-moderns, and the Parisian "Six," have been formed. Their works are interesting from many points of view, but again they defeat their own objects by a too self-conscious effort to be ultra-daring and atonal on the one hand, or over-ingenuous or simple on the other. In such cases they may appeal to a few initiates, and draw some others who are actuated towards them by mere curiosity, but they can never carry with them the great mass of the people. But the chief result of the growing operatic consciousness will be a progressive demand for works suitable for the ordinary and not too erudite mass of opera-goers, and therein will lie the composers' great opportunities, and therefrom, unless one's reading of the past is false, will emerge the permanently popular works and the universally great and outstanding opera composers of the future. It would appear to be an established fact, however, that national forms are the first essentials, and the opera composer must study closely and carefully the spirit of his own particular age, and the essential genius of his own nation, and thereafter work along the lines suggested by these factors. If he be a mediocre composer he may not be greatly successful, but he may likewise not be an utter failure: he at least will have a sporting chance of making a living. Should he, on the other hand, possess the sacred spark of genius, it will ultimately shine, no doubt, far beyond the mere limits of his national school, but it will have all the better opportunity of so shining, by having behind it all the influence and power of those who combine to form such a school, in order to set it first alight. It is by keeping upon a safe and happy mean that our operatic regeneration will be effected and a new sunrise once more blaze forth in all the radiance and glory one is accustomed to associate with the dawn of another Golden Age. The postulation of such a middle way does not of course eliminate the assimilation of ideas both from above and from below, but such ideas must not be blindly adopted any more than they should be incontinently rejected. A great American historian of music has happily summed up the position in the following sentences which may not inappropriately conclude this essay: "The artistic instinct may be trusted sooner or later to forsake the pursuit of the merely curious and esoteric for that which is intelligible and impressive to the typical or average human mind. And the infinite work of education has always been to keep raising the level of intelligence and feeling so that the

unmusical may become musical and the musical may become more finely artistic." With so many workers earnestly striving to bring about the fulfilment of such an ideal, we may with every confidence leave the future of our opera to take care of itself, for there must be an ever-increasing tendency to set our future courses by the experiences we have gained from the past, and, given a proper interpretation of the teaching of history, we shall indeed have little cause for any undue uncertainty or fear.

THE ZERO HOUR IN MUSICAL EVOLUTION

By ARTHUR FARWELL

SOMEWHERE between the midnight hour and the first of the new day, specifically, at none o'clock, tucked away in some obscure dimension of time which only an Einstein could penetrate, there hovers the mystic instant which has furnished forth our popular phraseology with the expressive term of the "zero hour." One day, with its essential meaning, is gone; the next, with some other meaning, does not yet exist. Between them poises an infinitesimal of time which holds no meaning, a temporal *lacuna*. The zero hour is a term of wide application; it has become the symbolic name for the nodal instant between any two periods of opposed or contrasted significance, long or short, and hence is heavy with dramatic import. Once ancient civilization still existed; then came the Christian era. Between lay the zero hour, still celebrated in two of the world's most memorable utterances, "Pan is dead!" and "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" Therein lay also the zero hour between two of the great historic cycles of musical evolution, the Greek, and the religious musical cycle of the Christian era, between the singing of Homer and the singing of Holy Writ. Since then there has been another zero hour in the history of music, of similarly sweeping import. We are now immersed in a musical epoch historically characterized as the "secular," implying that the significant and predominant musical genius of the time, having broken away from religion, has found its sympathetic outlet instead in works of secular character. Between the "religious" and "secular" musical epochs, which is to say somewhere between the supremacy of the church composers and that of the symphonists, between Palestrina and Beethoven, lay once more the fateful zero hour. At a certain point in its onward creative course the music originating in the church grew pale, dry and feeble, and unworthy of regard, while that arising from the secular evolution became vital, imaginative, world-storming and victorious. In this transformation music has only followed the general trend of the agnostic, anti-ecclesiastical and critical thought of the modern world. The particular disease of which music died

in the church after Palestrina and Bach is easy of diagnosis, and interesting, but need not detain us here. It is sufficient that the subsequent modern secular evolution of music has been one of the world's most glorious achievements, and held virtually unquestioned sway up to the close of the last century.

Individual prophetic voices were not wholly wanting before the World War to question the continuity of this supremacy. And now a more general ominous presentiment overcomes us that all is not well with the cause of our prized, vaunted and church-freed era of music. We are growing impatient with this marking time in the barren regions of pretentious nothingness, of technical obfuscation, of the "interesting" but worthless, of insolent sensationalism, of the ideally conceived but remote from life; we are waiting over-long for another musical prophet of high vision, of message far-flung and universal. The curtain is up, the action drags horribly with secondary characters—let the star enter and save the piece! A sudden and alarming thought strikes us—are we waiting in vain? Perhaps the great Renaissance-born secular epoch of music is over and done, washed out, with nothing more to give us, nevermore again a great name or a great message! The second death of Pan! Are we again upon a zero hour of musical evolution? And, if so, what new day is before us?

If we are perfect Spenglerites we must admit that all artistic hope is gone with the old order. Whatever the creative spirit of truth or beauty that burns within us, we must all become politicians or engineers and follow the banner of imperialistic expansion. But it is to be suspected that the penetrating and doom-foreseeing Spengler has never climbed the Rockies or roamed the western plains, never written newspaper articles on the artistic grandeur of Los Angeles, or done any of those things calculated to make one feel remote from the European *débauche* and to see new continents of wonder rising from ancient historic seas of despair. Is not Babbitted, barbarian America of to-day as promising for a new culture epoch as barbarian Europe twenty centuries ago? Shall not we, also, usher a new continental epoch upon the scene of world history? The Spenglers will not lack cogent reasons and copious data wherewith to fill us, momentarily at least, with a sufficiently genuine dismay. Merely to look about us in the world can do as much. But possibly, in the shift of the cultural scene from Europe to America, as once from Asia to Europe, there will prove to be some saving grace of the unexpected.

The hailing of a new epoch in the creative evolution of music, to supplant the dead or dying secular epoch of recent glory. That

is our thesis. But before we take to shouting, "Long Live the King!" let us be reasonably certain that the old king is dead. Who killed Cock Robin? And where is the *corpus delicti*? The latter should be visible plainly enough in a musical period of half a century in which the world has consistently refused to proffer to any composer the mantle of Beethoven and Wagner. We shall not withhold our love from that emotional wizard and spiritual child, Tchaikowsky, who groped with us in the dark night of the world-pain. We shall offer a measure of homage to that lovely if not heaven-storming lyrist, that skillful but messageless symphonist, Brahms. We shall take off our hats, in passing to the musical protagonist of the *Weltmacht*, Strauss, who made us all sit up for a moment but led us nowhere. We shall withhold no due meed of recognition from the liberating originality and immaculate Gallic taste of that fragile neo-pagan, Debussy. Nor, shall we under-rate the considerable stature of Scriabin, even if we deem him somewhat remote, and more theosophical than authentically mystical. But where is he, who once more combines authoritative seership and musical genius, who is at once master of life and art, the Prometheus, the "Answerer?" For it is not to be supposed that the world will offer the mantle of Beethoven and Wagner to a lesser.

And, if these imposing ones of a generation ago have not wholly convinced us, what have we since? In the interval we have come abruptly upon the "modern idiom," a wholly new habit and attitude of mind and ear toward music. This modern idiom, as yet undefined, is in many respects an admirable advance in expanding the expressional range of the tonal medium. However, far from convincing us of their apostolic successorship in the great secular epoch of music, the authors and representatives of this idiom constitute a powerful evidence, rather, of the termination of that epoch and its central principles, without, however, revealing the new. Their work and attitude, although they remain within the fold of the forms and institutions of the traditional secular epoch, represent a complete volte-face in the matter of principles. In deifying a particular idiomatic phase of development they have contravened the original principle of the founders of the secular epoch, that no mere phase of musical expression, such as the church then presented, but the whole truth of music's expression, must be promoted. Similarly they have reversed the secular epoch's original and final dependence on song, by all but abandoning it and devoting themselves to an instrumental style as antipodal to song as could well be imagined. A similar reversal

exists with regard to dramatic aims. Considering their course not from such a scientific and categorical angle, but from the general standpoint of spiritual attitude, they have in general turned their backs on the world-problem, the conscience of humanity, ideal beauty, effort of high aspiration, all that centrally characterized the secular epoch at its highest, and swung about to a technical, scientific, highly colorful paganism, quasi-romantic with a machine-made and disillusionized romanticism. Or, they have become flagrantly cynical. Where once in a Fifth or a Seventh Symphony, we transcended struggle and fatality, or swung in cosmic dance to the music of the spheres, we are now asked to attain the splendid summit of a year's symphonic experience in the lyric joy of listening to the fervid orchestral wheezings and pantings of a locomotive in flight. Modernist concerts, where the audience breaks into laughter at the tonal impertinences perpetrated, now add to the gaiety of nations. In the foyers there is no longer any interest in the *beautiful*, and the newer offerings are of such a character that no one dares to risk his reputation for sanity by calling them *good*. Everyone plays safe, and calls them "interesting." In the sense that this metamorphosis continues the institutions and, in a general way, the instrumental forms of the secular epoch (the departure being in inner significance and fundamental attitude) it may deceive us into regarding it as a new phase of that epoch. Even the more serious-minded and patient of the concert-going world appear to hold such an unthinking attitude. "Oh well, it is true we are in a slump as to great composers just now, but presently another great genius will come along and set everything to rights again." But this "inner significance" is the essential determining principle of any evolution. That which nullifies and reverses the determining principles of an epoch can scarcely be regarded as continuing it. Concert-goers have not yet discovered that there is a history, a living evolution of music, much less that these are subject to dramatic crises, zero hours, epochal births and deaths. Music is supposed to trickle on in much the same way, like the brook, forever. Meanwhile the concert-world will keep itself amused with musical locomotives. There was a time when the last great artist of Greece appeared—and disappeared. There was a time when the last great artist of the religious epoch of musical evolution appeared. His name was Bach. What seems to have occurred to nobody (except perhaps, to Spengler in his all-sweeping vision of artistic cessation) is that there must also be a last great composer in the secular cycle of musical evolution—that perhaps there already has been! that

concert and opera, as a medium for the creative development of music and its distribution to the people, have some time since reached their consummation, yielded their utmost, and are already dead, but like the Irishman's wriggling snake with its head cut off, "not sensible of it."

Such a conclusion might be the outcome of an ordinary old-fashioned Nordau degeneration complex. In the present case, arising chiefly from encouraging experiment and observation in new paths, it is not. The backward glance is not sufficient. We can have no larger understanding of the matter merely by observing the falling away from high ideals, the sophistication, the despairing effort to create a sensation which is everywhere apparent in the musical output of today, especially in Europe. It is necessary to see the whole present status of the secular cycle, its character, its musical forms, its vehicle of concert and opera, in relation to the real world of human beings today. And, it is necessary to observe such evidence as we have that the spirit and material of a new evolutionary cycle are at hand.

The final musical expression of our secular epoch is assuming a character so technically over-refined and strained as to remove it beyond recall from the possibility of reaching the sympathies and satisfying the needs of anything more than a microscopic proportion of the people. This follows naturally the technical and materialistic bias of the time. But more immediately responsible for it is the fetish of the symphony, to which the secular cycle is irremediably committed. Because Beethoven had a particular "pure"-musical problem to work out, from the start made by Stamitz and Haydn, and which he worked out to a dramatic *dénouement* which the world does not yet understand, the *form* which he employed was made an idol, and later composers were afraid of losing their immortal artistic souls if they did not write symphonies. This is the more remarkable in that no symphony-writing composer since Beethoven has convinced the world that he is a true symphonic successor of Beethoven, and worthy of his mantle, or that there is in fact any such line of succession. Symphonists are the supreme optimists. Brahms has nowise deceived a world which always knows a prophet from a pretender. "Instrumental composers," said Richard Wagner, "did not lose courage to write symphonies and suchlike pieces by the ream, without a moment happening on the thought that the *last* symphony had already *been written*." To no mere blind admiration of Beethoven was this statement due, but to the profound analysis which Wagner made of Beethoven's unique historic task, his exhaustive explora-

tion of the principle of the spiritual possibilities of abstract *tone*, and his necessary arrival, in the Ninth Symphony, at the *word*. The symphony has perhaps nearly outlived its need and usefulness in the modern world; the unquestioning and abject surrender to the ideal of "pure" music which it carries with it certainly has. Even the orchestra itself is getting to have a stale sound. To catch the jaded ear of incorrigible concert-goers and critics on the watch for spicy copy, composers have nothing left but to fill the pure-music forms with the TNT of over-forced harmony and orchestration. Consequently sincere musicians now seldom write symphonies except in early youth. The modern idiom's the thing. There is no other saving grace. Idiom-worship is the inquisitorial musical religion of the day. He does not compose in the modern idiom? Off with him. To write beautiful music, thoroughly modern in a general way, is to be laughed at and promptly shelved. Spice must out-spice itself. Yet nothing that any composer can do by the wildest cavortings of "genius" can any longer attract much attention to him, still less give him a place of any genuine evolutionary or historical value or importance in the world of music. We are at last shock-proof. The zero hour of the symphony!

What shall we play at concerts then, if not symphonies? The answer to this is, if the symphony goes, why have concerts? The symphony is the *raison d'être* of the symphony concert. If the statue is taken away, what do we want with the pedestal? If the symphony is no longer capable of saving the symphony concert, certainly the lesser "free" forms, offshoots from the symphony, can not do it. So we discover that the concert is only a mode of manifestation of the secular epoch and its ideals, needed and existent only as long as that cycle itself lives. Few people stop to reflect that the concert, as commonly understood today, with paid admission, is a very recent invention, only about one hundred and fifty years old; or to reflect upon the bearing of the fact that previous to the secular musical epoch, mankind, having no such vehicle as the concert of today, received the product of musical art through wholly other forms of musical presentation, as it does also in various parts of the world at the present time. Our European and American pay-concert is a temporary phenomenon, localized both as to time and place. A new musical cycle, presenting once more a new mode of musical application to mankind, will require a different medium. The symphony that would be justified today would be one which repudiates the materialism, sensationalism and cynicism of the hour, and which is designed

to be heard by new and representative audiences of the people in a new type of democratic musical event belonging to a new epoch.

In the religious musical epoch mankind contacted musical evolution through the church. The church organist-composer was the Stravinsky of his day. As everybody went to church in those days, musical evolution identified itself immediately with the life of the whole people, as it normally should. What a vast difference, then, in the sociological and spiritual bearing of music in relation to humanity between that day and this, when in the United States only about three per cent. of the people attend what is now, or supposed to be, the vehicle of musical evolution, the concert. With the loss of musical evolution to the church, and the arising of opera and symphony to carry on that evolution, it became possible for the first time in the then existing civilization for a man to stand at the door and make people pay for hearing music. This was innocent enough at first, as European governmental patronage and subsidization of concert and opera in the interests of the people kept the fee down and rendered the manager scarcely more than a secretary. When European musical life jumped the Atlantic to America, to a government in whose bright lexicon was no such word as art, and the musical manager became an independent business man in his own right, a wholly new face was put upon the matter. The result was that the concert became the especial property and playground of the cultured and wealthy, that is, of the few. And there it has remained, an anachronism, a now fashionable inheritance from European civilization, as remote from the life and sympathies of the American people as a volume of Walter Pater would be to those of a Hottentot. Music, certainly. The man in the street enjoys a good tune handed out to him by phonograph or radio, and jazz is the heritage of all. But these things have nothing to do with a full and normal flowering of the art of music in the life of the people, with the real potentialities of the relation of music to the people in view. The conclusion is that the concert is inappropriate and anachronistic in America; it does not serve the people of our nation. And that which is taking place within it is removing itself ever farther from the people's sympathies. It is a Noah's ark which has served to convey the seed of musical cultivation to America's shores, but which must vanish when that seed finds its appropriate form of growth in our soil.

If the symphony concert is to vanish; how is it that we witness the great increase in the number of symphony orchestras, professional and amateur, which has occurred during the first

quarter of the present century. First, we have so long habitually borrowed this institution from Europe that it is the only thing we know how to do. Second, the new epoch is not yet manifesting itself with sufficient force to divert this movement. Third, we shall need orchestras in the new epoch, and it is in the true order of things that they have increased and improved among us, even if the new epoch will put them to far different uses than those for which they are at present employed.

Enough scorn and opprobrium has been heaped upon the benighted form of opera by critics and laity in the past thirty years to have killed anything less pachydermous. But opera, horrible as it may be, has the double advantage of dependence upon the eternal factors of song and stage representation. The tragedy of opera is that when the Master of Bayreuth lifted this form out of the bog of triviality and hollow pompousness, coördinated its theme with the aspirations of mankind, transmuted it to the exalted music drama dreamed of by its originators and set it as a light upon a hill, today a sterile and complacent operatic world seeks out again and continues to pursue the old lower path, precisely as if Wagner had never uplifted, at a single stroke, his soul and his pen. Opera, the original point of departure of the secular from the religious cycle, is coterminous with the secular epoch. It was born with it, triumphs with it, shares its characteristic diseases, and must die with it, like the symphony as at present understood.

Is it possible that no one has observed how completely Wagner fulfilled and carried out to their logical end the principles which brought the secular cycle into existence? What were the principles that actuated Count Bardi and his group in inaugurating the secular evolution of music in Florence, in 1600? That the church was not giving out the whole truth of music; that spontaneous musical expressions in the secular life, especially in song, were pointing the way to the free expressiveness of music, and should be consulted and developed; that an ideal type of drama through music was the end to be sought, and that the new development must draw upon the customs and practices, and stand close to the sympathies of the people. Books could be written on the authority, force and accuracy with which Wagner carried out precisely these principles in his great deed of art. Wagner justified the thought and efforts of the founders, and in truth completed in essence and principle the secular epoch, bringing it, in the end, back to religion in "Parsifal," singularly enough, exactly as Beethoven in the end brought the instrumental pure-music symphony

back to the *word*. Despite much brilliant individuation in the development and hyper-development of the tonal medium *per se*, all that post-Beethovenian symphony and post-Wagnerian opera have witnessed, taking things in their largest outlines, has been the heroic, desperate or declining efforts of insufficiently analytical Epigoni, pumping the oxygen of misguided faith into a moribund course of musical development. In all that has happened, there has emerged no new principle of epoch-making caliber. For that is something which depends upon a new vision of human conscience and consciousness, and music since Wagner, in its traditional modes of presentation, is innocent of such a vision. Interesting or appealing and authentic musical personalities, geniuses in expression, if you will, have appeared, but nothing to show us the way which music shall take in the great democratic movement of the age.

When it is said that the characteristic forms of the secular epoch will pass, it is not supposed that they will not continue, at least for a time, a hollow existence parallel to the appearance of a hypothetical new evolutionary epoch. When creative musical evolution ceased in the Roman and passed to the Protestant Church, the musical form in the Roman was maintained through the use of traditional material. A similar thing happened in the Protestant Church when it finally lost the creative evolution of music to the secular life. The necessary persistence of religion has prevailed to maintain a hollow and creatively insignificant musical practise in the church to the present time. What is meant by the death of the old forms is that they will no longer possess the creative evolution of music, which will have passed to the new characteristic forms of the new cycle. The only religion which symphony concerts will have to perpetuate them will be a reverence for Beethoven and a measure of devotion to a few of the composers who came after him, and such concerts will then presumably take the form of occasional or seasonal revivals of the work of these composers. Nevertheless symphonies will be composed (at least by youthful composers paying, in passing, their respects to the past), as long as the present concert-system can hold its own against the democratic musical forms and corresponding modes of musical presentation which, recognizing and serving the people, shall eventually overthrow and eject it.

If latter-day Europe, with all its momentum of tradition, example and technic, has been unable to rear a composer of great vision out of what is left of the vitality of the secular epoch, how much less can the United States expect to do so, where that

evolutionary course is both an anachronism and an anatopism, where it is meaningless to more than ninety-five per cent. of the population, and a recent graft upon the rest. Whether in Europe or America, no great composer can again come with a world message out of the traditional system, the evolutionary stream of which symphony and opera are the representative forms, for he would realize that the social and spiritual bearings of this system would preclude its use for the transmission of what such a message at the present time must be, and in any event, he would not trust that message to a vehicle which is no longer a medium of communication with the people. He would be compelled to find some other way of reaching the people. This would mean a new mode of musical evolution with its new and appropriate forms, which is equivalent to saying that thus the great secular cycle would finally pass, losing the creative evolution to a new epoch and cycle with new principles.

The sympathy, conscience and vision of American humanity today are not with the concert world and the musical evolution which they represent. The common man, regarding musical art as nothing more than a toy of fashionable society, turns and curses it. He is not the swine rending the one who casts pearls before him, for in the first place they are all too often not pearls, and in the second they are nowise cast before him, but withheld from him by a long course of commercial, social and educational evolution too powerful and complicated for his control or understanding. A cultured, wealthy and generous man may support a series of symphony concerts, but on emerging from the hall with the well-dressed and prosperous afternoon audience, he must not be surprised to hear, as a friend of mine did recently, the common man, pushing his way through the crowd and remarking to his companion, "A lot of — good-for-nothing bums, who never did a stroke of work in their lives." In all probability this particular common man did not possess the ideal vision of musical art and its relation to humankind. But neither does a society which, except for certain cultured and thoughtful individuals here and there, has forgotten what musical art, under religion, was to humanity in the past, which is ignorant or unthinking of what it is not, under the existing conditions of the secular evolution, to humanity in the present, and which appears wholly unconcerned with what it shall mean, under a new cycle with a new outlook and ideal, in the future.

Whence the present departure of so large a proportion of earnest composers of today from symphony and opera? Whence

the recrudescence of chamber music, the invention of small and unusual combinations of instruments, or of instruments and voice, and the birth of the "little symphony?" This is the result of the persistence of creative musical energy, losing faith, perhaps, in symphony and opera, but certainly meeting with the increasing economic difficulty of getting hearings for larger works, and thus far seeing no other way out than to turn to small works which can more easily come to a hearing. But these works, instead of hewing a way out of the dilemma in which musical evolution finds itself, shuts it more securely in, at least in one important respect, for chamber music finds an audience still smaller and of more precious appreciation than the symphony. But, if we must still exhibit some devotion to the pure-music forms of the secular epoch, chamber music will be the most profitable field of such activity. For as it offers no possibility of mere stupendous effect, its authors and devotees will preserve a more truly musical sense, maintaining musical ideals in somewhat the same manner as the little theater is preserving dramatic ideals; and aside from this, the chamber music organizations, in a new application in the forms of musical presentation of the coming epoch, will find a new and wide usefulness.

One is not to be misled by the spectacle of a certain element of vigorous youth throwing itself into ideal musical effort without having extricated itself from the octopus tentacles of the old epoch. Youth is creative, and creates according to the models which it sees about it. When it shall become reflective as well as creative, it will be a different story. The strained tendencies of today, in musical composition, have been forced to such a point that it is unthinkable that the generation today in its youth can spend a life-time pushing them further. And when the awakening comes, it will have no slogan of "Back to Mozart," but "On to Life and Man!"

The hints which have been thrown out will be sufficient to indicate the developments which have pushed the secular epoch upon its zero hour. That musical epoch, in any larger or deeper sense is now messageless, directionless, spiritually bankrupt, marking time until oblivion overtakes it and a new set of ideals replaces it. It is of a piece with the general social and political epoch which led up to the war, and has a similar musty taste in the mouth of the world. It is comparable geographically and spiritually, in the United States, with the overhang of effete Grecian culture in early Rome. While nearly everyone was still supposing it to be the only possible culture, Christianity was being

obscurely born. What is being obscurely born in the United States at the present time?

We are certainly culpably unobserving and unthinking if we have not learned enough from our observation of the present state of the secular musical epoch to form some idea of what must be the determining principles of the new epoch. And it would be absurd to suppose that we should be as close to our epochal zero hour (which may indeed be already well past) as these remarks have indicated, without being already surrounded by significant evidences of the new era. If we are to inaugurate a new evolutionary course of music which shall correct the outstanding errors of the present condition, the most obvious thing which we have to do is to institute a creative musical life which shall enfold the whole people instead of appertaining to a microscopic fragment of them as at present. That such a thing is not impossible is proved to us by the religious musical epoch, when that condition existed. This plainly can not be brought about by a super-position upon the whole people of the present musical culture. To suppose that it can be, or something sufficiently approximating it, by such a means, is the common present mistake of musical philanthropists. The existing musical culture has nothing to do with the whole people in America, a people from whom it never sprang, and who certainly, as a whole, want nothing of it, and never will. It is essential to the end perceived that our civilization create a new type of public musical event which shall be as freely open to the people as a whole as the church, and maintained in a not dissimilar manner. But not to do at these events the deed without a name that is now done in the concert halls. That which is done at the new events must embody and reflect in plain terms to the plain man, yet glorified through art, his own deeper aims and ideals today. And this means the application of the poet and the composer to new forms which shall accomplish these things, in short, their application to the life of the people. The music and musical forms for the new events are not to be found, except possibly in certain still obscure experiments, among existing music. If they did, the new epoch would be manifestly with us. The church can not now serve this purpose for music as it did up to two hundred years ago, for the coming composer can no more transmit his universal message there than through the musical institutions of the secular epoch, and the people as a whole no longer go into the church. Under some possible future development of religion, in which it should again embrace the whole people, such a thing could occur again.

The next principle which presents itself as necessary of fulfillment in a new musical epoch is the participation of the people themselves and an end of this ghastly conception that to pay a certain price and listlessly listen to something, while nibbling chocolates or chewing gum, is the end of man's relation to art. Whether this participation shall be in song, in dance, in ceremonial or drama, or all of these, must be left to the determination of the relative importance of these aspects. But the consideration of all of them will suggest directions which new forms may take.

A third principle is that of *song*, of music reunited with the word, as a fundamental. This implies the abandonment of the symphonic fetish, of slavery to the idea that this form holds the central and final ideal of music. Such an impossible distinction is reserved for no single form of an art that is destined to be free. If music is again to mean something broadly to man under present conditions of life, it must ally itself more tangibly with concepts, other than abstract musical ones, and this at once introduces the word, and with the word, song. In the present stage of human evolution there are too many people to whom abstract or pure music remains entirely meaningless. In the new musical epoch man shall sing, as a fundamental practice of the general musical life. This is not unprecedented, as we have only to go back to Bach and the choral of the Reformation, to find it. It has been tragically lost in the interim, but not forever.

Above all will the works of the new epoch mark a clean break with the latter-day manifestations of the secular epoch with respect of spiritual attitude and direction. They will spring from a ground wholly foreign to the hopelessness, cynicism, technic-and idiom-worship, neo-paganism as such, and similar misfit impulses which constitute most of what remains of the secular evolution in its present rapid decline, and will formulate and uphold, in short, will sing, the vision and aspiration animating a humanity which is determined to create a new world on the ruins of an old. The secular epoch threw away not only the church, but spiritual aspiration itself with it, and is today reaping the fruit of this course. As long as men of high aspiration and great vision, a Beethoven, a Wagner, remained to it, it was safe in this respect. But post-Wagnerian and pre-war musical evolution has produced none such. The disease of the period had progressed too far.

To go on further than this is to advance principles sufficient for the inauguration of a new musical epoch striking out as boldly from the secular, as that did from the religious epoch. The writer, applying himself for a number of years, as a composer, to the

needs of the so-called "community music" movement, has been perforce driven to the invention of certain new forms, among them those which he has termed "symphonic song" and "dramatic ceremonial," both of which involve the participation of the people. The latter particularly, because of the readiness with which it lends itself to the presentation and exaltation of any concept, together with its unlimited flexibility, suggests an open and a new way forward, and it is not too early to hazard a guess that the characteristic form of advance of a new creative musical epoch will not be wholly remote from such a form. Beyond, looms the conception of a great spiritual music drama or drama-ceremonial, deriving from such forms as those hinted at, as the pre-eminent way in which the ideals and purposes of the new time may find for themselves a high and fitting expression.

Is there about us, then, any tangible evidence that such a new epoch is springing up, or at least ripe, for the birth? There is such an evidence, nation-wide in extent, pointing to precisely such a development as that indicated. This is the movement already mentioned, the community music movement, about which, in its present state, enough unpleasant things might be said to kill a dozen movements. But this is smoking flax which should not be quenched. The movement has already established the chief principles held to be essential to a new epoch, corrective of the past and present, viz.; a new type of musical event of the people, with its doors open to all; the active participation of the people, and the restoration of the fundamental position of song. Even the new spiritual note has already been felt, not infrequently in a striking and dramatic manner. As a movement which has arisen spontaneously to fulfill the needs of the people in the present, as against a system which has utterly failed to fulfil them, it could not do otherwise than produce the exact and necessary corrections. This it has done, but, be it stated, in principle and not in development. The development is immeasurably crude, in fact it can scarcely be said to have begun. What chiefly lacks now is the application of serious thought and creative endeavor on the part of men of vision and talents to this crude but immensely vital movement, now for the most part in the hands of song-leaders many of whom, while they are doing good and needed work in awakening the people to song, have not yet sensed the profound evolutionary significance of the movement. When the composer seeks out his people, and his relation to them in the light of the truths of the time, and stops trying to force something artificial upon a few who do not want it, we shall begin to have a new

creative evolution of music and a new musical epoch. And since the *word* is deeply involved in the transaction, the composer cannot proceed without the poet; he must either have one, or be one. The time flings a mighty challenge to him who can poetically and musically mould in a direct, appealing and convincing manner the true inward spirit of the people today, in forms for their own participation—a challenge which will not pass, is not passing, unaccepted. Trumpeted or obscure, past or still to come, between the old and the new devotion of the genius of music, lies the zero hour of musical evolution.

IMPRESSIONS OF JAPANESE MUSIC

By HEINRICH WERKMEISTER

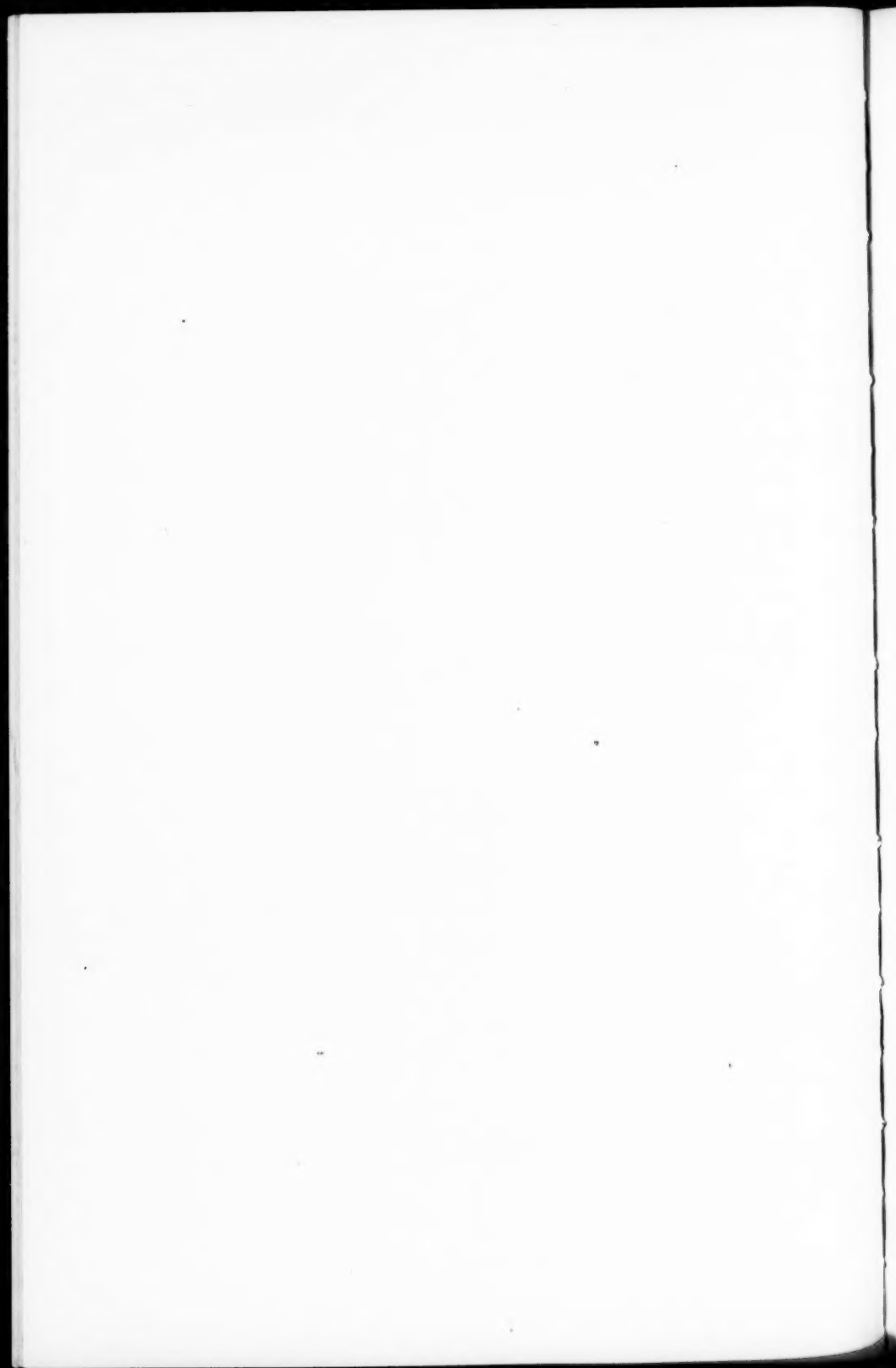
“**D**O tell me, are the Japanese really musical? Do they actually comprehend our music? Have you brought a geisha back with you? Do Japanese girls wear a boyish bob? Were you not killed during the earthquake? Did you see the Mikado? What does a Taifun look like?”

I was overwhelmed with naïve questions of this sort when, after a stay of eighteen years in Japan I returned, to use Schumann's phrase, “From foreign lands” to sit “By the Fireside.” In the following pages I shall try to cast a fleeting gleam of light on but a few among them. Japan, musically speaking, is a most interesting country, when we observe how three different types of music, old Korean, neo-Japanese and Occidental (or better said, European) music are cultivated side by side. The battle for supremacy also rages in Nippon, though unseen by the majority. More recently, it is true, the struggle between Japanese and Occidental music has become unpleasantly evident in the radio offerings—a matter to which we will return.

It may be said in passing that to this day the old Korean music remains the music actually used for the court and temple ceremonial of the imperial household; the Occidental music of the court orchestra exists only for the purpose of “firing off” various selections and overtures of all nations at occasional banquets and lawn-parties to which foreign guests have been invited. The Korean music, in any event, is the choicest it is possible to hear. During all the years of my residence I had but one opportunity of attending a so-called rehearsal of a court concert of this kind. The principal instrument, which—in contra-distinction to Japanese music—lends the Korean a harmonic foundation, is the *Sho* (of late called the “Chinese flute”). It is a bundle of fourteen or fifteen small bamboo flutes of varying lengths (organ-pipes in miniature), grouped with a single mouthpiece; by stopping holes in the flutes various chords are produced. The timbre is that of the soft organ-tones. The manipulation of the instrument is especially difficult since it must always be warmed in order to “respond” without constraint. One might almost be justified in speaking of a “well-tempered” *Sho*. Other instruments include flutes large and small,



Japanese Musician



the latter very strident for our ears. In addition there are various drums, large and small, beaten by hand and by stick; of which the principal ones, in combination with curious exclamations, serve to indicate changes of tempo. All this music is very expressive, especially characteristic being the gradual swell of the *Sho* flutes from *pp* to *ff*; and I must confess that, without any exaggeration, there have been moments when I felt I was hearing actual "Tristan music."

In most cases this music is combined with allegorical dances, which are presented by the court musicians, garbed in the magnificent brocade robes of various historical epochs. All movements are carried out with the utmost calmness and gravity and, in general, even though not understood, the whole thing profoundly impresses one as a serious and worthy artistic experience. Absolute music also exists. For example, the court musicians often travel to Kioto or to Jse, the sacred shrine of Japan (quasi an oracle of Delphi) where all night long solemn religious ceremonial music is performed. Unfortunately, this music is dying out, since the musicians' caste is small in number. Handed down from father to son, this music is guarded as a great and holy mystery; on the other hand the new generation pays more attention to western music; but the other enlists the best talent, since rhythm and the memnotic gift are a century-long heritage.

Anent the Japanese music of the present day which, be it remarked, is also a difficult art, volumes might be written. Here, too, we have various types of music, quite aside from classic and modern (of which more later), for instance, the *No*. In character it is akin to a Gluck opera; and is considered in connection with the *No*-theatre and *No*-dancing. It is the music of the art-loving and aristocratic public, the public which in the West might be compared to those dainty musical feeders who prefer chamber music to all other. The classic *No*-dance is in principle diametrically opposed to our ballet. The *No*-dancer, so to say, "sticks" to the ground; when he moves some part of the foot, if only the heel or a toe, it stays on the ground; this "tied" movement is surely quite as difficult as are the leaps into the air and the toe-staccato of our own dance. In any event, the costumes are extremely voluminous, often provided with a long train, and worn three and four over each other, so that they may be "turned" during the dance, in order to conjure forth new brocades and plays of color. Even the face is provided with a so-called *No*-mask, and it is surely a most taxing art to lend the whole performance life and dramatic expression despite the rigid mask. The dancer's personality is

entirely submerged, while so far as we are concerned it is probably the individually beautiful face and the perfected shape of limb plus the *ad libitum* fig-leaf which are most important. The original Adam whispers to the Occidental Zarathustra: "You are going to the ballet? Then do not forget the purse."

Then there is the *Biwa*-music; old historic events sung for hours at a time within a compass, at the most, of five tones. With or without knowledge of text it is indigestible for western ears. I would like, at the same time, to call attention to the remarkable keenness with which the Hungarian Lengyel, in his drama, "Tai-fun," a performance of which I saw in Tokio, has grasped the most intimate soul-life of the Japanese, and how by the use of this very *Biwa*-music he welded together, moving them to tears, patriotic "Japanese in foreign parts."

The *Shakuhachi*, on the other hand, is an instrument which sounds "sweet and soothing," even according to our ideas. A thick bamboo flute (blown like a clarinet), its timbre lies between a bass clarinet tone and the shimmering tremulando of the organ's Vox humana stop. The name *Shakuhachi* comes from the flute's longitudinal measurement: 1 *shaku* and 8 (*hachi*) *sun*, together, circa fifty-five centimetres. This flute is most characteristic of the romantic moods of the Japanese. I have often observed how any Japanese of the people, in the street or in quiet squares at evening and far into the night, by preference on nights in May when the moon is full, the world forgot, will dreamily tootle for himself a plaintive melody, eternally the same, and ending with some curious caprioles. The *Shakuhachi* is of striking effect, for instance, at the close of a theatrical piece. For example, when a maiden crouches sobbing in a bamboo grove, abandoned by her lover, who clad in simple pilgrim garb, steps from the stage across the *Hanamichi* (literally "the flowery path") which runs from the stage straight on through the auditorium; when on the stage, generally darkened, a pale yellow moon-disk, little by little, rises against the background, and the entire *mise-en scène* (i. e., Japanese cottages with miniature gardens, fences, wells, etc.) slowly revolves, allowing all its exquisitely finished scenic bric-a-brac to be passed in review; when from the distance a few sombre-chiming gong tones reverberate from a temple, a shuddering gale of wind arises and, finally, off-stage, the plaining notes of a *Shakuhachi* sob out upon this ensemble then, then—"The teardrop falls, earth holds me once again!" *C'est le ton qui fait la musique.*

Very popular, in addition, with all classes, are the *Gidayu* and the *Naganta*, songs with *Shamisen* accompaniment. The



Japanese Orchestra



Japanese Musicians

Shamisen, a triangular instrument resembling a balalaika, is one which in its popular diffusion may be compared to our own beloved violin, queen alike of the symphony concert and "joints and canteens."

A *geisha* girl without her *samisen* would be like a barber without a razor. In the good theatres as well as among the mountebank street singers the *samisen* is the ear-tickler preferred. Played in a virtuoso manner, which happens rarely enough, it may be quite as fascinating as a violin rendering a Paganini Caprice.

The favorite "home music" instrument is the *Koto*. Nearly every girl of the upper middle class plays the *Koto*, since it is good form to do so. During the past few years, however, the pianino has to some degree crowded out the *Koto*. The *Koto* is a resonance box two metres long over which thirteen silk strings have been strung. It is tuned by shifting the bridge beneath the firmly-strung string; reversing our own procedure, the bridge being permanent in our instruments and the pitch fixed by raising or lowering the string. Interesting in connection with the *Koto* are the different scales prescribed for the varied pieces to be played, and which should prove of fruitful incentive to modern composers. To this end I would recommend that they read the Englishman's, Pigott's excellent book, "Japanese Musical Instruments," which discusses them in detail. It is true that Mr. Pigott does not approve of this "music in itself," for he writes that Japanese music is noisy enough to drive an army to flight. But unquestionably the Japanese General Staff does not share his opinion. Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," one of the most notable books written about Japan, even declares that all Japanese musical instruments should be used for firewood.

I cannot help recalling the solemnity with which a Japanese court musician, when as a special favor he once showed me an ancient *Sho*, unwrapped it from its many silken wrappers. It was a family heirloom many centuries old, which I might only "see," not handle. It is in exactly the same way that we, for instance, treasure and show Beethoven's quartet instruments as sacred relics.

Nearly all foreigners when they first hear Japanese music find it terrible, horrible, wearisome and primitive. All very well. But even intelligent *listening to music* calls for long years of study; and, besides, in this case two worlds impinge which have followed different trends in the development of their most intimate sentiment and emotional being. This being the case, it is not fair to speak of "primitive" art, since the word primitive applies only to the listener. In any event, the quite extraordinary memnotic

powers of the Japanese musician should be admired, as well as the extremely complicated rhythms he employs. All compositions are played "by heart"; even ensemble and orchestra music. Many pieces last over an hour; and their revelation of the two factors of rhythm and memory always has compelled my admiration.

Yet music is one of the so-called "fine arts," one of the "arts of beauty." It is all a matter of taste, this admiring either Japanese or Occidental music. What is truth? What is beauty? The true mirror which reflects the soul of a nation always is the folk-song. Those Japanese folk-songs which even a Puccini did not disdain, but used with keen vision in his "Butterfly," in any event all bear the impress of beauty and classic simplicity.

From the "Loreley" to Schönberg, from the "Red Sarafan" to Stravinsky, from the "Sakura" (Cherry Blossom) song to Jmai (*Koto*-player and composer)—is a tremendous step in advance. Primitive auditors unquestionably will find all three of these folk-songs related in sentiment and beautiful; but the most ultra-modern trends erect a barrier to receptivity. Hence, it is necessary, first of all, to "listen one's self into" and not simply condemn or dismiss as ridiculous something which one does not understand. To unbelieving Thomases and those interested, in general, I would commend the "Collection of Koto-Music," published by Izawa, and which may be obtained from the Kioyekishosha, Tokio, Giuza. It is a question, naturally, only of folk-songs whose composers are unknown, i. e., whose names have been forgotten, since in the majority of cases the most characteristic folk-songs of all nations bear this hall-mark of "tragic immortality." They are national property in the same sense as is the Greek Acropolis, the Roman Coliseum or the Egyptian Pyramids, the names of whose individual architects have been lost. On the other hand, the achievements of "living immortality" all are colossal and pyramidal. No one who visits Japan should omit studying good Japanese music. (In this connection there occurs to me an amusing *No*-music episode; but that is another story, as Kipling says. . . . Yet I shall risk a few lines. A foreigner, just arrived in Kioto asked the hotel-manager, whose English, naturally, was defective, in the evening: "Can I hear some good Japanese music?" "Yes, we have *No*-music to-night!" The stranger in a strange land smiled helplessly and returned to the charge: "Are there no concerts at all?" "No, we have jazz music to-morrow." "I don't care for jazz music." "No Yes? No. No?"

In view of all this it is clear that it was not altogether easy to present European music to the Japanese as something to be

accepted as "incontrovertibly magnificent and unexcelled." For the Japanese themselves it was primarily difficult because, so to speak, they had to serve two masters, or else hang their own Japanese music on the wall and definitely commit themselves to the treacherous ice of Occidentalism. Today, after some forty years have passed, the present generation is at home in many phases of western culture and is interested in all the ultra-modern trends in literature, art and science. The latest works of Strauss, Mahler, Debussy and Stravinsky, so far as they exist in "canned music" form, are studied at the phonograph, miniature score in hand. The chief centre of distribution and popularization of European music is the Imperial Academy of Music in Tokio, founded some thirty-five years ago by the Ministry of Education, and at which German teachers in particular (at present in most cases graduates of the State High School in Charlottenburg) have been and still are active. A music study course from three to five years long enables the "graduate" of the Tokio Academy to obtain a position as a teacher in any part of the country. And so one hears to-day how the seed of the Tokio Academy has proven itself more or less fruitful, as the case may be. The organ, piano, violin, 'cello, harmony, choral and solo singing and the orchestra (made up of teachers and pupils) are principally and eagerly studied and cultivated. Unfortunately, during the past ten years there has been no chamber music, though for all who cultivate music it represents the most important factor of intensive development. Yet this brings us at once to the great "secret." The majority of Japanese, unfortunately, are only able to follow a single melody with heart and mind. The feeling for polyphonic music is as yet very undeveloped. It is quite possible, for instance, that in a duet an error in entry may be carried straight on to the end of the piece, or until a saving hold is reached. This explains the Japanese preference for melodious compositions with simple accompaniment.

Vocal, violin and 'cello solos rank first in favor; the accompaniment is a secondary matter. The piano, it is true, is most generally cultivated, since it is principally mechanistic, yet it is the instrument least understood and appreciated because it is harmonically far too complex. It is for this reason that pianists who appear in public are successful only when they play rapid virtuoso pieces, for that is something "one ought to see." If despite this fact, Beethoven's last sonatas are directly requested of the itinerant artist, it is probably due more than anything else, to the tremendous cultural urge common to all Japanese.

Mischa Elman, for instance, had to play the "Kreutzer" Sonata by request. It is known chiefly owing to Tolstoi, because all the Japanese know of Beethoven are his "Moonshine," and "Spring" sonatas and the "Ninth." It is remarkable that the Japanese should have a predilection and respect for all so-called good "classical" music and, while they may listen with pleasure to light, ear-tickling music, yet their inner self instinctively rejects it with decision. Kreisler, after endless applause had greeted the performance of his irresistible compositions—which every Japanese treasures as the jewels of his collection of phonograph records—nevertheless was obliged to play the Beethoven Concerto and the Bach Sonatas by request. It was the reverse of what so often happens in our own countries when, after performances of the classics, some one will comfortably remark: "Well, now let us have some *real* music." Yes, that inborn good taste which characterizes the Japanese in everything is their most distinguished possession and many itinerant artists and "travelling singers" pull long faces when the Japanese ask them for pieces which they themselves neither know nor are able to perform. Especially during the War years, when gold was fairly pouring into Japan and the interest in everything "foreign" was awakened in every class, interest in music took on a tremendous impetus, especially owing to the phonograph, which supplied new stimulus and nourishment.

And so it came to pass that artists like Mischa Elman, Schumann-Heink, Zimbalist, Godowsky, Heifetz, Kreisler, Burgmeister, etc., came to Japan and had to give programmes made up chiefly of their own records. Unfortunately, the earthquake and the great financial losses have put a damper on this happy florescence of musical art, yet I am convinced that ways and means will soon be found to again draw the great artists to Japan. As it happens, music is an "expensive noise," yet in this connection the European musicians and artists who have settled in Japan should not be forgotten. They have played an important part, for it is due to their efforts in the teaching and in the concert field that the virtuosos from abroad find so grateful and comprehending a public.

I have in mind, in particular, the success, unexampled for Tokio, which Mme. Schumann-Heink won chiefly with her Schubert songs, sung in German. After the end of the concert the audience simply would not leave, but cried and shouted for "Wanderer! Erlking!" etc. And there is Godowsky, who after his recital only reached his auto with the utmost difficulty and whose "gas" (or, preferably, his technic) the crowd would have been

delighted to unharness.¹ A pretty anecdote is also told of Godowsky at his hotel, where an admirer asked him to sign a hundred photos with his own hand. But as is well known, Godowsky is not a man who over-writes.

Unfortunately, one great wish on the part of music-loving Japanese remains ungranted: the possession of a good orchestra; I would not venture to say opera. There are, alas, but two orchestras at all acceptable, that of the Imperial Academy and the Court Orchestra. In both the wind-instruments are not what they should be, since the Japanese officials responsible have neglected to engage European teachers of brass and wood-wind instruments. The fact that in spite of this handicap, Beethoven symphonies are played is admirable; but their performance should not be judged by European standards. Some day the time may come when teachers will also further the development of wind instruments in the orchestra. A so-called "permanent opera" is for the time being out of question in Japan, since there are no dramatic singers and there is no general interest in the opera stories, which in themselves, leave much to be desired. The famous "Madam Butterfly" has been positively laid under ban in Japan. And quite rightly. Such a text might well rouse antipathy in the nation which it so deliberately stultifies. The same thing applies to commercial products such as "The Geisha" or "Mousm  ." In any event, Japan is a land which must be taken seriously in every respect, and has passed the stage of fairytales in the style of "The Arabian Nights," for Japan has awakened, and is still emphatically sound and capable of development.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

¹Trans. Note. In German, *ausspannen* means both "to unharness" and "to steal or take away."

THE MUSICAL THEORY OF THE GERMAN ROMANTIC WRITERS

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

“ONE must have lived in Germany,” says Heine, “to understand the popularity of song and of poetry, and the close connection that exists between the two.”

This connection is a singular characteristic of Germanic thought, which ever attempts to interblend the various realms of life. The French mind, which insists on being clear-sighted, analyses, separates and distinguishes *genres*; and never were they more separated than in the classics, where this mind was clearest and most logical. On the other hand, when we say that the German tongue is synthetical, we state a form of the German mind whose analogue is seen in all its intellectual manifestations. The poets are all dramatists and novelists. The painters are moralists in colour. The moralists are metaphysicians. Integral art—the blend of all the arts—is the latent theory of all artists: Wagner, far from being a precursor, is but a culmination. There is a strange work, “*Die Ruinen am Rhein*,” written by Nicolas Vogt at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In it the author states that he is depicting the struggle between Christianity and paganism, by combining the legends of Don Juan and Faust. For this purpose, he has recourse to various arts: he introduces pictures by Raphael and Michelangelo, music by Mozart and Haydn, while the play finishes with the final chorus from *The Creation*.

The reason why music, more frequently than other arts, comes into literature, is because it is a “national cult,” as Wagner clearly proved. Not that the Germans appreciate it any better than we do, and, as Jean-Christophe says, “Even in Germany, no longer are there many true musicians”; rather is it that this cult stands out as an age-long institution. Not only were emperors and princes the patrons of orchestras, they themselves even composed. Ferdinand III (1637), who brought Italian opera into Vienna, composed arias. Leopold I (1658) left behind him seventy-nine religious works and one hundred and fifty-five arias. Of Frederick II we have sonatas and concertos for the flute, various airs, and the overture to the *Re pastore* (1747). Archduke Rudolph, Beethoven’s friend, wrote a variation on Diabelli’s waltz-theme.

Princess Amelia of Prussia and almost all the members of the family of Saxony composed airs, marches and overtures. Readers of the Memoirs of Berlioz will remember that the prince of Hohen-zollern-Hechingen sang his own *lieder* to the composer who was his guest. Even Kaiser Wilhelm II felt bound to parody the tradition by publishing as his own the *Hymn to Egeria* and causing to be published by Rochus von Liliencron collections of popular or folk-songs, one of which, "Alte und neue Lieder" (1916), was specially dispatched to the soldiers in the trenches.

In his "Intellectual and Social Currents of the Nineteenth Century," Ziegler indicates the place that music occupies in German life. All Germanic educationists have taken it into account: whereas Montaigne looks upon music as a game, Fénelon bans it and Rollin eliminates singing. Luther sets music on the same plane as mathematics, and is himself followed by Sturm, Ratich, Camenius, Basedow, Wolke and Pestalozzi. In cultured conversation, music becomes an endless subject of controversy. On one occasion, the relation between music and poetry was being discussed before Henriette Feuerbach, the theologian's sister. One of those present maintained that both arts are of equal importance; another that poetry is superior to music. Whereupon Henriette remarked: "I claim that music is greater than all other arts; it alone does not need thought to serve as its medium; it acts on the sensibility, which is nearer to our inmost self than is the intellect; it is spirit speaking direct to spirit." This doctrine, which echoes the musical explanation of the universe by the mid-century metaphysicians, springs from the theories of the romantics, who were the first to codify, though without rigidity, the far-reaching aspirations of German thought.

THEORY

Kant had just declared the generality of the categories and their necessity. Fichte went farther and regarded nature as the property of reason, the self as the creator of the universe. Then come the Romantics, who empty this doctrine of its reasonable content and put intuition in its place. They confer on the self the arbitrariness of genius; the true creative self they look upon as the artistic self which acknowledges no shackles. Hence their conception of science, over which miracle and magic hold sovereign sway. Hence their poetics, where rule is the absence of rule, and form is the absence of form. Hence their morality, which consists in having none at all. Their sensibilities become irritated,

and their very destinies depart from the common path. The ideal life to which they aspire comes into conflict with real life, to escape from which they appeal to religion: all these protestants become converted *en masse*. Religion, however, will never be anything more to them than one aspect of art; they despise the Reformation as being "inæsthetic," and the reason why Wackenroder shows favour towards Luther is because the latter was fond of music. They look upon music and religion as synonymous. "Religion," says Schleiermacher, "is holy music accompanying human actions, and music is a religion."

After his journey to Italy, Goethe said: "Let each man be Greek in his own way, but let him be Greek." From the outset, Friedrich von Schlegel opposes, though vaguely, this plastic ideal. It is Jean Paul who, in his 'Introduction to Æsthetics' (1804), in the chapter dealing with romantic poetry, best expresses the antagonism between the two views. He calls the modern ideal a *poetical-pictural-musical* ideal. "I am not simply making a comparison," he adds, "when I say that romanticism is the undulating vibration of a string or a bell, whose sound waves retreat into ever more distant spaces and are finally lost within ourselves: though mute without, they yet echo within our inmost soul." This pathos signifies that the very essence of romantic poetry is impossible of expression; that music is the only art capable of interpreting it. Jean Paul also explains in "Hesperus" that in the human heart lurks a powerful though indefinable longing for communion with nature, "and this longing desire, to which nothing could give a name, consists of our strings and sounds which express it to the mind of man." In his "Disciples at Sais" Novalis asserts that "no one will understand nature unless he possesses an organ of nature, an internal instrument producing and setting bounds to nature, unless he recognises or discerns nature, as of himself, everywhere and in all things; unless so to speak he blends with her, with the innate joy of the creator, in a close and diverse relationship with all bodies, by the method of feeling." This is somewhat ambiguously saying that there is no knowledge except by intuition. About the same time, Beethoven, in whom there was nothing intellectual, said (through the mouth of Bettina) that music is a loftier revelation than any philosophy. Thus it is not a matter of reasoning but of vibrating in close sympathy, and it is in the realm of music that this sympathy finds its fullest expansion.

If the plastic art expresses the body, music expresses the soul. If the one expresses appearance, the other expresses essence. If the one expresses clear consciousness, the other expresses the

subconscious. Thus does Hoffmann explain why music could not develop like the other arts in Greece, where everything contributed to sense representation: music was to be the appanage of modern times.

The first and crudest nucleus of music, in which lay hidden the sacred secret, accessible to the Christian world alone, in the ancient world could have only the function most peculiar to it: that of being used for religious worship, seeing that, even in the most primitive times, nothing but such dramas represented the sufferings or the joys of a God. . . . No art needs such purely spiritual, such ethereal means, as does music. Foreknowledge of the sublime and the sacred, of spiritual power, which gives all nature the spark of life, manifests itself as audible in sound, and so music and song become the expression of being in its greatest fullness—praise of the creator.

In romantic literature this philosophy assumes various concrete forms.

First, there are a certain number of ancient themes which the writers of the group revive by giving them a symbolical meaning. These themes are those of magic. Combariau has already shown the original close connection between song and magic, and everybody is acquainted with the social and the linguistic relations between *carmen* and *charm*, between *chant* and *enchant*. It is a song that heals the wound of Ulysses. Songs inspire love; they change the course of natural phenomena, bring about rain and fine weather, incantations, spells, formulas and key-words. The type of the musician-magician is Orpheus, whom India names Krishna Govinda, and Finland *Wainomoinen*. The legend of the poet Arion, who saves his life by playing on the lute, proves straightway attractive to Tieck, to Brentano and to A. W. Schlegel, just as the legend of Atlantis and the poor singer appeals to Novalis in "Heinrich von Ofterdingen." The rat-catcher of Hamelin, with his magic flute, appears in Tieck, Heine's Lorelei is but the youngest of many romantic sirens, as is the Lorelei of Brentano or that of Eichendorff. It is also Hoffmann who, at the end of the "Kreisleriana," uses the legend of the Dutch Bluebeard, Sire Halewyne, who entices women to their destruction by his songs. This machinery even assumes a comic form in the rationalists: in Wieland's "Oberon" a peculiar blast of the horn possessed by Huon de Bordeaux sets dancing all the very grave characters who are opposed to the marriage of the hero with the Sultan's daughter; the humorous effect is repeated again and again, and Weber takes full advantage of it.

This supernatural power of music, however, is for the romantics something more than a purely literary theme; it is an explanation of the world, a *Weltanschauung*. In order to express it, they mainly have recourse to the fantastic. In "Musical Joys and Sufferings," a story by Tieck, an Italian and his wife, operatic singers, gradually become mad and sing to a concert-hall that is empty, though filled with spirits and ghosts who do not object to discords. When Hoffmann, Tieck or Wackenroder creates a musician-type, he gives it a satanic aspect with flaming eyes, and passes it off as the devil. Hoffmann imagines musical automata, terrifying to the profane, because they are the exact imitation of life, and to musicians as well, because "music is here destroyed by music." Singing or speaking animals abound; we have Hoffmann's cat Murr and dog Berganza, Tieck's magic bird (*Der blonde Eckbert*), Puss in Boots, and the Ogre in the Enchanted Forest. The vegetable and mineral worlds are also introduced: there are trees that make music with their branches, stones that sing, such as the three tombs of the drowned knights who, in Brentano's "Ballad," gently murmur *Lore lay*. And we have Siegfried, who understands the language of birds.

These irregular flights of imagination aim only at expressing the essence of nature. Nature is regarded by them as a mighty creative power, manifesting itself far less by forms and colours than by noises and sounds which interpret the illusion of its inner life. It is peopled with airy elves, with watery nixes, with forest dwarfs, all invisible singers. These creations have a profound meaning, originally at all events, and it is only gradually that they become artificial accessories of the poetical bric-à-brac. The romantics attempt to resemble the child who wonders at the fact that a column of vibrating air produces a sound, whereas a Goethe tries to find out the cause. Continually do they show us nature interpreted by two opposing spirits; the enthusiast, for whom it sings, and the rationalist, for whom it is but chaos: Hoffmann's Klein Zaches or Tieck's Prince Zerbino; and Goethe makes jest of them in his "Triumph of the Sensibility." They set up relations of imagination and emotion, though not of logic, between music and the world of sense; the former appearing to them as an immediate expression of the latter.

But as that is mere feeling, and not an idea, we imagine it to be very difficult of expression. Consequently they are compelled to have recourse to comparisons and symbols. In order to describe the mental condition of his Sternbald, Tieck (1798) compares it to "ever fresh waves, a melody continually repeated in

ever new modulations." The stories of Memnon and of Mausolus assume a new meaning. "It was the middle of autumn," relates Hoffmann. "For some time I had been living in East Prussia. During the calm windless nights, I distinctly heard sustained sounds which appeared to come, now from some muffled organ-pipe, now from the bell of a church steeple. Frequently could I recognise the *contra-fa* accompanied by its fifth, *C*. There would often be added the diminished third, *E flat*, and this doleful chord of the seventh filled my heart with horror and sadness." In "Die Automate" and in "The Cat Murr" he describes an atmospheric harp, which responds not to the wind but to atmospheric vibrations, an obscure symbol of the sound life of nature. Wuz, Jean Paul's little schoolmaster, feels his heart expand as the birds sing in concert, and on returning home his thoughts dance to the sound of the music of the spheres. All the characters in the other novels of Jean Paul dream of distant sounds: Gustave of the "Invisible Lodge," Victor of "Hesperus," Fixlein of "Siebenkäs," Walt of the "Flegeljahre," who invokes the nightingales, and his brother Vult who runs away from his father's home to become a vagrant flute-player, and Albano, and Liane of "Titan," who exclaim: "O music! . . . art thou the dusk of this life or the dawn of the next?" When Hoffmann read the "Dream of Scipio" for the first time, his ears were humming with music. The world of sounds frees one from reality.

The taste for opera and song, which was very pronounced about 1800, explains the love that was felt for the human voice; indeed, the musical predilections of most of these romantics stop there. They are not, however, indifferent to instruments; of these they make use in almost all their stories. This is what distinguishes them most clearly from the French romantics, who never dreamed of subordinating art and philosophy to music. Their only concession is that they love the voice, or rather the cantatrice. They take the human person into consideration. The Germans take sound into consideration; they say over and over again that music holds a place apart, that it is mysterious because it possesses an "obscure and indescribable" element, sound. Accordingly, true music, to the most musical of the romantics, is to be found in instruments. Wackenroder writes a special chapter on "the psychical lesson of contemporary instrumental music." He proves that instruments add to a simple melody "rich and magnificent poetry," unknown even to the composer himself. In the "Kreisleriana" Hoffmann devotes many pages to Beethoven's instrumental music: he prefers the sounds of strings, "which have a richer life

than those of woods; one feels them born, grow and die." In "Die Automate" he taxes his ingenuity to invent new instruments: the orchestrion (a kind of organ), the glass harmonica, the harmoniconde,¹ without counting the atmospheric harp; and Kreisler brings about a revival of old instruments, such as the sea-trumpet, the viola d'amore, and the viola da gamba.

Still, these musical impressions, whether coming from nature, from the human voice, or from instruments, will remain a blank to whoever is without love. This is a new way of saying that music speaks to the heart before it speaks to the mind. To these romantics, the joys of music and of love are analogous and parallel aspects of the emotional life. "All is music," says Fr. Schlegel in "Lucinde," "when we look upon everything with the eyes of love." Wilhelm Schlegel even more pointedly remarks: "Music is the art of love." And Tieck has the following famous lines:

Liebe denkt in süßen Tönen,
Denn Gedanken stehn zu fern,
Nur in Tönen mag sie gern
Alles, was sie will, verschönen.

(Love ever thinks in tender tones,
For thoughts are all too far away,
And 'tis in tone he cares alone
To beautify whate'er he may.)

One postulate of this school is that the mere sight of the fair beloved evokes music. Wagner states: "I cannot apprehend music otherwise than in love." Goethe in his old age is himself won over, as he speaks in 1823 at Marienbad of "the dual bliss of sounds and love."

In a word, this is simply stating that music can be understood only by one who loves, that the science of harmony and counterpoint is of but little worth if one is drawn to music by something other than intellectual curiosity. No more than love the passion is the love of music a product of the will or the reason. In his "Musical Joys" Tieck gives a detailed picture of various music lovers: first, the profane, who frankly acknowledges himself incompetent; then the convinced enthusiast, who attempts to create within himself a musical emotion, not only by reason, but by unruly movements of arms, legs and head; then the good young man who studies music because it is indispensable for a good education. If this latter is not fond of music, he endures real

¹This instrument was really invented by Fr. Kaufmann in 1808, for whom Weber in 1811 wrote an adagio and a rondo with orchestral accompaniment. Hoffmann was himself a worthy performer on piano, violin and harp.

suffering: he finds the organ nerve-racking and the chorales repulsive in their humility; if he learns the violin, the instrument gets out of order, the chin-rest springs off, each *morceau* is to him but the arbitrary collection of the letters of a truncated alphabet.¹ Measure? a prejudice! tonality? a farce! yet he scrapes away till he dies. And there are yet others who suffer from loving music too well; they expect of it what they have the right to exact, "access to higher realms," but they find in most composers nothing but virtuosity, a striving after effect, "the rope-dancer's art." To appreciate music, concludes Tieck, one must be either very learned, or, better still—as was his own case—one must know nothing, for half-knowledge is the perdition of taste. But those who know nothing will possess *enthusiasm*.²

The romantics look upon the poet as more capable of this enthusiasm than any other man. All the same, he expresses himself in words, not in notes. Is there any way of bringing the musical element into words? They think so. The cloudy mind of Werner in 1803 thus explained the relations between music and poetry:

Music is the loftiest of all arts because it makes no appeal to the understanding, and sets you, so to speak, in immediate touch with the universe; for this reason I will define its essence in a few words: it endeavours to convert poetry into music.

If this has any meaning at all, it is that poetry will attempt to call forth in the listener impressions similar to those produced by music; it will be neither didactic nor descriptive; it will create mental states, as indeed is the case with the poetry of Eichendorff and Novalis. "There is," says Eichendorff in a short poem, "a song which slumbers in all things that dream endlessly, and the world will begin to sing, if thou findest the key-word." This key-word Hölderlin thought he had discovered, long before Arthur Rimbaud, in vowel sounds. "I was brought up," he said, "in consonances." One method he frequently employed consists in suggesting a mental state simply by the name of a hero: he creates the names Adamas, Hyperion, Bellarmin, Alabanda; the combination of these clear syllables evokes the very aspect of the character, and, to some extent, his psychology. This purely musical process

¹Allusion to the Germanic system of notation in which the notes are indicated by letters.

²For Bettina, music is synonymous with *electricity*: "Music," she says, "is the transfiguration of the sense nature; it is the electric field whereon the mind lives, thinks, creates. . . . I am of an electric nature, and electricity drives the mind to seething musical creation." Her brother, Clemens Brentano, thus characterised Bettina: "She is like a sonorous sun which resounds in all directions and gathers to its heart all kinds of echo voices."

has been very successful. We find it in the authors of sombre dramas (*Schicksalstragödien*), full of such dull short names as Holm, Hort, Horst. Carried to the point of caricature by Raabe (about 1860) who invented Frau von Flote, Schlapupp or Ulebeule, it appears in Belgium in the Aglavaine, the Tintagiles and the Sélysette of Maeterlinck.

Sound has its part to play in the work of Eichendorff—the remark is valid for all German poets; he is so fond of twilight and evening calm that he produces endless vowels with muffled timbres. He, too, regards sensations as having mutual correspondences: “Are not colours sounds, and sounds coloured vibrations?” he says in “Sehnsucht.” The sights of nature, the seasons, the hours of the day, are far less spectacles than scattered sounds.¹ They help to soothe his grief as a sorrowing father (*Auf meines Kindes Tod*). The morning is marked by the rustling of leaves and the traveller’s song. At noon we have the absence of sound, the muffled tread of eternal passions. Evening is the humming of a dreaming earth. Night is the far-away plaint of springs and forests. (*Der Morgen. Mittagsgruss. Der Abend. Die Nacht. Nachtgruss. Nachtzauber.*) Spring is made of larks and songs, as winter is made of farewell melodies.

Thus is built up the artistic empire wherein all the arts are combined in a musical hegemony. In the “Athenæum” Wilhelm Schlegel proposes “to afford mutual sustenance for the arts and find a transition from one to the other. Columns may break out and develop into pictures, pictures into poems, poems into music and—who knows?—majestic religious music appears to rise in the air like a temple.” He it was who invented the phrase afterwards so often repeated: Architecture is frozen music. His brother Friedrich remarks that “in the works of the greatest poets we are often conscious of an alien art,” and that “Michelangelo paints, in a sense, like a sculptor, Raphael like an architect, Correggio like a musician.” It may be that here we have more words than ideas; the one outstanding thought being that the arts, stripped of their specific characteristics, have processes in common, that there is such a thing as artistic unity. At the time, it was essential that this should be stated.

The romantics, however, misjudged the specific characteristics of each art. Friedrich von Schlegel continues as follows: “Poetry is music for the interior ear and painting for the interior eye: muffled music, stumped painting.” This is mere playing with words. Tieck goes even farther in his “World upside down,”

¹Weber (the musician) expressed the same idea in an unfinished novel.

where we listen to a "symphony of words," and the various instruments speak as follows:

Indeed? So it is neither permissible nor possible to think in sounds and to produce music in words and thoughts? Oh! To what depths of poverty would the arts of language and music be reduced! Have you no thoughts of so delicate and spiritual a nature that in despair they take refuge in music, therein to find peace and quiet? Does it not frequently happen that time spent in day-dreams leaves in its train nothing but a dull buzzing drone which only later quickens into melody? Ah, good folk, most things in life are more intimately connected than you imagine.¹

TIECK

Tieck is an ironist; he represents the average romantic, who is more skilled in speech than in feeling. When music has to be appreciated instead of being extolled to the skies, his theory does not help him in the slightest. If he proclaims a new ideal, the century in which he lives ever holds him back. Tieck, whose life was calm and prolonged to old age, in his "Musical Joys and Sufferings" delivered judgments which adequately represent the musical tastes of his cultured contemporaries. It is easy to see that, though his theories are occasionally novel, his taste is disappointingly conservative.

He introduces to us one of the profane, and explains how his musical education was effected. It began by understanding simple little *lieder* easily memorised, those of Schulz, for instance, which—and here comes the intellectual aspect—"so clearly depict a blue sky, green landscapes, light forms and pleasant feelings." He is repelled by the great composers, especially by dramatic music, with the exception of an occasional "little melody" which charms the ear. "Even one who is most hard of hearing learns in time to sense little melodies, though great symphonic poems remain incomprehensible to him."

Afterwards he deals with Mozart's *Don Giovanni*: "From the very overture, it was as though a mist were being dispelled from mine eyes. . . . As the music proceeded, the composer's intentions seemed to me quite clear. The elevation of mind, the endless harmony of sound, the witchery of the marvellous, the multiplicity of discords, which yet blend into one ordered whole, the profound expression of feeling, the appalling and the bizarre, effrontery and loveliness, gaiety and tragedy—everything that makes this work

¹Certain contemporary art-groupings attempt to create this aestheticism: "A work of art should satisfy all the Muses; this is what I call the 'proof by 9'." (Jean Cocteau, *Le Coq et l'Arlequin*.)

unique of its kind, passed through my ears into my very soul." Then he lavishes praise upon "the grand style of Gluck—his noble rhetoric—his profundity of soul." He smiles pleasantly upon Paisiello, Martini and Cimarosa, and begins a panegyric of Bach, "in whose admirable genius actually dwelt perhaps the entire evolution of future music," the man who "knew and could do everything, whose works I could scarcely compare to anything else than those old and precious German cathedrals wherein blend together, in a sublime necessity, grace and love and gravity, the complex and the charming, and which in their majesty represent, in the most tangible fashion, an image of eternal and inexhaustible might." Finally, he goes on to the religious music "of the noble Palestrina," of Durante, of Pergolesi, to the *Requiem* of Jomelli and the *Miserere* of Allegri.¹

All these musicians had long been appreciated by the public. The profane sagely repeat what they have heard others say. About this time there was one musician who was approaching the end of his career; Tieck's story was written in 1824, and Beethoven died three years afterwards. Though Tieck regards Beethoven as a sublime genius, he reproaches him for being too stuffily concise, for having too many ideas, for not giving the listener time to relish a theme fully. "Beethoven imagines he can never introduce enough new ideas. This is why he so seldom allows any one of them to develop quietly for our more perfect joy; scarcely have we heard the first than he carries us off to a second and a third idea, thus frequently himself destroying his finest effects." At bottom, Tieck is placid and grave; his irony, when he exhibits it, is pure philosophy. He gives us a picture of himself when he says: "I detest men who, experiencing nothing themselves, get overheated about anything. Even more than in art do they disconcert me in the presence of nature, which all the same rouses tranquil reflection, pleasant day-dreaming, or, it may be, a fleeting enthusiasm and quiet content, almost invariably filling the mind with an intuitive repose wherein passivity and creative action blend into one."

Pleasant day-dreaming, intuitive repose—such are not the gifts of Beethoven; consequently, Tieck prefers the human voice singing a simple song. As in Rousseau and other philosophers, Tieck gives us dissertations on singing, on the best way to use the voice; a parallel between the player and the singer recalls Diderot's "Paradox"; a violent attack upon "exaggerated accents" comes direct from the "Nouvelle Héloïse." His ideal is the folk-song,

¹In the second part of "Phantassus" (1812-1816) he was already rejecting the whole of modern church music, retaining only the old Italians.

that in which the melody is the same for every verse and "where you do not branch off into distant and far-fetched tonalities." Tieck cannot forgive Beethoven for having ill-treated the voice; he thinks Reichardt is greater—though not Rossini. He grants that Rossini has talent and melody, but reproaches him for being arbitrary and indifferent to rules. He is fairly right to emphasise the fact that Rossini's music is indifferent as regards dramatic characters,¹ and concludes: "The songs are for the most part melodious, and even easy of interpretation by present-day singers, but he also frequently writes, as do many others, as though for instruments, and if his success still endures for any length of time (this was in 1824), he will have contributed to the utter ruin of singers and of the fine and noble playing of instruments, because he treats everything with such paltry meanness." He prefers Paisiello's 'Barber' to Rossini's, because it is more dramatic, and he gives the Italian, who undertakes Rossini's defence in the story, a grotesque part to play. In France, about the same time, Berton and d'Ortigne were equally subtle when the one reproached Rossini for being "mechanical," and the other reproached him for being "artificial."

Indeed, Tieck cannot admit that instruments should interfere with the voice. True music is that cultivated by Zelter at the Berlin Academy of Singing. Admire the audacity of Spontini who, ever since *Fernand Cortez*, "would have us regard as music the crash of instruments, strident voices, bawling and wild tumult." Mozart and Händel used quite sufficient—if not too many—instruments. (Tieck is astounded at listening to the *Marriage of Figaro* played with twice the number of violins appointed by the composer.) At all events, Händel and Mozart succeeded in retaining a certain degree of tranquillity in their music, whereas "this indefatigable frenzy of the modern orchestra, instead of appealing to the emotions, deafens, terrifies and tires one."

But Tieck is cruelly embarrassed concerning Weber, whom he loves for having composed "romantic operas." Still, does not the scene of the casting of the balls in *Der Freischütz* fully illustrate this wild crash indulged in by the moderns? To escape the difficulty, Tieck immediately sets up an orchestral conductor who naively explains that "while this scene, which pleases the masses, really may overstep the limits of music (!), it is nevertheless quite full of excellent things, of genuine singing, of novelty and genius; above all, it is strictly German, in the best sense of the

¹Weber brought the same reproach against Rossini. And Tieck was Weber's friend.

word." And, pleased with the diversion, he ends by praising the national music: "Mozart, Gluck, Bach, Händel and Haydn are true Germans, and their compositions, quite the reverse of the Italian ones, are truly German." Nationalism has ever proved the salvation of an embarrassed musical critic.

Tieck's judgments fairly well represent the average opinion of the romantics. They prove that the most seductive theories are worthless when we are dealing with the appreciation—not the celebration—of music. An academic password does not create a taste. Besides, Tieck was far more disposed to appreciate painting; he was fond of conversing with such painters as Runge and Maler Müller. His most famous hero, Sternbald, is represented as a pupil of Dürer. He feels quite at ease in such a story as "Die Gemälde" (The Pictures).

Men like Tieck or the Schlegels, prudent and lymphatic, are chamber theorists who, as frequently happens, live on their theories instead of making the theories live. Not in them, but in such true and sensitive writers as Wackenroder and Hoffmann, do we find the romantic ideal realised.

WACKENRODER

Wackenroder, who died of nervous shock at the age of twenty-five, is the only one who strongly defined, because he strongly felt, the rôle of intuition in artistic creation. "Whoever tries, with the magic wand of a functioning reason, to find that which is felt only within the soul, will never discover anything but ideas on feelings, not feeling itself." We do not know what a tree is, nor a meadow, nor a rock, but in the heart of man there is a "mysterious sympathy" regarding them, creating within us "feelings or mental states" which the "most carefully thought-out words" are unable to express, and which, all the same, cause us to understand them. These feelings or states find their reflection in art: nature expresses a divine thought, art a human thought which endeavours to unite with its divine sister. Here we catch a glimpse of the origin of that "redemption by art" subsequently obscured by Wagnerian verbosity. Wackenroder applies it to the concrete: many pictures representing the Passion of Christ, or the Life of Our Lady, or the Lives of the Saints, have, by his own confession, more thoroughly purified his soul and filled it with more virtuous inclinations than could have been effected by systems of ethics or books of pious admonition.

Confronted with music, this idea-feeling produces the "Wonderful Oriental Story of the Nude Saint." This hermit, dwelling in the lonely mountains of a distant land, one day awakes with the incessant noise of the Wheel of Time beating upon his ears. This noise will not give him a moment's peace. Humility is succeeded by fury. As those who visit him do not experience the same torture, he threatens and sometimes kills them. All active life becomes impossible for him; he gropes and feels his way; he summons to his aid something unknown; he is like a shipwrecked mariner carried away by the tempest. One summer evening, beneath a starlit sky, two lovers pass in a boat close to the hermit's refuge. Music is heard in the air, and suddenly the charm fades away. The Wheel of Time halts. The Saint feels his human form dissolving in the sky, lose itself in the stars. Thus does the daily round of life daze us with its perpetual roar; it makes us evil, until finally music, inseparable from love, sets us free and transports us into higher realms.

In order to express more intimate thoughts on music, Wackenroder created a musician-type, Berglinger, his artistic confessor. Berglinger is depicted in the "Fancies on Art" as the son of a doctor who was both sensitive and beneficent, to whom everything is for the best in the best of worlds: a type abhorred by romanticism. The choice of the doctor's profession has here the same symbolical value as the photographer's for Hjalmar in "The Wild Duck." Life, thinks Wackenroder, is a perpetual striving towards something better; the doctor helps people to live, he restores tottering nature, but he does not transcend it. Religious songs reveal music to his son; but all the time the latter, wholly engrossed in his feelings, is just as fond of dance music. The musical form is of slight consequence to him, provided that it always offers "that continuous blend of joy and sorrow, smiles and tears," which represents the rapid fluctuations of the inner life. Unfortunately, the musician comes into conflict with paternal hostility; he endeavours to interest himself in medicine, but "he sometimes read over and over again the same page without understanding what he was reading; his soul was incessantly singing melodies to him."

A few years later, there was to be born in France a musician of a similar type to Berglinger. Both were doctors' sons and, destined for the same profession, rebels against paternal authority and attracted by music. Like Berlioz, Berglinger rushes off to the theatre; he braves the most inclement weather so that he may be present at the concerts in the neighbouring town. And Wacken-

roder is so genuine a musician that he puts into his hero's mouth phrases that might have been borrowed from the (exactly contemporaneous) correspondence of Beethoven: Berglinger is filled with disgust for this vulgar world, but he discerns within himself a power which raises him above this reality; he is conscious of being one of the "elect." Beethoven, too, wrote to Neeffe that he hoped to become a great man; and as, in the Heiligenstadt Testament, he refuses to leave this world before having realised everything for which he felt that he had been born, so Berglinger hears a voice which exclaims: "Thou wert born for a noble and lofty destiny." Conscious that he had been "placed in the world by God to become a superior musician," he runs away from his father's house. The tragedy of his artistic life consists of the constant and painful clash between vulgar reality and inborn enthusiasm. Like the Nude Saint, he discovers in the universe nothing but a mighty force devoid of melody, but music is a breath which sweeps away "the dust of a prosaic life," which makes the soul purer and nobler. "He awaited the first sound of the instruments; the might of sound passed above his head,—and he seemed to be transported into a heaven of light." But he is again caught up in the whirl of everyday life. He rebels against rules and regulations which prevent him from soaring aloft. Learn, says reason; Feel, says that vague something which turns "the abode of music into the abode of faith." He gives concerts; the public who attend them fill him with disgust. He cannot endure his confrères: everywhere is envy and hatred. Just as Jean-Christophe wrote his article: "Too much music," so Berglinger thunders forth: "The imbecile mania for operetta shown by the people of Berlin seems to find fresh nourishment as time goes on, as though it had not yet reached its limit. Once this is reached, there must inevitably be a revolution, otherwise we shall be as barbarous in art as are the Laplanders." He emerges, however, from this state of abjection, with the fortifying suggestion that "it is art that we must love, not the artist, who is but a feeble tool." He understands that the artist writes only for himself and perhaps for one or two neglected and far-away individuals who will discover in his melodies all that he wished to put into them.¹ And, as though Wackenroder were aware that his own end was near, he causes Berglinger to die of a nervous disorder, a sacrifice to his last composition—an admirable oratorio on the Passion.

¹"Who could know whether the *lieder* of Jean-Christophe had not been treasured in the hearts of some good folk, away in the provinces and too timid or too tired to tell him?" (Jean-Christophe: La "Révolte.")

The literary standing of Wackenroder in the group of the romantics is not very high, though musically he is in the first rank. Superior to Novalis in cleverness of vision and to Tieck in profundity of feeling, he might have become an all-round artist after the fashion of Hoffmann, had he not been cut off at so early an age.

E. T. A. HOFFMANN

Hoffmann is unique in the world of art. We speak of the universality of a Goethe, and rightly so, if to be universal means to be interested in everything. Hoffmann, however, equally gifted in literature, in music, and in painting, proved himself a creator in each of these domains. The reason why he was so long ignored, is that Goethe would have it so; in a docile Germany the poet's disdainful judgment to no slight degree contributed to keep Hoffmann in the background.

"No one reads him sufficiently," is the violent retort of the Kollege Crampton of Hauptmann. In France, Musset, Nodier and Nerval had discovered him sooner, though but partially; they scarcely regarded him as anything but the author of the "Fantastical Tales." Now, his fantasticalness is but one aspect of his genius, and this genius, as Champfleury remarked, is essentially musical. "Music is the mysterious essence of nature expressed in sounds; through it alone can be understood the divine singing of trees, of flowers, of animals, of stones, and of waters." But as he had at his disposal pen, brush, and orchestra, he frequently hesitated—and this constituted his weakness—as to which means of expression he should employ: "A motley world, filled with magic apparitions," he writes in 1804, "flames and whirls around me. . . . An artistic work, whatever it be, must emerge from the chaos. Will it be a book—an opera—a picture?—*quod diis placebit*."¹

His musical biography is somewhat curious. Born in 1776 in a family of jurists, he begins by adding to his other names that of Amadeus, from love of Mozart. His father was a musician, as also was one of his uncles, a somewhat odd character. An aunt of his had a pleasant voice and played the lute. At Königsberg, his native town, he attends the classes at the University, where he gives proof of extraordinary talent as a caricaturist, a musical improviser and a popular teacher of music. He begins his legal career at Glogau, continuing it at Berlin and Posen. It is in this latter town that he seriously takes up music and composes a

¹See his *Private Diary* (Oct., 1803): "Was I born to be a painter or a musician?" And in a letter to a friend (February, 1804): "Have I the stuff that makes a painter or a musician?"

"religious overture." On the complaint of certain important functionaries whom he had too wittily caricatured, he is exiled to the lonely banks of the Vistula. A few literary productions, including an attack on Schiller's "Bride of Messina," follow, along with religious choruses composed for neighbouring monasteries, some sonatas, and a trio after the style of Haydn. Restored to favour, he settles in Warsaw, where he can read the writings of the early romantics, and straightway composes music for Brentano's "Gay Musicians," under the inspiration of Mozart, an opera, *The Intruders*, and a ballet, *Arlequin*, all of which have disappeared. Of this period there remains only the stage music for Werner's drama, "The Cross of the North Sea," a symphony, a mass, and an opera—subsequently finished, though it remained unpublished—*Love and Jealousy*, after Calderon.

At this time, Hoffmann was also tenor in the choir of the Bernardines and orchestral conductor of the Musical Society where, in 1806, he gave not only Mozart, Gluck, Haydn and Cherubini, but also a Beethoven symphony. It was then, too, that he decorated the ceiling and the frieze of the concert-hall. Expelled by the French in 1806, and so unable to exercise the legal profession, he definitely adopts a musical career. He becomes musical director at the Bamberg theatre, gives singing lessons, composes a new opera, *The Elixir of Immortality*, and congratulates himself on his change of career. Then he conceives the idea of uniting music and literature. His *Requiem* opens for him the pages of the musical journal edited by Rochlitz, who publishes "The Knight Gluck" (a fantastic piece), then "Don Juan," "The Pause," "Counsellor Crespel" (or "The Cremona Violin"). Then he takes up criticism and analyses most of Beethoven's works with a penetration of judgment which has never been surpassed. Beethoven, who professed to despise all critics, sent him in 1820 a letter of thanks and admiration: Hoffmann alone of his contemporaries understood the musician as he wished to be understood. He redoubles his musical activity: a new opera, *Julius Sabinus*, stage music, two sonatas for piano, a quintet, a *Miserere*, and various other pieces. He is Integral Art personified; for his theatre he is composer, decorator and architect, while finding time to adorn with frescoes the villas of his friends. About this time, he conceives his masterpiece, the opera *Undine*.

Undine was given in 1816, the author having painted the scenery. Weber wrote a eulogistic article upon it, but the theatre was burnt down—a fantastic and comical account of the fire was given by Hoffmann in a letter to Adolf Wagner, Richard's uncle

—and the lost score was discovered only ninety years afterwards. In 1906 Pfitzner produced a pianoforte version of it. Like Hoffmann's criticisms, the music is personal, the orchestral colouring is novel and reminiscent of Weber (wood instruments in the bass register blending with the *pianissimo* of 'cellos and brasses), while several pages show a subtle tendency to express such complex feelings as irony or scorn. After this opera, literary activity is again in the ascendant. All the same, he still interests himself in music: he supports Spontini, translates his *Olympia* into German—the original text being in French—and comments on the work in a remarkable criticism containing, as regards the history of the opera, ideas which Wagner subsequently used. The relations between Spontini and Weber were somewhat strained; Hoffmann seems to have been on the side of the former, though more closely connected with the latter since 1811. All the same, a criticism of *Der Freischütz* which he published hurt Weber profoundly. Hoffmann died in 1822. On his tomb were engraved the following words, in token of the many-sided character of his life: "Counsellor of the Court of Appeal. Remarkable as a civil officer, a poet, a composer, and a painter."

To give expression to his musical ideas, Hoffmann, like Wackenroder, invented a musician who is both his spokesman, his double, and a fantastic apparition: Johannes Kreisler. He is the hero of the "Cat Murr," of the "Kreisleriana" (or "Memorable Words and Writings of Kreisler"), of most of the "Fantasies"; with his name are signed numerous articles by Hoffmann in the "Musical Gazette" of Leipzig. He was also to have been the hero of "Lucid Hours of a Mad Musician," a work of which Hoffmann left only an outline. It is he who inspired Schumann's "Kreisleriana" (Op. 16), and incited Brahms to sign his first manuscripts with the name of "Johannes Kreisler, junior." Johannes was a name they had in common. In the "Cat Murr" Kreisler finds fault with his own name: Kreisler is the same word as Kräusler, or the Wiggler, the one who produces the lively sounds at a serpentine dance, like the three gold-green serpents of the *Golden Vase*; in Kreisler also there is *Kreis*, the circle, and Kreisler is he who turns round and round, the one afflicted with St. Vitus's dance (it is known that Hoffmann died of an affection of the spinal column).

Thus Kreisler is a sort of madman, which means that he is the only truly reasonable man among all his dense fellow-citizens; he is the only one who truly loves music, though he is regarded by them as "the Enemy of music." His madness is of the kind with which poets were affected, according to the Greeks. He is the

inspired romantic "with burning imagination," upon whom music exercises an almost fatal influence; a satanic Berglinger.

He was said to resemble Beethoven, whom the Viennese looked upon as mad. But reality and phantasy blend naturally in the mind of Hoffmann. "I should like," he says in the "Sand Man," "people to understand this: there is nothing so fantastic, so absurd or so mad as real life, which the poet, an imperfect mirror, simply reflects, though thinned down and blurred, far away, as it were." No one knows whence Kreisler comes, and one fine day he disappears with a couple of hats on his head and drawing-pens—by way of daggers—in his girdle (*Kreisleriana*). At times he springs out of a bush and fills peaceful maidens with terror ('The Cat Murr'). His countenance changes expression with disconcerting rapidity, his gentle melodious voice suddenly becomes coarse and snappish. On other occasions, he appears absent-minded, suffering Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven to be abused in his presence, and Pucitta, Pavesi and Fioravanti to be lauded to the skies. When quite young, he read "The Confessions" and, like Rousseau, wished to compose an *opera seria* in bed, though he succeeded only in setting fire to his curtains. He learned to play the organ on a new instrument, specially constructed for him (as subsequently happened to Verdi), one that was of extraordinary sonority. His first lesson on the piano-forte marks the conflict between his genius and ordinary routine. Like Hoffmann, he becomes an orchestra conductor, is very lavish in advice to the scene-shifters, and brings about a reform in the technique of the scenery itself; like Hoffmann also, he gives lessons in singing, is by no means insensible to the charms and attractions of his pupils, and, in his leisure hours, writes in defence of religious music, instrumental music, and the old masters, without ceasing to combat on behalf of the young.

Hoffmann-Kreisler did not escape a danger mentioned by Wackenroder: to attempt to explain music in words is to have all one's trouble for nothing. More far-sighted, however, than the early romantics, and the philosophers who succeeded them, he speedily discovered that to speak on music is to speak as a poet, a juggler of syllables. He saw that instead of making people understand, they must be made to feel, and in this he succeeds by phantasy and allegory; his originality consists in converting this method into a system, which is based on the transposition of sensations. In Schubart (one of the precursors of romanticism in the middle of the eighteenth century), or in Tieck, these transpositions are intellectual. The Berglinger of Wackenroder is more complex;

he regards melody now as a beam of light, now as a poem; sometimes it appears as a phoenix hovering above human beings, then as a little dead child whose soul disappears in a red sunbeam; the sounds of oboes and horns spread a halo of light around the musicians and "the uni-colored luminous ray of sound is scattered about like a sparkling firework illuminating the entire rainbow." In Kreisler, sensations are not so poetical, though more human and nearer to the reality of things. Kreisler is the possessor of a coat in *C Sharp Minor* with an *E Major* collar; this representation is very clear to one who understands the contrast between these two tonalities. The same thing happens in the case of the augmented fifth wherewith Kreisler wishes to commit suicide in the neighbouring forest, or in the case of the sevenths which are represented by serpents with menacing tongues. On the occasion of church music, Kreisler drinks Rhine wine; of grand opera, Burgundy; of opéra comique, Champagne; of Italian canzonettas, generous home wine; of the romanticism of *Don Giovanni*, a small glass of alcohol. To the elementary sensations created by music there can correspond only the elementary sensations of other domains. Berglinger has still too much brain; Kreisler has no longer anything but nerve papillæ.

The more elementary the evoked sensation, the nearer it approaches to the musical impression it claims to suggest. No doubt of this is felt by musical critics who continue to appeal to artistic visions of country scenes, of rustic dances, of processions, for the verbal interpretation of a larghetto, a scherzo or a funeral march. But, in any case, the impression could be no more than subjective, intelligible to one alone, and musical criticism insists on being understood generally. And so Hoffmann, when some particular work has to be judged, makes Kreisler speak quite differently. Hoffmann's musical criticism is, above all, technical. In the first place, the choice of a Kapellmeister as mouthpiece is very significant. Hoffmann the critic does not go in for literature. In the studies on *Coriolanus*, on the *Pastoral*, on the Fifth Symphony, on the Trios of Beethoven (Op. 70), on the Fantasia with Choruses, on *Egmont*, the concessions to "literary" development are almost non-existent, and are required, so to speak, as brief respites in the course of the exposition. The critical method of Hoffmann, man of letters, in judging Beethoven, is the same as that of Schumann, musician, in judging Berlioz: both being poets and musicians, they have found the soil wherein to make true musical criticism flourish.

Such is the spirit which impels Hoffmann-Kreisler to scatter his ideas far and wide. He insists on melody, and singing melody, but

none the less gives ear to instrumentation, to harmony and modulation. He cordially detests concertos, which make him feel hatred against the virtuosi. All his judgments are ahead of his age; he was the first to understand Beethoven, the first to discern in Mozart the inventor of the romantic drama, the first to discover that Gluck was the creator of musical drama where the action of the stage and that of the orchestra are parallel. He it is also who defines the formula of integral art. In his dialogue, "The Poet and the Composer," Hoffmann explains why he did not realise this formula in himself; he was afraid that the ardour of composition would die out at the publication of the libretto, and that, inversely, the words would appear too dull for the musical ideas. Nevertheless, musician and poet are two equal interpreters of one and the same reality; genuine opera is that in which the music "gushes out of the words as though in spite of itself"; and only romantic opera can do this, with its fairies, its spirits, its miracles, which are, so to speak, expressions of the primitive life of things, and not spectacles for the eyes of the masses. Traditional opera is but a concert accompanying a costumed play; it is romantic opera that must dethrone it. But Hoffmann felt incapable of creating this new musical drama. His early operas, which are of slight importance, were composed to libretti of his own making. When he determined to produce a lasting work, *Undine*, he went to La Motte-Fouqué for the words. In the near future, Wagner, who was so greatly indebted to him—as indeed he fully recognised—was destined to attain to the standard set by Hoffmann.

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Hoffmann exercised considerable influence upon musicians as well as upon writers and philosophers. His personality as a musician towers above the entire romantic group. While his friends discerned sound and affirmed that music expressed the world, they remained writers all the same, and one of these himself pronounced their condemnation:

"What want these paltry reasoners, so timorous and hesitating," exclaims Wackenroder, "who insist on finding words to explain the hundreds upon hundreds of musical works, and who are unable to accustom themselves the idea that these works, any more than paintings, have no meaning whatsoever capable of expression? Would they debase this richer language to the level of a poorer one, and reduce to speech that which disdains speech? Or are they incapable of feeling, unless they have words to help them? Have they filled their vain and

empty souls with nothing but descriptions of feelings? Have they never perceived within themselves a mute and silent singing, a sort of masked dancing of invisible spirits?"

All these romantics, who affirm that music is inexpressible, have filled volumes to explain it. This is the least reproach that can be brought against them and against the Hegelian philosophers, their spiritual offspring. And once again it is Wackenroder who asserts this with the utmost loyalty, though he was less of a "writer" than any of the rest, his complete works not filling two hundred pages: "Why," he exclaims, "should I be so mad as to attempt to blend together words and sounds? Never will what I say be what I feel. Come, ye sounds, preserve me from this dolorous and terrestrial search after words, wrap me about with your myriad beams."

Beethoven did not write a word concerning his art.

(Translated by Fred Rothwell.)

MAURICE RAVEL

By EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

LEAVING the Gare des Invalides, on the left bank of the Seine, an intensely leisurely train winds its way through Parisian suburbs, and at length pauses at Versailles to leave pertinacious tourists. Thence, with a last glimpse of the massive palace of Versailles, it traverses broad fields of bleached grain, threads gracious landscapes and again halts momentarily at St. Cyr, the aristocratic West Point of France. Once more plucking up courage, it proceeds with tenacious patience through still more rural districts to a little country station. Alighting here, one is conveyed by a deliberate bus, following poplar-lined roads for a few miles to a characteristically French town, with winding streets and stucco-walled houses, disposed on a hillside. A sixteenth-century church stands out among architectural styles of later periods. From the top of the hill peep half-ruined tenth-century towers, all that is left of a feudal castle, the lords of which gave their name to the town. It is of the present, yet the past beckons indisputably, inviting retrospect. This is Montfort-l'Amaury, undeniably picturesque, inconvenient of access—the “retreat” of Maurice Ravel. Nor is Ravel’s house easy to find. After several false starts it is discoverable perched like its neighbors on a steep slope. If the front door is level with the street, a balcony at the back of the house is some fifteen feet aloft. A sober interior at once betrays the essence of French decorative taste, nothing superfluous, everything significant. In 1910, I had had a brief glimpse of Ravel in Paris and found him boyish and mercurial, with smooth-shaven face like an American undergraduate. In the interval, the War—during which Ravel, despite his frail physique, had driven military trucks until a breakdown had called a halt. I knew this, yet I was scarcely prepared to find Ravel’s inky hair shot with grey, his former confident assurance replaced by signs of tension. These were but the exterior manifestations of a purpose common to artists throughout Europe. To forget, and to re-discover, if possible, the pre-War attitude of mind. As Ravel talked on musical matters with incisive and illuminating directness, his dominant aspiration came to the fore—“to produce.” He pursues this aim remote from the fascinations, the time-wasting social engagements

and the myriad distractions of Paris. A time-table scantily supplied with trains protects the artist from all but essential contacts with the world of music. "La Valse," the sonata for violin and violoncello, the "Tzigane" for violin and orchestra, and, more recently "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," a "lyric fantasy," which until the present season had been heard only at Monte-Carlo and Paris, are the chief *fruits* of this *solitude*. Ravel composes slowly, and took eighteen months to complete the sonata. Yet from time to time, rumors of this or that work penetrate to the outer world. Since Ravel is still "producing" it is hazardous to predict the limits of his attainment. It is enough that in these days of Stravinsky and Prokofiev, of Schoenberg and Hindemith, of Tansman and Sczymanowski, not to mention Milhaud, Honegger, Auric, Poulenc and the engaging Germaine Tailleferre, Ravel is still a contemporary creative force. His temperament, once threatened with a precocious maturity is still alert and expansive. Granting the potentialities of the future, may one not with justice re-examine Ravel's creative attainment to date, and estimate afresh his position in the midst of so much that is tentative, experimental and even dubious?

A brief examination of the history of criticism in the arts and in literature is sufficient to establish a distressing lack of permanence in its pronouncements. Musical criticism in particular, perhaps owing to the co-existence of dissimilar styles and the divergence of esthetic aims, has shown itself to be markedly febrile and unstable. Frequently a judgment is launched which, apparently, bears the hall-mark of immortality. A few years elapse; new conditions arise which threaten the validity of the infallible opinion of yesterday. Mistaken dicta crumble from the basis of truth, and even the central assertion must be modified in the light of a fresh viewpoint, if it is to survive. Thus, the history of musical criticism is that of a series of phoenixes arising from the ashes of analytic disaster. During periods of innovation such processes are many times repeated. Ravel has been the victim of similar hasty re-adjustments of verdict. He has been considered now a dangerous innovator, now a feeble echo of Debussyan impressionism. From across the Channel, despite obvious records of a skilful assimilation of his idiom by more than one British composer of attainment, he has been set down as merely a skilful miniaturist. Not long since, his younger Parisian contemporaries passed about a witty epigram, concerning a refused decoration, sponsored by an older man whom Ravel had signally befriended. At the same time they complimented him, unwittingly, by declaring his music

worthy of the same oblivion which had already overtaken that by Debussy. Yet of late, in our musical centres, the one recurring epithet applied to Ravel's String Quartet is "classic," while Mr. Lawrence Gilman, in reviewing a recent performance of "L'Heure Espagnole" at the Metropolitan Opera House, pronounced it "a jocund master-piece." Let us strive for an impartial verdict.

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M. Roland-Manuel, in his admirable pamphlet "Maurice Ravel et son Oeuvre," M. Jean-Aubry, M. Emile Vuillermoz, M. André Suarès and others¹ have emphasized the extent to which Spanish influence has permeated Ravel's music. That his birth-place² was the little town of Ciboure, in the department of the Basses-Pyrénées close to the Spanish border, has taken precedence in the determination of Ravel's individuality over the years spent from boyhood in Paris. The early "Habanera" for two pianos, later included in the "Rapsodie Espagnole," the "Pavane pour une infante défunte," "Alborada del Gracioso" from the "Miroirs," the "Chanson Espagnole," the "Rapsodie Espagnole" and the opera "L'Heure Espagnole" bear out the persistence of this predilection.

Yet Ravel is not the less characteristically French, because of his southern origin, since upon this obvious foundation has been reared a superstructure of Parisian education, supplemented by contact with French music, art and literature. After a short period of preliminary training in piano-playing, harmony and composition, Ravel entered the Paris Conservatory at the age of fourteen. Here he profited by the best instruction which this justly famous institution could offer—de Bériot in piano-playing, Pessard in harmony, Gédalge in counter-point and fugue, and lastly, Fauré in composition. While still a student at the Conservatory, Ravel underwent experiences of a permanently formative nature in making the acquaintance of two ardent, if dissimilar humorists, Chabrier and Erik Satie. From each he absorbed the spirit of non-conformity, a salutary antidote to the severe technical discipline of the conservatory. From each he acquired a stimulus to harmonic exploration. His temperament responded alike to the piquant joviality of Chabrier's "Valses romantiques" and to the irony and the premonitions of "atmospheric effect" in Satie's incidental music to Peladan's "Le Fils des

¹See the special Ravel number of *La Revue Musicale*, April, 1925.

²Ravel was born March 7, 1875.

Étoiles." It is said that Ravel shocked his more timid fellow-students in Pessard's harmony class by playing Satie's "Sarabandes" and "Gymnopédies" when their teacher was tardy. Indeed, it is doubtful whether it is yet realized outside of France how much both Debussy and Ravel owe to Satie.

Ravel continued to compose throughout his conservatory course. After some songs and a "Sérénade grotesque" for piano, all unpublished, another piano piece "Menuet antique," dating from 1895, shows Ravel in a technical dilemma, normal to a young composer, at once clinging to the past while attempting some degree of harmonic radicalism. (Ultimately Ravel solved this problem.) Yet the "Habanera" of the same year possesses the concise style, the characteristic harmonic conceptions and the authentic mood of the mature Ravel. While the song "Sainte," of the following year manifests some slight harmonic suggestions of Fauré, its emotional substance is uncompromisingly original. Other works of Ravel's student years are: the overture "Shéhérazade," still unpublished, the "Épigrammes de Clément Marôt," (both dating from 1898) and the "Pavane pour une infante défunte" for piano, composed in 1899. The "Épigrammes" constitute a distinct advance in the fusion of archaic style and contemporary harmonic idiom, to which Ravel has so often recurred as to represent an esthetic conviction and a trait of his personality. As in its choice of a Spanish subject, Ravel's "Habanera" antedates Debussy's "La Soirée dans Grenade" by eight years, so does the former's choice of texts from the earlier French poets anticipate the latter's setting of Rondels by Charles d'Orléans. The "Pavane" again discloses traces of Fauré's influence harmonically, but in musical substance it marks a stage in the development of Ravel's individuality.

In 1901, Ravel presented himself as a candidate for the Prix de Rome. The text of the prescribed cantata "Myrrha" was of such uninspired banality as to arouse Ravel's sense of irony. His music contained many languishing slow waltzes. These so charmed some non-professional members of the jury that they were for awarding him the first prize outright. But the musicians were quick to discern an under-current of sarcasm in Ravel's music and reproved him with a *second* prize. During the same year, however, the novel pianistic style, original harmonic texture and brilliant musical ideas of Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" drew fresh attention to the individual quality of his talent. In 1902 and 1903, Ravel was again unsuccessful in the Prix de Rome competitions. It is noteworthy that these academic rebuffs did not deter him

from composing two of his most distinctive works—the string-quartet and the songs for voice and orchestra entitled “Shéhérazade.” In 1905, Ravel presented himself for the fourth time as a candidate for the Prix de Rome. He was not allowed to compete. Forthwith a violent controversy arose over this palpable injustice to a young composer of indubitable gifts. When the storm had subsided, Théodore Dubois was forced to resign his position as director of the Conservatory and Gabriel Fauré was appointed in his stead. In 1907, the first performance at the National Society of the “*Histoires naturelles*” for voice and piano provoked another tempest of polemics. Eminent Parisian critics disputed in particular over the mordant style of these songs, and in general, upon the question of Ravel’s indebtedness to Debussy. Ravel’s answer was the opera “*L’Heure Espagnole*,” a definite proof of individuality, although it was not heard until 1911. The “*Miroirs*” for piano, composed in 1905, or the “*Introduction et allegro*” for harp, wind-instruments and string-quartet dating from 1906, would have proved the point quite as effectually. But this was not recognized until later.

Henceforth, however, Ravel gradually secured the recognition of his Parisian contemporaries owing to the logical expansion of his technical and expressive resources. Such works as the “*Rapsodie Espagnole*” (1907), “*Gaspard de la Nuit*” for piano (1908), the miniatures for piano duet “*Ma Mère l’Oye*” (1908), the “*Valses nobles et sentimentales*” for piano (1911) and, above all, the ballet “*Daphnis et Chloé*” (1906–11) first performed by the Diaghilev ballet in Paris during the season of 1912. To these works one may justly add the “*Trois poèmes de Mallarmé*” (1915) for voice, wind-instruments, string-quartet and piano, the Trio (1915) for piano and strings, “*Le Tombeau de Couperin*” (1914–17) for piano, the “*Trois Chansons*” (1916) for mixed chorus, “*La Valse*” (1920) for orchestra, the “*Sonata*” (1920–22) for violin and violoncello, the “*Tzigane*” for violin and orchestra (1924) and the recent “*L’Enfant et les Sortilèges*” dating from 1925. In 1912, Ravel orchestrated “*Ma Mère l’Oye*” and the “*Valses nobles et sentimentales*,” primarily for performance as the basis of ballets. These works, especially the former, have become grateful concert numbers. In 1917, Ravel made an orchestral version of four pieces from “*Le Tombeau de Couperin*.” In 1922, at Mr. Koussevitzsky’s request, he made a marvellously brilliant and graphic transcription of Moussorgsky’s piano pieces “*Tableaux d’une Exposition*.” Ravel has been an active member both of the “*Société nationale*” and of the “*Société musicale indépendante*.” He has visited Vienna and London as

pianist and conductor. He has also been intermittently active as music critic.

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The chief factors in the formation of Ravel's creative personality (aside from the regional stimulus of his native Ciboure) have been the reactions of Chabrier, Satie, Fauré and Debussy upon technical details or general method. When, however, the facts of Ravel's harmonic assimilations from the works of the foregoing have been duly compiled, it will be apparent that from his youth, Ravel has maintained an harmonic independence. The *Habanera*, the *Épigrammes*, *Jeux d'Eau* and more particularly the "*Miroirs*" illustrate this clearly. Satie's innovative use of harmonic combinations for the purpose of obtaining a specific "atmosphere" was greatly enlarged upon both by Debussy and Ravel, but each used the device for his own ends. Ravel obviously owes much to Debussy's "impressionistic" treatment of early musical style. But an examination of their methods will reveal a widely differing choice of subjects. Debussy turned towards "motives" which might have inspired Corot or Monet. Ravel's fancy has leaned towards the fantastic or ironic humor. In addition, Ravel's musical substance, his manner of thematic development and his solution of structural problems are in sharp contrast to the methods of the older master. Such conclusions should not, however, obscure an acknowledgment that in respect to musical impressionism Debussy was the pioneer and Ravel the follower. While Ravel antedated Debussy in searching early French literature for texts, and in employing archaisms for delineative details, it must be admitted that a cult for the early poets and for the acknowledged French masters among eighteenth century composers had been in existence before either Debussy or Ravel had attained individuality. Both were quick in perceiving their opportunity to link their musical personalities with the figures of the past.

The sources of Ravel's astounding mastery of orchestral style are to be found in the "Neo-Russian" composers, as well as in a fresh application of Gallic traditions of long standing. But if Ravel seldom attempts a barbaric sonority so characteristic of the composers of the "Mighty Band," he far out-distances his models in subtle differentiation of timbre and in sheer brilliance. After all, to absorb details in the procedure of contemporaries and predecessors is the normal process for a young composer. The test of successful assimilation lies in his ability to re-create

such hints in terms of his own personality. This Ravel has always done.

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Since Ravel's piano pieces are perhaps, more widely known than others of his works, the examination of his music may well begin at this point. The "Menuet antique" is interesting chiefly as a *document* of esthetic conflict. Yet Ravel was later able to reconcile its opposing elements, and to bring about a fusion of quasi-archaic sentiment and contemporary means. The same problem is better handled in the "Pavane pour une Infante défunte" in which the grave ancient dance affords a felicitous medium for elegiac emotion. If Ravel refers disparagingly to "the too flagrant influence of Chabrier, and the meagre structure," he seems to have overlooked the patent suggestions of Fauré which are discoverable. But Ravel also seems insensible to the genuinely moving tenderness of this little piece, its skilful contrasts between different registers of the piano, its modest but assured individuality. "Jeux d'Eau," composed two years later, marks a long stride in advance in point of surprising originality of its pianistic and harmonic idioms, in youthful assertiveness and audacity. If in this piece, as in certain of the "Miroirs," as well as in others of his piano works, a predilection for cadences leads with directness back to Liszt, Ravel has introduced these with rhetorical and dramatic effect and never for the sake of mere display. "Jeux d'Eau" is the first instance of that exuberant irony, which we meet again in "Scarbo" from "Gaspard de la Nuit," in some of the "Valse nobles et sentimentales," as well as in the "Histoires naturelles," "L'Heure Espagnole" and in "Nicolette," from the "Chansons" for mixed chorus. If too, this irony may have sprung distantly from the "Mephistopheles" movement of Liszt's Faust Symphony, its Gallic expansion and its scintillant application are among the most permanent of Ravel's traits. Its mockery is but superficial, its analysis is illuminating. Then too, the ingenious use of a melody in the pentatonic scale harmonized in ninths, marks a novel disposition of familiar material. For since the days of Saint-Saëns' "La Princesse Jaune," Chinese or Japanese material had been utilized by French composers¹ but never with such piquancy. Through its intrinsic originality then, "Jeux d'Eau" constitutes a milestone in the annals of French piano music as well as in the

¹One must not forget Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Aladdin" suite (1884) which was musically and orchestrally in advance of its time.

evolution of Ravel's individuality. Granting the vital qualities of the string-quartet and the songs with orchestral accompaniment entitled "Shéhérazade," which followed "Jeux d'Eau," the "Miroirs," composed two years later, testify to a further expansion in technical means and a broadening of expressive scope. By their titles and their emotional contents, they assert a divergence from mere dependence upon Debussyan models. "Oiseaux tristes" is particularly stimulating in its fore-shadowing of "polyharmony." "Une barque sur l'océan" is unlikely to be popular with pianists on account of its technical difficulty, but its graphic suggestion of limitless horizons and its dramatic climaxes constitute a canvas of larger dimensions than anything Ravel had hitherto attempted. "Alborada del Gracioso" turns to Spain for its rhythmic effects, but the treatment of its musical material is original and telling beyond dispute. "La vallée des Cloches" paints a background of devotional tranquillity, somewhat unusual in Ravel's music. Aside from their emotional and delineative value, these pieces are replete with pianistic and harmonic invention. More than once they foretell the style of "Daphnis et Chloé" since Ravel began the composition of this ballet in the following year. The "Sonatine" dating from 1905, forms a sharp contrast to the expansive moods of the "Miroirs." In the field of miniature, Ravel offers an almost metallic sharpness of outline, and concision of form. Yet, the musical substance is not the less lacking in savor. The "Minuet" in particular, offers a convincing instance of Ravel's ability to clothe an old form in costume that smacks of the present.

After the "Sonatine," Ravel produced works of significance in his development; the "Introduction and allegro" for harp, string-quartet and wind instruments, the "Histoires naturelles" for voice and piano, the "Rapsodie Espagnole" for orchestra, and "L'Heure Espagnole." He was sharpening his tools and putting them to the service of a versatile ingenuity. It is not surprising, that the three poems for piano "Gaspard de la Nuit" after Aloysius Bertrand, should bear the signs of a poised maturity. The "prose poems" which serve as a basis for these pieces, dating actually from the first third of the nineteenth century, are precocious forerunners of the style of a later epoch, and are admirable for the purpose. In "Gaspard de la Nuit" we find Ravel's ripened technical resources yielding a bewildering variety of original figures and novel sonorities. "Ondine" is both lyric and dramatic, logical and tense in construction, yet rising to climatic heights. "Le Gibet" and "Scarbo" represent characteristic phases of Ravel's ironic sense; one gruesome, the other highly fantastic. In the former

harmonic invention is applied to the depiction of horror. In the latter, extreme demands are made upon virtuosity. Indeed, "Scarbo" is far too difficult for the average concert pianist. Despite the length and complexity of "Scarbo" its development is both economical and plastic—no mean feat considering its dimensions. The "poems" of "Gaspard de la Nuit" show convincingly how far Ravel has departed from the types so well illustrated in Debussy's "Estampes" and "Images." In the latter, the manipulation of musical material, skilful and apt for the purpose though it be, is generally subservient to an impressionistic purpose. With Ravel, the reverse is often true. Without neglecting a descriptive standpoint, he is more concerned with the logical development of his strictly musical material. M. Calvocaressi pointed this out at the time of the controversy over the "Histoires naturelles." "Examination reveals at once that no analogy as to treatment of form exists between the two musicians. M. Debussy possesses the secret of those mysterious and unanalyzable, yet very definite constructions of which the 'Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun' offers a finished model. M. Ravel has never followed this example, although it is most seductive, and the structure of his works, which is much more obvious, shows a rigid conformance to traditional principles."¹ To realize this more clearly, compare Debussy's "Estampes" and "Images" with "Gaspard de la Nuit." The former are all sensibility, and yet the latter are scarcely less gripping in totality of effect. During this same year (1908) Ravel composed the charming miniatures comprised in "Ma Mère l'Oye." These will be considered in their orchestral version.

The "Valse nobles et sentimentales" are scarcely more descriptive than Schumann's "Davidsbündler Tänze," the outcome of fancy playing about a title. Yet these waltzes are as characteristic of their time as the pieces of the German romanticist. Indeed, it is likely that Ravel recalled both Schubert's "Valse sentimentales" and Schumann's "Valse noble" in the "Carnaval" and set himself to approximate their twentieth century equivalent. At once lyrical and subtly ironic, often brilliant, admirably summarized in an epilogue, these waltzes constitute one of the most engaging contributions to the diverse literature of this form.

In "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Ravel re-asserts his kinship with the eighteenth century. The constituent numbers, Prélude, Fugue, Forlane, Rigaudon, Menuet and Toccata, might have served as titles for Couperin himself. If, as in the Prélude, and

¹M. O. Calvocaressi "Les Histoires naturelles et l'imitation Debussyste" in "La Grande Revue," May 10, 1907.

Menuet, one cannot wholly escape a sense of occasional fragility of invention, it is possibly an unconscious reflection of the physical condition of the composer during the period of its composition. But there is no denying the sinuous grace of the *Prélude*, the haunting harmonic originality of the *Forlane*, the rhythmic verve of the *Rigaudon*, and the fiery brilliance of the concluding *Toccata*. As is the case with "Scarbo" from "*Gaspard de la Nuit*," the successful realization of the *Toccata* demands the specialist in Ravellian technique.

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Ravel's chamber-music works are few in number, but each is distinctive. Ravel does not shrink from the formal and stylistic problems peculiar to this field. On the contrary, they are congenial to his classic predilections, and spur him to maintain rather than to suppress his individuality. Too often, the composer of coloristic invention and imaginative vision fails when confronted with the limited resources of the string-quartet. Ravel's quartet was composed early in his career, (1902-03) and still he appears self-possessed and fully equipped for so trying an ordeal. Throughout, musical ideas, their development and the specific manner in which they are cast for the instruments betray no inexperience. It is difficult to discover in all French music, and indeed in any other, so finely chiselled and so tensely epigrammatic a solution of structural problems as the first movement of this quartet. A Gallic sense of economy permits nothing superfluous; there is no waste effort, and yet there is diversity of expression, surprising novelty in sonorities and passages of telling originality. The *Scherzo* is full of piquant vivacity, the trio ingenious in contrapuntal effect. The slow movement is perhaps slightly involved, with its frequent quotations from the first movement, but the poignancy of its sentiment is indubitable. The finale, with subtle suggestions of cyclic treatment, is unflaggingly spirited.

The "Introduction et allegro" for harp, flute, clarinet and string-quartet is designedly a show-piece for the solo instrument. Ravel shows herein a bewildering familiarity with the extreme virtuosso possibilities of the harp. But technical display does not take precedence over logical musical ideas and a steady regard for stylistic proportion. This work is ingenious, highly effective, and of no inconsiderable charm.

Ravel's *Trio* for the familiar combination of strings and piano again exhibits the virtues of concision without the loss of intrinsic

substance. As in the string-quartet, the first movement appeals by its brevity, but without sacrificing opportunity for the adequate development of its ideas. Particularly noteworthy, in the first theme, is the ingenious manner in which Ravel has divided the four-four measure into groups of five-and-three-eighth notes. The Scherzo, entitled Pantoum, said to be an Arabian dance, is exhilarating in rhythm and captivating in its fantastic vigor. The Passacaglia which follows, is more perfunctory, but the Finale maintains invention and technical skill at a high pitch throughout. This Trio is remarkable for the vitality of its pianistic idiom, for the able treatment of the stringed instruments as well as for the avoidance of conventionality, while scrupulously adhering to the essence of chamber-music style.

The Sonata for violin and violoncello, dedicated to the memory of Claude Debussy, is assuredly a *tour de force*. Recognizing the resources of the individual instrument, the task of constructing an entire work within their limits would surely appall the most self-confident. With no mean contrapuntal mastery, Ravel has contrived to express definitely the substance and the framework of the traditional forms, and in addition, to suggest even more than he has put down. His skill in treating the instruments rises even higher than his command of the problems of pianistic figuration, of the special features of the harp. Goethe's statement about genius and limitation here comes forcibly to mind. Not content with conventional harmony, Ravel has often ventured in the fields of *polytonalité* with results which border upon the impossible. In the finale he even begins a four-voiced fugue for the two instruments. Skilful and ingenious as his mastery of his material is, the purely musical end cannot but suffer somewhat. The Sonata, despite its astounding cleverness seems to fall into the category of a brilliant sketch, achieving a miracle of suggestion, but lacking in definiteness.

The "Tzigane" for violin and piano, better known in its version with orchestral accompaniment, constitutes a dazzling excursion into virtuosity, with perhaps an afterthought of irony.

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Despite his signal achievements in other fields, the scope of Ravel's gifts is perhaps most conclusively revealed in the works for orchestra. Since the overture "Schéhérazade" remains in manuscript, it can afford no clew to the nature of his first essay. But the intensely coloristic and poetic background of the three

songs with orchestral accompaniment shows him well advanced on the way to mastery. This mastery is indeed, obvious in the *Rapsodie Espagnole*, where manipulation of timbres, of the capacities of instruments joins hands with musical expression in a way that bespeaks the orchestral genius. The influence of the "Neo-Russians" may be manifest, but it is as an expander of Russian practice that Ravel figures. Not as a student, but as a "post-graduate" investigating on his own path he is shown on every page. If, in pages of the "*Prélude à la Nuit*," the poetry is occasionally restrained and even slightly dessicated, the spontaneity of the *Malagueña*, the sensibility of the *Habanera*, and the whirling force of the *Feria* carry all before them.

"*Ma Mère l'Oye*," the suite orchestrated from the piano duets, again reasserts Ravel's triumph over limited material. Restricting himself to a small orchestra, he explores new regions of delicate nuance, but none the less secures at times a surprising sonority. Musically, these pieces are in a characteristic vein of aphoristic miniature. In spite of the fact that these pieces have figured on orchestral programs for many years, they still captivate by their poetry, their imagination and their humor.

"*Daphnis et Chloé*," scenario by Fokine, is undoubtedly Ravel's orchestral masterpiece. Begun in 1906, soon after the "*Miroirs*" for piano, it was not finished until 1911. Thus it extends from the period of the beginning of his definite assertion of maturity through the works by which he is best known. There is then abundant reason for its technical and expressive maturity. From the dramatic standpoint, this music achieves a remarkable union of musical and plastic effect. Even a successful composer of opera does not possess the instinct for devising music that accords with mimetic requirements. Witness Richard Strauss and "*Joseph's Legende*." In "*Daphnis et Chloé*" the stage situations and the details of the action have sharpened his imagination. The two concert suites from this ballet, consisting of long excerpts taken bodily from the score, omitting the chorus, give a vivid idea of the luxuriance of musical invention and of orchestral radiance, but they can only suggest the dramatic oppositeness of the music as a whole in conjunction with stage action. Ravel has often been reproached with a weakness for miniatures. From beginning to end, Ravel has coördinated his music with the developments of the scenario, and his control of his musical material is that of a master of the essence of form. After Debussy's use of a textless chorus in "*Printemps*" (1887) no French composer can be blamed for utilizing this novel effect. Nor was Ravel

deterred from employing a chorus by the successful use of it by Paul Dukas in "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu" (1907). At all events, the treatment of the chorus in "Daphnis et Chloé" adds markedly to the sonorous material as well as to the dramatic effect. Ravel was assuredly justified in protesting at its omission in London performances. In "Daphnis" Ravel has managed a large orchestra with as consummate mastery as in the adroit manipulation of the miniature orchestra in "Ma Mère l'Oye." On almost every page is to be noted the fresh and distinctive grouping of a familiar combination of instruments, the use of a timbre in a new connotation, the deft emphasis of a rhythm. But above all, it is not through its structural virtues or its orchestral subtleties that "Daphnis et Chloé" deserves to be considered the finest French ballet of the century. It earns this title through the diversity and originality of the musical ideas and through their masterly and convincing elaboration.

In "La Valse" Ravel has again imposed a restriction upon himself, but one which grows out of the very nature of its subject. Conceived as a potential ballet, Ravel has a vision of a ballroom crowded with whirling dances. The epoch imposes the Viennese waltz. Thus Ravel, who had already showed the capacity for an original treatment of the waltz-form, was committed to a musical style which frowned somewhat at individuality. In the opinion of some he has overloaded the naïve Viennese dance with tasteless and ultra-sophisticated harmonies, and complex rhythms. Is there not another viewpoint? It is impossible to prevent a musical type from evolving. No tears were shed at the gradual "speeding up" of the Minuet into the Scherzo. Both forms could exist simultaneously, as Beethoven often proved. Was Chopin guilty of sacrilege in *his* version of the waltz, which was scarcely recognizable from the Schubertian aspect of the same dance? It seems more just to grant the premises imposed by the brief scenario of "La Valse" and then appraise the result. Admitting an obvious handicap, Ravel has assuredly not equalled the ideas of "Daphnis et Chloé" in point of strictly musical invention. On the other hand he has devised waltz themes of charm and piquancy, of vital rhythmic appeal, of engagingly radical harmonic style, and he has constructed a piece, dramatically vigorous, with intrinsically fascinating qualities, which all but succeeds in hypnotising the critical mind. Despite some complexities in the recapitulation, Ravel has again been markedly skilful in handling a "large form." If "La Valse" is not Ravel's most strikingly original contribution to orchestral literature, the latter is the richer for the many-sided

virtues of this work. Mention should be made of Ravel's transcription of three of his piano pieces, "Pavane pour une infante défunte" of unpretentious aims; "Une barque sur l'océan," which tends to complexity; and "Alborada del Gracioso" in which the piquant traits of the original are transferred to an enlarged and highly coloristic canvas.



Ravel has scarcely been a prolific vocal composer, indeed, he may not be termed instinctively lyric. But his songs are too interesting and occasionally too vital, not to analyze their qualities. In "Sainte" (1896), text by Mallarmé, precocious originality and subservience to the harmonic style of Fauré go hand-in-hand. Yet the former predominates and remains the abiding feature. The "Épigrammes" of Clément Marot mark a transition stage in which Ravel was balancing the archaic and the modernistic, with a somewhat dubious outcome. With the three orchestral lyrics of "Schéhérazade," (1905) "Asie," "La Flute enchantée" and "L'Indifferent," Ravel at once attains a positive and distinctive maturity. The exotic fervor of "Asie" brings it into the front rank of French songs. "La Flute enchantée" and "L'Indifferent" are of briefer scope than "Asie" but are treated with imaginative delicacy. "Noël des Jouets" a piquant and somewhat overlaid miniature, foretells the moods of "Ma Mère l'Oye" and even certain aspects of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." The "Histoires naturelles," so provocative of dispute, are most characteristic of Ravel's personality. If in general, their subjects align them with certain of Chabrier's lyrics, they offer not the slightest resemblance to the witty songs of the older composer. The texts, by Jules Renard, deal with the peacock, the cricket, the swan, the king-fisher and the guinea-hen. The "Histoires naturelles" show Ravel in moods of mordant and almost arid irony, spiced with humor, and tempered by poetic observation. The realistic invention of "Le Paon," "Le Grillon" and above all "La Pintade" establish Ravel as a lyric composer of rare capacity. In "Les grands Vents venus d'outre mer" (1906), the poem by Henri de Régnier presents another aspect, one of moody and restless emotion. While the interest lies chiefly in the rich harmonic background, this song is too individual to be ignored.

The "Vocalise en forme d'habanera," the "Chanson espagnole" (instances of Ravel's instinctive Spanish reversion) and the

"Chanson française" are charming if less emotionally profound specimens of their composer's moods.

The "Trois Poèmes de Mallarmé" (1915) for voice, piano, string-quartet, flutes and clarinets take us into a more rarified musical atmosphere. They are sober, restrained and often complex, but their dominant quality is distinction, deep sentiment and mastery of means. It is unlikely, however, that it will make as general an appeal (this is scarcely a defect) as others of the songs. In the "Trois Chansons" (1916) for mixed chorus, in which the vocal idiom is difficult but effective, Ravel turns once more to humor. As a twentieth century version of the old French *chanson* they are inimitably captivating.

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Given Ravel's indubitable capacity for dramatic suggestion and his evident faculty for vitalizing certain moods of humor, it needs no prophet to foretell his success in opera of a certain type. The occasion presented itself in Franc Nohain's "L'Heure espagnole," a lively comedy of the young and sprightly wife of an old watchmaker and her various suitors. Composed in 1907, Ravel's "Comédie musicale" was not heard in Paris until 1910, and then met equivocal success. On its revival, however, it met a different fate, and has since delighted audiences in Chicago and New York. In it, Ravel has attempted a Gallicised version of the opera buffa, brought up-to-date with a richer and more delineative orchestral background. The subject was admirably suited to Ravel's talents, and he has produced a work which may be unhesitatingly termed a masterpiece in its *genre*. Ravel has been particularly apt in giving the singers something besides recitative without hampering the action, and in commenting orchestrally upon the dramatic situations and the sentiments of the actors without diverting attention from the stage. It goes without saying, that the composer of the "Rapsodie Espagnole" has again furnished a successfully illusive atmosphere, with a renewal of his coloristic felicities.

Ravel's latest work, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," entitled a "lyrical fantasy," performed for the first time at Monte-Carlo, March 21, 1925, finds no direct precedent as to type among his works. It is both opera and ballet, while a chorus plays an important part therein. Yet its subject might easily inflame the imagination which was tempted by the "Noël des Jouets," the "Histoires naturelles" and "Ma Mère l'Oye." The author of the text,

Mme. Colette Willy, long ago qualified herself for the present task by her inimitable "Dialogues des Bêtes." Briefly, the story runs as follows: A turbulent and wilful child, convicted of laziness in his school tasks and of disobedience by his mother is compelled to stay alone and sup on dry bread and weak tea. Left in solitude, he dashes the tray to the ground, attacks the fire, scattering smoke and ashes far and wide, pulls off the pendulum of the tall clock, chases his pet squirrel and lacerates the tapestries with the tongs. His rage spent, he is about to sink into an armchair. To his amazement it lurches awkwardly away and gravely dances a fantastic minuet with a parlor chair. The tall clock walks about complaining of severe internal pains, the Wedgewood tea pot and the Chinese teacup sing a duet and dance a fox-trot in which jazz and Chinese music are strangely mingled. The fire bounds from the fireplace singing and dancing, followed by a sinuous whirl of ashes. Next the little shepherds and shepherdesses from the tapestry sing a pastoral chorus. Suddenly the Princess of a fairy-tale rises from a torn book and charms the stupefied child with her song. Then he is menaced by arithmetic figures, repeating topsy-turvy tables. Next two cats sing a fantastic duet, and disappear into the garden. The child follows them and finds himself among insects, tree-toads, frogs and birds. A dragon-fly sings an "American waltz," the bats join in. There is a ballet of tree-frogs. Then all the little animals who have been tormented by the child unite to punish their oppressor. In their eagerness to attack him, they wound the escaped squirrel. The child binds up his paw. At once, the animals see the child in a new light. His humanity results from some kindness of heart. They try awkwardly to call for help, and the curtain falls upon the child, with outstretched arms, repentant, seeking his mother. Fantastic and unreal as this plot is, one can sense its appeal to a quickened imagination. Ravel's music deftly matches the fantasy of the scenario. The tantrums of the child are vividly suggested by the adroit use of polyharmony. The jazz-dance of the teapot and teacup shows a skilful assimilation of Parisian jazz, if somewhat removed from the genuine American idiom. The slow waltz exhibits Ravel's predilection for this dance from a new angle. But despite this diversity of technique expedient, Ravel has not renounced his individuality, he has rather expanded his command of musical expression. Throughout, he remains the sensitive stylist. At the close of the piece, a chorus, almost unaccompanied, attains a direct and poignant emotion with the simplest means. Orchestrally this work is said to have encompassed fresh expedients and a re-assertion of

his coloristic gifts. Even from the piano score the whimsical originality of this work is beyond dispute.

With the perspective of the elapsed years it is fruitless to deny the unquestionable eminence of Ravel's position. In each field that he has approached, he has made contributions to musical literature which evince mastery of means and originality of musical substance. If he cannot assume the place of a pioneer, he may at least claim the rewards of legitimate expansion of method. The classic leanings in his style maintain his affinity with the past, yet he is both emphatically of his period, and still capable of absorbing and reproducing the best in the spirit of the present. Those who once decried his lack of "sensibility," now recognize that this trait is one of the underlying causes of the durability of his music. The best of his work before the War still maintains its level without aggressive championing. Since the War, a certain restless experimenting has caused some disquiet to his admirers. But the fanciful luxuriance of "*L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*" seems to link it with the most fruitful years of his early maturity.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

By CARL ENGEL

A YOUTHFUL Mozart—impersonated by two charming actresses—now trips the boards in Paris and New York. Legend will not leave hands off him. Once more poetic phantasy has dressed him up as Cherubino, touched him with the light of unreality, and put "clever" lines in his mouth. Yet, what playwright could invent a story more dramatic than was the life of Wolfgang Amédée? No contrivance of fiction can outrun plain truth: those thirty-six brief years of earthly existence burdened with a measure of glory and wretchedness never attained before or after, and crowded with labors that yielded a beauty unmatched, incomparable.

The truth, in Mozart's case, has had a singular way of slipping between the lines of rhapsodic or prudish biographers. Not that there was cause for hiding the true likeness of the man. The musician would stand undiminished were he suddenly revealed a forger, bigamist, or murderer. Mozart was nothing of the kind; only, besides being superhumanly endowed in one direction, he was eminently human, or humanly weak, in other directions. However, there are several reasons why these weaknesses, these lesser traits—although not less important for the accurate and complete picture—have been passed over or deliberately effaced.

The chief reason, obviously enough, lies in Mozart's own music. With its sparkle and grace, its warmth and purity, it was largely responsible for the determined efforts to represent the man who wrote it, as an idealized dream-figure: music so divinely perfect must be the creation of a perfect divinity. Nature does not go along such simple lines. She delights in contrasts rather than in parallels. That fact is not always appreciated. Thus the retouched and prettified portrait could gain the wide acceptance it enjoyed so long.

If the portrait was a fraud, it was a pious fraud, an excusable one. In perpetrating it, the original blame rests mainly upon Mozart's first extensive biography, written by Georg Nikolaus von Nissen, the Danish diplomat who in 1809 married Mozart's widow, thereby legalizing his relations with her which had probably begun some ten years earlier. It is a common thing that people

who do not rigorously uphold the conventions behind closed shutters, hang decorum out of the open window. Some are hypocrites, others are not; they simply lack the energy or the desire to go through the fuss of defying Mrs. Grundy. If they are "different," they prefer to be so quietly rather than ostentatiously.

Among critical biographers, too, there is the decorous, if not the hypocritical school; and there are the fussy, defiant "revelationists." Neither is apt to get at the truth, and nothing but the truth. One paints too rosy, the other too black. A gallery of wax-works and a rogues' gallery are about equidistant from a gallery of master-portraits.

If a single biographical master-portrait of Mozart is still lacking, there are scattered all the elements of one throughout the monumental revision of Jahn's work by Hermann Abert, the painstaking research of Wyzewa and Saint-Foix, and lastly the courageous treatment by Arthur Schurig. But that is comparatively recent history. Nor has all the documentary evidence been produced, more than a century after the case came into court. Only four years ago, when Schurig brought out a separate volume on Constance Mozart (Opal Verlag, Dresden), he placed the principal blame for this delay upon Johannes Evangelist Engl (1835-1921), for many years the secretary and archivist of the Mozarteum in Salzburg, "the narrowest head"—wrote Schurig—"that I have encountered in my eventful life. He closely kept from every student of Mozart the documents that he was guarding; and every page that this man has written in his miserable provincial German is full of mistakes or misleading remarks." Schurig is impatient with the "charlatanism that is nowhere ranker than in the so-called Mozart-cult at Salzburg" where, at the time of the festivals, convene all the "international jobbers of music and literature" to do their trading. Having published the letters of Constance Mozart, Schurig expects to follow them up in a few years with those of Karl Mozart and Wolfgang Xaver Mozart, the sons.

On the whole, Constance has fared badly at the hands of Mozart's biographers. She has been painted too persistently in sombre hues, while on her husband were lavished all the bright tints in the rainbow. Schurig's is the first contribution toward a fair estimate of Constance Weber. But how fair? Is it a final judgment? Does she deserve all the blame that still clings to her? And if not, is there perchance a modicum of credit due her? In plumage man and wife differed probably less than is generally accepted. To all intents and purposes of the blessed state called

matrimony, they were birds of the identical feather. Light-hearted, both young and somewhat frivolous, of the same caste in a severely caste-divided world, they "fitted," inwardly and outwardly. What girl of nineteen, what woman of any age was to have "understood" the composer Mozart? The man Mozart wanted a wife, he wanted to get away from the Archbishop's thralldom and from the father's surveillance. He wanted a home of his own, and he had twelve different ones in Vienna during the nine years of his married life. Poor Cherubino!

Yet, where was Mozart's choice? Who were the eligible girls in Salzburg or Vienna pining to marry a jobless and pennyless genius? No one so far has come forward and suggested to whom Mozart should have offered his heart and hand. Did he fail to inspire confidence among the "better families?" As a matter of fact, those families still regarded a composer, no matter how much they admired his music, as several degrees below in the social scale. It was not the rule then for a musician to pick a rich bride and sit back in comfort. Gluck married money, but he was the exception; and his was a love-match consummated only after the bride's objecting father had died. With Wolfgang and Constance it was the bridegroom's father who objected, violently, blind with rage, demanding that the bride's mother, whom he accused of intrigue and connivance, be put in irons and branded as "seducer of youth!"

That there was seduction is more than probable, and seduction meeting with little resistance; but allow Wolfgang the modest merit of a facile victory, won without the aid of an indulgent rather than a pandering mother-in-law-to-be. Fate threw Mozart into the arms of the Webers. There was no escape.

Mozart met Fridolin Weber, *Hofmusikus* at Mannheim and father of four daughters, in January 1778, while on his way to Paris, accompanied by his mother. It was Aloysia, she of the warm, opulent voice, who first turned Wolfgang's head. But he would have surrendered to any pair of languid eyes and tempting lips. He was twenty-two; father and mother had kept him too long on the leash. At Augsburg he had found in his little cousin, the "Bäsele," first a willing victim to be coaxed into dark corners; and then he made her the recipient of letters into which drained dark currents of his mind. That was green fruit, and the taste of it unhealthy. But Aloysia, seventeen and a singer of parts—"I vouch for her singing with my life" he wrote to his father—here was sugared ripeness too sweet to resist. And the poor, worried mother knew it. On February 4, she secretly appended a postscript to one of Wolfgang's letters to his father, in which she

gave vent to her annoyance and her fears. The effect of this news on the father in Salzburg was to be foreseen; on February 12 he gave his son peremptory orders: "Away with you to Paris—and soon!" In Paris, on July 3, Mozart's mother died.

Wolfgang met Aloysia again about Christmas-time in Munich where she had been engaged for the opera. But the few intervening months, the change of place and conditions had made a great difference. Aloysia was blown, flippant, cruel. When she saw Mozart in a red frock-coat and golden buttons, covered with black crape as a sign of his mourning, she ridiculed his "livery." Mozart retaliated at the piano with an improvised air sung to the classic invitation of Götz von Berlichingen. Cherubino's was the retort unknighly. In 1781 he qualified Aloysia as "a false, evil-minded coquette."

The Webers went to Vienna in September 1779, because Aloysia, through the influence of her "protector," Count Hadik, Minister of War, had received a call as primadonna to the court theatre. Fridolin Weber died the following month. Cecilia Weber, the widow, gathered round her the four daughters and—with an eye to the main chance—let rooms to "paying guests." In October, 1780, Aloysia found a husband in Joseph Lange, an estimable man and capable actor. He became one of Mozart's intimate friends. But not until Mozart had written of him almost as disparagingly as he continued to speak of the now definitely lost Aloysia.

This was the situation when Mozart arrived in Vienna on March 16, 1781. His relations with the Archbishop in Salzburg were near the breaking-point. Cherubino, as afraid of the parental fetters as he was disgusted with the arch-episcopal ones, swam in the soft, caressing air of a Viennese Spring, immersed in freedom, drowning in a flood of sensuousness. Events moved swiftly. On May 2, Mozart took up lodgings with the Weber family. On May 9 he handed his resignation to the Archbishop. On June 8 the break was accomplished.

Here enters Constance, though for a little while longer she remains in the background. The fulminating epistles which old Leopold Mozart must have sent to his son when he learned of the latter's new address, we can only imagine—for the letters themselves, all of Leopold's letters to Wolfgang from January 12, 1781 to his death in May, 1787, have been destroyed—probably by the one who had the most reason to resent them, who felt least flattered by their damnatory candor. We may be sure that father Leopold fairly bombarded his son with commands to change his quarters. Wolfgang demurred; on July 13 he still insisted that he could

never find a pleasanter, cheaper, or more convenient domicile. What a distant father failed to achieve, the sparrows on the house-top did. First softly, then with increasing brazenness, they were twittering "things" about the ardent young boarder and one of his land-lady's pretty daughters. The twitter filled the neighborhood; somehow it reached Salzburg. In less than two weeks the wind had veered completely, with stormclouds on the horizon: "Mon très cher Père! I say it again, that I have long [?!] intended to take other lodgings, and only because of the gossip of the people; I am sorry that I am forced to do it because of silly talk, not a word of which is true. Just because I live with them [the Webers], I am supposed to marry the daughter! Nothing is said about being enamoured, they skipped that; instead, I take lodgings in the house, hence I marry! I never was farther from marrying than I am now." And more in the same vein. No mention of Constance; what references he makes to Madame Weber's daughters and his conduct with them, cunningly suggest the remnant of a tepid and playful interest in "the married Mademoiselle." Aloysia as lightning-rod! But the bolt is not ready to strike. Instead, a fog descends upon the scene; for a while we can only dimly follow the action and identify the actors.

Is Arthur Schurig right when he maintains that at this point Mozart really had no idea of marrying? Possibly. Is he right also, when he pretends to distinguish "already" the intriguing hand of Madame Weber? Did it require intrigue to throw Wolfgang and Constance together? Cecilia Weber may have "simulated motherly objections," but it is not necessary to assume that they were calculated to hasten rather than frustrate the union. Wolfgang wrote to his father in the letter of July 25: "If I were to marry all those with whom I have joked, I might easily have two hundred wives!" Patently, he was bragging. He was trying to soften the father's anger and dissipate his suspicions by exaggerating the truth. Still, the "joking" with Constance had probably gone beyond his fooling with the "Bäsele." The "joke" was not irreparable in its consequences, except that Wolfgang, far from anticipating Don Giovanni with his "mille e tre," or even with a modest two hundred, was captivated and was racked with his desire for the one girl whose intimacy he had been able to enjoy sufficiently to give him a foretaste of what secure, legitimate and full possession of a wife would be like.

Meanwhile, the birds continued their annoying twitter. Wolfgang fled them at last; about September 1 he took a room "Auf dem Graben." But he could not flee the birdlime which his

own nature had spread for him. On December 15 he sits down and writes to his father, makes a clean breast: "Nature speaks in me as loud as it does in everyone else, and perhaps louder than in some big, strapping fellow." He pleads his domestic bent, he claims the need of a solicitous housewife. He prepares the father as gently as he can, leading gradually to the dreaded disclosure that the chosen one is "eine Weberische"—dear Constance, "the martyr among them, and therefore perhaps the best-hearted, the most competent."

Leopold Mozart's desperate protests were of no avail. The marriage contract was signed August 3, 1782, and on the following day the wedding was celebrated in St. Stephen's. The irksome period of betrothal had lasted nine months. It did not pass without lovers' quarrels. Constance was nineteen, seven years younger than Wolfgang. She was a child of her day, almost as light and giddy a day as our own. She committed the modish sin of having permitted a "Chapeau"—a dude—to measure the calf of her leg with a colored ribbon, in the sight of other people. Knee-long skirts now make unnecessary such investigation. One hundred and fifty years ago it formed a sort of parlour-game. But poor Cherubino was highly offended at the behavior of his affianced. He wrote her an indignant letter, upbraided her, and lulled himself in hopes that Constance was what her name implied. We have no proof that she was other.

The married life of Wolfgang and Constance lasted 112 months; during 54 of them Constance was with child. The first-born arrived on June 17, 1783, and lived two months; the last was five months old when Mozart died. Of the six children only two survived their father and mother: Karl (1784-1858) and Franz Xaver Wolfgang (1791-1844).

Whatever reflected glory Constance derived in later life from the growing fame of her first husband, while she was his wife, her existence was humble, precarious and none too happy. She gained the reputation of having been a poor housekeeper, extravagant and improvident. That may have been largely reflected odium. During her widowhood and after her second marriage she proved herself the reverse; she exhibited shrewdness, she reckoned with every *kreuzer*. In 1808 she wrote to Karl in Milan: "Your last letter did not give me much pleasure, because it contained nothing hearty, and for such a cold, empty letter it is a pity to pay the high postage." She avoided using envelopes whenever she could, folding the letter sheet after the fashion of the time in order to save on the postal charge.

Beginning with 1783 Mozart seems to have fallen into debts of which he never ridded himself. The letters to his friend and brother-mason, Puchberg, for small or large loans are pathetic. They were seldom in vain. Yet posterity erects no monuments to mere Puchbergs. Emperors are protected against oblivion, even when they can do no better than appoint a Mozart, after composing a "Don Giovanni," *Hofkompositeur* with 800 florins a year. Mozart was then thirty-one; he had five more years to live. His son Wolfgang at seventeen earned more; in 1808 he was engaged as private music-teacher to the children of Count Bavorski at Podkamien near Lemberg, with 1000 florins a year, lodging, food, firewood and candles free. And he wrote no "Don Giovanni."

Mozart left his family penniless, burdened with debts, most of which Constance paid off in a comparatively short time. But it was no easy matter. Her first grief stunned her. When Wolfgang succumbed to a "hitziges Frieselfieber" on December 5, 1791, Constance—inexperienced, impractical, mistaught even—felt dazed and lost. She is said to have slipped into the bed from which the corpse had been taken to catch the malady that killed her husband. That is probably another one of the many legends. Anyway, she was too sick to follow the bier on December 6. The story of the funeral, the unmarked grave, remains painful reading. Painful also is the thought of Baron van Swieten, a friend of some means, missing his chance and arranging—"to protect the widow"—for the cheapest burial that could be had. It cost 11 *florins*, 26 *kreuzer*. Constance paid for it.

We do not know with whom originated the idea of having Constance submit a petition to Emperor Leopold II, five days after the coffin of her husband had been lowered into the poor-pit. The petition resulted in the imperial sanction of a benefit concert which took place December 28; it netted the widow enough money to satisfy pressing creditors. The inventory of December 19 is a curious document. Among the debts were 282 fl. due one tailor, 13 fl. due another; 208 fl. due the upholsterer; 179 fl. due for medicines. In all, Constance paid 918 fl. in debts after Wolfgang's death; this did not include any loans, the exact figure of which is not known. Among the assets, estimated at 592 fl., were 60 fl. in cash; a personal wardrobe, including coats of white, blueish, red, brown, black, and mousegrey cloth, held to be worth 55 fl.; the silverware consisted of 3 spoons valued at 7 fl. the lot; the two most precious objects among the household goods were a billiard with 5 balls and 12 cues, put down at 60 fl., and a fortepiano at

80 fl. What would Mozart's viola, estimated at 4 fl., bring today? Then there were manuscripts, whole piles of them. No one could tell their price. Do we know it now?

Whatever influence Constance had on Mozart, she did not interfere with his work. She may have created a condition to push it. Generally Mozart is credited with having worked harder after his marriage than before. Arthur Schurig, too, speaks of the "enormous" amount of music written by Mozart during those nine years. That becomes easily apparent if one consults the Köchel catalogue or the Nouveau Classement of Wyzewa and Saint-Foix. According to the latter, 381 works fall into the twenty years of composition before the marriage, and 201 works into the last nine years of Mozart's life. To be sure, many of them are fugitive songs, brief canons, occasional arias, duets, and the like, hastily written for interpolation in other people's operas, to satisfy importunate singers.

There is a perceptible swing in the direction of Mozart's work, coinciding approximately with the time of his marriage; and that arc of deflection has never been properly traced or measured. Even a casual survey brings out a few facts to which attaches more than a superficial significance. Anyway, despite the figures, the "enormous" takes on a qualitative rather than a quantitative meaning, and statistics again would seem to be a dubious guide. After his marriage Mozart composed only 5 of his 46 symphonies, but they were the greatest; he added no more serenades and divertimenti to the 33 he had written before his marriage. After August 4, 1782, the date of the wedding, came only 8 of his 23 stage works, but among those were his master-operas; and "The Abduction from the Seraglio," of course, was the sweat of the bridegroom-fever that burned his marrow. During his married life Mozart wrote: 11 of his 27 string quartets (on the last day of 1782 he finished the first of the six quartets dedicated to Haydn); all but one of the piano trios, quartets, and quintets; only 7 of his 42 piano and violin sonatas; 25 of his 54 concerti (mostly the piano concerti written for himself); only 4 of his 17 piano sonatas, but all 5 of the piano phantasies; none of the 17 organ sonatas; of his more than 40 shorter vocal compositions for the church only the single "Ave verum"; of his 18 masses only 1, besides the final "Requiem." And that mass was the great unfinished one in C which he had "vowed in his heart" to write for the occasion of his wife's first visit to his father and sister in Salzburg. The young couple arrived there in July, 1783. On August 25 the music was performed in the church of St. Peter, the missing sections

being taken from another of the composer's masses. His vow was kept, his conscience quiet. And to give the event its fullest import, the soprano part was sung by Constance. As a "muse," or inspiration, Constance would not seem to have been very lucky. For not only this mass, but all the other compositions that Mozart dedicated to her, were destined to remain unfinished.

Not until 1808, seventeen years after Mozart's death, did his widow make any effort to visit his grave—only to learn then that there was no grave. This has always been considered as conclusive evidence of the indifference with which Constance regarded Mozart. Yet her letters to her sons, published by Schurig, show that she held Mozart's memory sacred. On March 5, 1806, she wrote to Karl: "Remember always my earnest admonition, that no son of Mozart's must be allowed to turn out a mediocrity." Constance had a musical salon. We know that, in 1807, Monday was her *jour fixe*. Musicians from far and near met at her home. Of Seidler, the violinist, she wrote to Karl enthusiastically: "You should hear him play your father's quartets!"

Constance developed after Mozart's death not only orderliness and economy—virtues which were probably latent in her—but she showed musical judgment. Of Asioli, with whom Karl was living and studying in Milan, she wrote: "The cantatas of his that I know, are certainly very empty." She wanted Karl to study in Vienna with Albrechtsberger, "that dear, skillful man, whom your father so greatly esteemed." When her son Wolfgang obtained his position as music teacher in the family of the Polish count, she ascribed it wholly to the fact that he had been a pupil of Albrechtsberger. Her solicitude for her children was as great as her veneration for their father. She displayed sincere emotion when in 1810 she sent to Karl in Milan, with the *vetturino* Christoforttei, carefully and lovingly packed, "the pianoforte of your father. It is as good as it was, I should say even better than it was; first, because I have taken great care of it, and second, because Walter, who made it, has been kind enough to overhaul and refelt it for me. Since then I could have sold it many times; but I hold it as dear as I do my children, and therefore I shall let no one have it but you, if you promise me to take as good care of it as I did and never to part with it." The instrument is now in the Mozart-Museum in Salzburg.

When Karl paid no attention to his mother's wish that he come to Vienna and study with Albrechtsberger, she bluntly put to him the question: "Have you other prospects or are you in love?" At the thought of marriage she gave him this excellent bit

of advice: "Only I beg of you, in case you marry a rich girl, that you will never depend on your wife. You must always try to earn your livelihood and never live on the bounty of a woman."

Family history repeats itself. How like the postscript of Mozart's mother in Mannheim, with the first "warning" about Aloysia, reads this postscript at the end of a letter from Constance to Karl, dated September 14, 1808: "From Signor Piastrini I learned today that you have taken lodgings in the house of a singer. Karl, Karl, beware!" A mother's heart for ever beating anxiously lest danger overtake her brood; but a wife's heart calming down at last in the peace, security, and ease she had not known before. From Copenhagen, on November 13, 1810, Madame von Nissen wrote to her son Karl Mozart: "As far as I am concerned, pray believe that I never was so well off. . . . I have my competence, have a brave, dear husband, who is respected, carries me on his hands and loves me above all things." And loyal to both, she always signed herself after the death of her second husband, in 1826, "Constance, widow of state-councillor von Nissen, formerly the widow of Mozart."

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The "English Singers" have returned to America. When they made their first visit, in 1925, at the invitation of the Library of Congress, they came under special conditions to sing in a special place. In a building that houses a collection of old English madrigals second probably only to the one in the British Museum, this group of vivifiers of England's ancient musical art seemed peculiarly "at home." But the appeal of this music has proved to be universal, the artistry of its unique interpreters has met with recognition everywhere.

The resurrection of these buried vocal treasures, however, is not the work of the "English Singers." They are the first to acknowledge themselves indebted, as is the whole musical world, to the Rev. Dr. Edmund Horace Fellowes, of Windsor Castle. Dr. Fellowes, single-handed, has undertaken and nearly brought to conclusion a gigantic task. The editing of the old English madrigal school, of the Tudor church composers, and the English school of lutenist song-writers must rank beside the editorial work of such men as Coussemaker and Chrysander.

In the autumn of 1925, Dr. Fellowes accompanied the English Singers to America. He was to have given three lectures at the Library of Congress. He delivered but one. Having met with an

automobile accident the day before the lecture, he summoned up heroic pluck, and despite great pain tried to fulfill his engagement. The handicap of his physical condition was too serious, the mental shock too violent, to be overcome by even so courageous and gallant a soul as Dr. Fellowes. He had to sail immediately. Fortunately his recovery, though slow, was complete. It is immensely gratifying to learn that Dr. Fellowes, in the autumn of 1927, will re-visit America and probably make an extended lecture tour. He may feel certain that a warm welcome awaits him, especially wherever the "English Singers" have prepared the way for him and have sung the gospel that he preaches.

Dr. Fellowes' book on "The English Madrigal Composers" (Oxford University Press, 1921) sums up his long and indefatigable research in this closely circumscribed but over-richly planted field. The English madrigalists have no parallel in musical history. They are like an isolated, opulent growth, flowering for one brief season, and leaving behind no seed to perpetuate the species. To be exact, the "season" of the English madrigalists lasted barely forty years, and the bulk of their output was issued within the limits of twenty-five years. The earliest set listed by Dr. Fellowes is Byrd's "Psalms, sonnets and songs for five voices" of 1588; the last is Hilton's "Airs" of 1627. Dr. Fellowes thinks it doubtful that madrigals were much sung after the year 1640. He cites, in support, the fact that Pepys in his diary makes no mention of the great composers of the English madrigal school or of their works. Dr. Fellowes quotes Pepys' remark that "singing with many voices is not singing but a sort of instrumental musique, the sense of the words being lost by not being heard." That, no doubt, is a true observation, as true to-day as it was then. All depends upon the singers. But did this remark of Pepys really reflect—as Dr. Fellowes believes—"the prevailing opinion of his day" and is it quite safe to assume that "his statement argues a definite disapproval of the madrigal style of composition, as well as concerted singing in general?"

Francis Hueffer, in his essay on "Mr. Pepys the Musician" (Italian and other studies, 1883) quotes an apposite—and opposite—entry by Pepys which would seem to weaken somewhat Dr. Fellowes' contention. Pepys was taking one of his pleasant trips to Epsom Wells, "riding through Epsom the whole town over." As he approached the common he discovered "at a distance, under one of the trees, a company got together that sang. I, at a distance, took them for the Waytes, so I rode up to them and found them only voices, some citizens met by chance, that sung four or five parts

excellently. I have not been more pleased with a snapp of musique, considering the circumstances of the time and place, in all my life anything so pleasant." To which quotation Hueffer adds: "This happened on July 27, 1663. One is inclined to ask what company of Englishmen, *met by chance* under the trees of Epsom on that or any day of the year 1881, would be able to perform four or five-part songs—or, for that matter, one—in excellent tune and time?"

Was it a madrigal or a glee that these musical citizens of Epsom sang on what must have been a particularly cheering summer day? The question will never be answered. But the knowledge that so late as the year 1663 "concerted singing," extemporaneous and unprofessional, produced in Pepys a pleasant sensation never equalled by any "snapp of musique," should tend to modify the view that soon after 1640 vocal music and the singing in parts were frowned upon. The strange disappearance of the madrigal style, and of the singing of music composed in that style, must have had other reasons than a "definite disapproval" by musicians and musical amateurs.

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Music, alas, does not as a rule obligingly disappear when disapproved—no matter how vigorous and widespread the objection. Otherwise the disappearance of Jazz, so often prophesied and ardently wished in our day, would have long been effected. Instead, the American jazz school continues to flourish, and there is no telling but that it may beat the forty-year-record of the English madrigal school. Meanwhile the ink is flowing copiously *pro* and *con*—or betwixt and between, as it does right now under my own pen.

Not long ago, in these pages, I permitted myself some observations on jazz in general and on a work by a certain composer belonging to the American jazz school in particular. These observations earned the distinction of finding their way into the Sunday columns of one of my friends, the excellent music critic of a great daily paper. The following Sunday these quotations were quoted by another and most estimable critic of a great contemporary—or is it "great neighbor?"—but apparently with less satisfaction than had been the case on the previous Sunday. Some innocent reference of mine to "the learned arbiters of the press," in connection with their judgment about the work I was discussing, met with stinging rebuke. In fact, I was subjected to the most

humiliating procedure imaginable, to public psychoanalysis! Psychoanalytic dissection *in camera* is bad enough, but when performed *coram publico* it might well bring blushes to the palest cheek.

I have always steered clear of psychoanalysts, because the little insight I have gained into the lower strata of my consciousness has made me convinced that they are best left unplumbed. I fear these murky depths would produce little that I should be proud of. But perhaps my apprehensions are exaggerated. Sometimes it does seem that the psychoanalyst is worse than the psychoanalyzed, and that he endows the latter with all sorts of dreadful crimes, repressions and whatnots, born wholly of the psychoanalyst's very own and very special brand of imagination. Be that as it may, my misgivings have now been confirmed by my recent experience: I stand accused of "not reading the papers!" By Bacchus of yore, this is too much—more, at any rate, than my native meekness can bear with. To think that it is my pleasant duty to scan—for purposes of indexing—some 130 current music journals, domestic and foreign, and then to be told by a psychoanalytical colleague that I "should read the papers." Oh, bitter irony! No, I do not wish to peruse any more papers than it is now my happy lot to do. (If there be anything I should read more carefully, it is the copy and the proofs of my own "papers" in order to spare myself the perpetual vexation of being confronted with blunders and misprints which a slower and more vigilant procedure might have eliminated.) No, I politely refuse to read any more musical criticisms than I have to—although a third colleague (not on a Sunday, but on some other day of the week) came out strongly in support of the psychoanalytical confrère and rapped me, metaphorically but snappily, on the wrists that are weak from turning the pages of musical weeklies, fort-nightlies, monthlies, quarterlies, once-in-a-whiles, and once-and-never-agains. But if it will help any, I am prepared to retract my remark about "the learned arbiters of the press"—and I will substitute for it "the musical psychoanalysts of the press." That appellation would seem all the more merited, since my friend and colleague of the first Sunday column, who started all this trouble, let his imagination "interpret" my text. What he actually did was to MISquote me, to apply my observations to a work *he* was writing about, but *not I*. That is the subtle humor of the thing. Also, it teaches us the advantage of psychoanalytical methods: that whatever you think you think, it *ain't*.

But to return to jazz, whence we proceeded: let me recommend to you Henry O. Osgood's "So this is Jazz" (Little, Brown

& Co.). It will make you rise and cheer, or writhe and jeer—all depends upon how old you feel. The book contains a lot of data which it was well to collect while they were fresh and had the savour of actuality. Mr. Osgood has not written a history of jazz, it is too early for that—nor could he have done so had he tried; for he is essentially a critic, not an historian, and his personal opinions, crisp and voluntary, break constantly through the crust of his narrative to enliven his style. Mr. Osgood's subject is engrossing. Jazz characterizes a generation, perhaps a century. And ever since I finished Mr. Osgood's book, I have been looking for that writer of the 18th century who upon Playford's *Dancing Master*, Philidor's collection of ballets, and Ballard's books of "*Chansons pour danser et pour boire*" based his weighty tome entitled "*So this is Rococo!*"

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Ludwig van Beethoven

Seiner kais. k. k. Majestät  *Lebte und Lebe*
 dem durchlauchtigsten, hochwürdigsten Herrn,
 Herrn Erzhersog **RUDOLPH** von Oesterreich
 Cardinal und Erzbischof von Olmütz etc. etc. etc.
 Eigenthum und Verlag der  in bester Ehefacht gewohnt
 Kunsthandlung von den Verlegern
 Artaria & Comp in Wien N° 131

Reduced fac-simile of Steinmüller's Portrait-etching of Beethoven after Decker's drawing of 1824 and published by Artaria in 1827

